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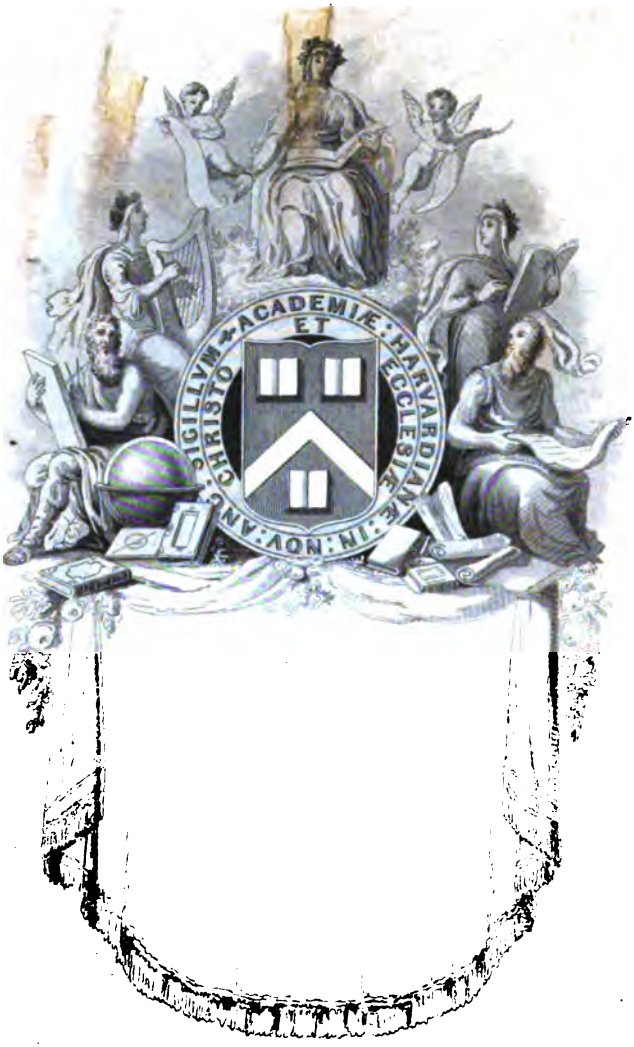
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THE Thirty-second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE commenced on the first of July, 1848. The work has been so long before the public, that it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon its claims to general favor. The annexed List of Contributors to the Magazine, and a few notices of the work, (up to and including the last number) will sufficiently attest its character and its popularity:

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'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK'S supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'—*New-York Daily Tribune.*

'NOTHING is more remarkable than the unfailing promptitude of this old Monthly, except perhaps its constant and constantly increasing excellence. Mathematicians tell us of certain curves called *asymptotes*, whose peculiarity is always to approach each other, and yet, even when infinitely extended, never to intersect. The KNICKERBOCKER, which has reached an age for a Magazine much greater than a hundred years for a man, and only to be attained by a more marvellous miracle, has perpetually approached the highest possible point of interest and excellence; and yet it seems to have an *excelsior*, for each number seems better than that which went before. How it is done our friend CLARK may understand—but it is a sealed mystery to us. There is no publication in the United States that has so attractive or popular a feature as the *Editor's Table* of the KNICKERBOCKER.'—*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*

☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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ORATORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, THE MASTER OF POLITICAL SAGACITY.

BY THE REV. E. L. MAGOON,

PATRIOTS of exalted worth appeared in the colonial period of our history, and signalized their respective merits in achieving enterprises of comprehensive and enduring utility. Their successors of revolutionary renown were no less dignified in talent and untarnished in worth. Looking at the era of the formation and adoption of the constitution of these United States, and the civil administration of WASHINGTON, next to the great president himself no name shines fairer than that of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. He was born January 11th, 1757, in the island of Nevis, the most beautiful of the British West-Indies. His father was a Scotchman, his mother a French lady, descended from that noble race, the Huguenots. This happy blending of contrasted elements in the original source of his blood and character, solidity and enthusiasm, sagacity to project theories and facility in their execution, will be exemplified in all his subsequent career. The father was a merchant, but his business was disastrous, and he died in penury at St. Vincents. The mother possessed elegant manners and a strong intellect, which made a vivid impression on her son, though she too died when he was but a child.

Like most men who are destined to become truly great, young Hamilton was early left to buffet adverse storms, and in the midst of difficulties to be the architect of his own fortunes. By the favor of some persons related to his mother, the otherwise unprotected child was taken to Santa Cruz, where he received the rudiments of early education. He soon learned to speak and write the French language fluently, and was taught to repeat the Decalogue in Hebrew, at the school of a Jewess, when so small that he was placed standing by her side on a table. But his education at this period was conducted

chiefly under the supervision of the Rev. Dr. Knox, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, who gave to the mind of his aspiring pupil a religious bias as lasting as his life. In 1769 he was placed as a clerk in the counting-house of Mr. Nicholas Cruger, a wealthy and highly respectable merchant of Santa-Cruz. By his skill and assiduity as a clerk, young Hamilton soon won the attention and confidence of his patron, and at the same time betrayed in his favorite studies and private correspondence an ambition that soared far above his mercantile pursuits. Before he was thirteen years old, he wrote as follows to a young friend at school:

'I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station: I mean to prepare the way for futurity.'

Herein gleams the true fire of a noble youth, love of fame and the strongest attachment to untarnished integrity, guarantees of splendid success, which in this instance was never disproved by facts.

While in Mr. Cruger's office, the predestined statesman appropriated every hour he could command from recreation and repose, to mathematics, ethics, chemistry, biography, history, and knowledge of every kind. Some of his youthful compositions were published, and their promise was so extraordinary that his relatives and friends resolved to send him to New-York for the purpose of maturing his education. He arrived in this country in October, 1772, and was placed at a grammar school in New-Jersey, under the instruction of Francis Barber, of Elizabethtown, who afterward became a distinguished officer in the American service. At the close of 1773, Hamilton entered King's (now Columbia) college, where he soon 'gave extraordinary displays of genius and energy of mind.'

In college Hamilton never relaxed the severe application to study which his natural tastes and glowing ambition required; nor was he unmindful of the storm gathering beyond the quiet cloisters wherein he prosecuted scientific research and classic lore with hallowed delight. His penetrating mind, versatile pen, and powerful living tones were from the first employed in defending colonial opposition to the acts of the British parliament. In December, 1774, and February, 1775, he wrote anonymously several elaborate pamphlets in favor of the pacific measures of defence, recommended by congress.

He suggested at that early day the policy of giving encouragement to domestic manufactures, as a sure means of lessening the need of external commerce. He anticipated ample resources at home, and among other things, observed that several of the southern colonies were so favorable in their soil and climate to the growth of cotton, that such a staple alone, with due cultivation, in a year or two would afford products sufficient to clothe the whole continent. He insisted upon our unalienable right to the steady, uniform, unshaken security of constitutional freedom; to the enjoyment of trial by jury; and to the right of freedom from taxation, except by our own immediate representatives, and that colonial legislation was an inherent right, never to be abandoned or impaired.'

In this pamphlet controversy, young Hamilton encountered Doctor

Cooper, principal of the college, and many of the most distinguished tories of the land. When the authorship of the youthful champion was proclaimed, all classes were astonished to learn such profound principles and wise policy from so young an oracle. By his extraordinary writings and patriotic influence he early deserved and received the appellation of the 'Vindicator of Congress.'

The country was at length compelled to plunge into war, and the struggle for emancipation from British domination had already commenced. The letter that announced the battle of Lexington to the New-Yorkers, concluded with these words: 'The crimson fountain has opened, and GOD only knows when it will be closed.'

Young Hamilton organized a military corps, mostly of fellow students, who practised their daily drill early in the morning before the commencement of their college studies. They assumed the name of 'Hearts of Oak,' and wore a green uniform surmounted by a leathern cap on which was inscribed, 'Freedom or Death.' Early and late our young hero was busy not only in promoting measures of resistance but in mastering the science of political economy, the laws of commerce, the balance of trade and the circulating medium; so that when these topics became prominent matters of speculation in the light of new organizations for the general good, no one was more prompt and lucid in his demonstrations than Hamilton.

In March, 1776, he abandoned academic retirement, and entered the army as captain of a provincial company of artillery. In this capacity he brought up the rear of the army in the retreat from Long-Island. He was in the action at White Plains, on the 28th of October, 1776; and with his company of artillery was firm and heroical in the retreat through New-Jersey, on which occasion he repelled the progress of the British troops on the banks of the Raritan. He fought at the head of his brave company at Trenton and Princeton, and continued in the same command until the first of March, 1777, when having attracted the admiration of WASHINGTON, he was appointed his aid-de-camp, with the rank of colonel. From this time, he continued until February, 1781, the inseparable companion of the commander-in-chief, and was always consulted by him, and by all the leading public functionaries, on the most important occasions. He acted as his first aid at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; and at his own request, at the siege of Yorktown, he led the detachment which carried by assault one of the strongest outworks of the foe.

Many fine qualities were combined in Hamilton to render him useful to all, and especially to make him, in the service of WASHINGTON, what that great man declared he was, 'his principal and most confidential aid.' His accurate and comprehensive knowledge of military science, placed him in the first rank of tacticians; his courteous manners rendered his general intercourse with the army a delight to all; his familiarity with the French language won the especial attachment of all the French division of our army, making him the constant favorite in particular of the Marquis Lafayette and the Baron Steuben.

Never perhaps in the history of nations was a youth of twenty called to such precious honors and responsibilities as those which Hamilton at that early age was called to assume as the private secretary and confidential friend of WASHINGTON. On none did the arm of that great man more habitually lean for support than on this erudite and patriotic youth, and by no other earthly power was he more fortified than by him. It is in vain that we look through the gallery of universal history to find a fit companion to this picture of early wisdom and unblemished honor, standing forth as the palladium of national safety in the days of greatest peril. We do not mean that he stood alone, but only that he was unexcelled. Among the many willing and devoted hearts of that heroic age, in the camp and in the cabinet, patriots whom danger and suffering could not appal, nor treason or despair divert from their high enterprise, the fame of no one is brighter, and the path of none more exalted and pure, than that traced by Hamilton. This position we will attempt to substantiate by hastily reviewing first his merits as an orator, and secondly as a statesman.

Hamilton's first political speech to a popular assembly was delivered at 'the great meeting in the fields,' as it was called, and was occasioned by a call to choose delegates to the first congress. At that time he was a student in King's College, and was every way exceedingly juvenile in appearance. Being unexpectedly called upon, his effort was unpremeditated, and at first he faltered and hesitated, overawed by the impressive scene before him; but his youthful countenance, his slender form and novel aspect awakened curiosity and excited universal attention. An immense multitude were astonished and electrified by, 'the infant orator,' as they called him. After a discussion, clear, forcible and striking, of the great principles involved, he depicted in glowing colors the long continued and constantly aggravated oppressions of the mother country. Touching this point he burst forth in a strain of bold and thrilling eloquence.

'The sacred rights of mankind,' were his words, 'are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of DIVINITY itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.'

He insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed out the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth and her glory. Under this spontaneous burst of mature eloquence from lips so youthful, the vast multitude first sank in awe and surprise, and then rose with irrepressible astonishment:

> 'DOWN sank
> Instant all tumult, broke abruptly off
> Fierce voice and clash of arms; so mute and deep
> Settled the silence, the low sound was heard
> Of distant waterfall, and the acorn drop
> From the green arch above.'

The death-like silence ceased as he closed, and repeated huzzas resounded to the heavens.

Soon after this memorable event, young Hamilton entered upon that military career which we have already sketched down to the close of the revolutionary conflict. But the better qualities of his head and heart were developed more especially in powerful speech, during those five years of sorrow and almost despair which succeeded, beginning with the close of the martial contest in 1782, and extending to the adoption of the constitution in 1787. This period of our history is perhaps least attractive to the general reader, but one which in fact is most worthy of being explored. During these five years, Hamilton was a prominent advocate for wise freedom in the four deliberative bodies which most powerfully determined the future destinies of the country. These were the congress of the confederation, in 1782 and 1783, which closed the war and ratified the definitive treaty; the convention at Annapolis, in 1786, that laid the foundation of the general convention adopting the constitution; the legislature of the state of New-York in January, 1787, in which the battle of state rights was fought against the definitive treaty; and lastly, the general convention which met in Philadelphia, in May of the same year, and by which the federal constitution was constructed and adopted. In each of these great and important bodies he appeared as an influential leader, always relied on as among the most safe, and universally esteemed for the clearness and force with which he originated and sustained great measures of national policy.

In December, 1780, Hamilton married the second daughter of Major General Schuyler, and in the February following, he retired from the family of General WASHINGTON, to become more completely absorbed in forensic toil. He took his seat in congress in November, 1782, and continued there until the autumn of 1783. The legislators of that body had many difficult and exhausting duties to perform. Army discontents were to be appeased; complicated claims to be settled; and if possible, the half-pay of innumerable patriots to be obtained. Hamilton renounced his own demands, accruing from long martial service, that he might freely plead the cause of his brethren in arms. On the 6th of December, 1782, he moved and carried an important resolution on national finance; the beginning of his invaluable labors in behalf of an improved revenue; the sinking fund and assumption of the state debts; a currency well defined and the establishment of a national coinage.

Immediately after Hamilton entered congress all its proceedings assumed a more vigorous tone and exalted character. Grievances were redressed and effective measures of general interest were promptly passed. His report in answer to Rhode-Island, and many other documents and speeches in behalf of a more solid and effective union, gave a new and more cheering aspect to the whole face of public affairs. His influence in guiding the terms of peace was very great, and especially was he efficient in rendering the fruits of peace in the highest degree profitable to all classes of his countrymen.

In the brief *Convention at Annapolis*, Hamilton furnished the original draught of the report which was adopted and sent to the four

states therein represented, namely, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New-York.

In the New-York Legislature of 1787, among other measures, we are told the following are due to him: The bankrupt act and amendment of its criminal code; the establishment of the state university and its general system of public instruction, then a novel scheme; and above all, his influence was pre-eminent in carrying into effect the provisions of the definitive treaty, in opposition to the dominant party, to many existing state laws, and to strong popular feeling against it.

In the Convention of 1787 his labors were undoubtedly the most important of all: to these we shall revert when we come to consider their author's statesmanship.

It is believed that Hamilton's eloquence consisted in a happy combination of a high sense of honor, clear but energetic understanding, and acute sensibility.

In the first place, he possessed a high sense of honor, which fortified all his powers, and crowned him with the majesty of a great and useful orator. We may apply to this master mind what Pope said of the distinguished English statesman:

> 'Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field.'

The biographer of Hamilton, speaking of his father's powers as displayed in the congress of 1782, laments, in common with the whole country, that so little remains to perpetuate the memory of it.

'Of the distinctive features,' says he, 'of that commanding and winning eloquence, the wonder and delight of friend and foe, but of which no perfect reports are preserved, a delineation will not now be attempted. It suffices here to observe how deeply his modes of thinking imparted to the proceedings of this body a new tone and character. And those who remark in these pages the sentiments with which he regarded the demands of the army, how solemn his respect for the requirements of justice, how incessant and undespairing his efforts to fulfil them, can best image to themselves with what living touches and thrilling appeals he called up before this senate their accumulated wrongs, and with what deep emotions and almost holy zeal he urged, he enforced, he implored, with all the ardor of his bold and generous nature, an honest fulfilment of the obligations to public faith.'

But a clear and energetic understanding, vivified and ennobled by acute sensibility, were traits equally prominent in the constitution of Hamilton's mind. His heart was as generous as his will was resolute. He seems to have ever been the object of passionate admiration to those who knew him best. A senior officer in Washington's staff conferred on him the epithet of 'The little Lion,' a term of endearment by which he was familiarly known among his bosom friends to the close of his life.

'Hamilton's great characteristics,' says his son, 'were firmness and gentleness. His spirit was as bold as it was sympathizing. He hated oppression in all its forms, and resisted it in every shape. Governed by the highest principles, with them his lofty nature would

admit no compromise; for he was accustomed to view infractions of them on all their remote consequences. Hence his denunciations of tyranny were universal and unsparing.' It was this 'lion-like' fearlessness of heart that infused into the whole of Hamilton's public life that chivalric tone which so prominently marked it. Whether at the bar, in the cabinet, or on the field, he was still the generous foe and the peerless knight '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' Wherever wrong was to be redressed, or rights vindicated, Hamilton stood foremost. Wherever the strong arm was needed, or the gallant heart, or the eloquent tongue, to smite down the oppressor, or to raise up the fallen, the first name invoked by the sufferer was that of Hamilton. It is one of the pleasing characteristic incidents recorded by his son of his professional career, that his very first appearance as an advocate was in defence of one in name a foe, who, having been through the war an adherent to the enemy, had fallen under the heated proscription of the state itself. The trial, too, was held under circumstances sufficient to have daunted a less determined mind, let alone so inexperienced a pleader; 'while the strife of the fierce contest was recent,' are the words of his son, 'in the midst of a dilapidated and yet disordered city, where all around were beheld the ravages of the invader, in a hall of justice desecrated and marred by the excesses of its late occupants, a licentious soldiery. On one side was the attorney-general of the State, armed with all its authority to sustain its laws, representing the passions of an inflamed community. . . . On the other stood Hamilton, resting on the justice of this mighty cause, the good faith of the nation. The result was honorable alike to the court and the advocate. It was the triumph of right over usurpation.' But such triumphs were often enjoyed in after life by this noble, dauntless, and eloquent pleader. His son just glances at a celebrated instance, when, in giving the touching history of his father's return to the city of New-York, after its evacuation by the enemy, he says: 'Cordial were the greetings of this grateful city as it welcomed in its once 'stranger boy' the now powerful advocate of mercy to its apprehensive denizens, hastening to shield them from persecution for the venial offence of mistaken policy.' Thus in the powerful eloquence of their strong foe the vanquished found a panoply to protect, where they dreaded a destroying sword. It is added, that on his return from the seat of the legislature, whither he had hastened as an advocate to defeat an unjust bill that would have brought ruin on the defenceless Tories, he sternly refused from them a purse of some thousand dollars, made up for him in his absence by his grateful but unknown clients; refused it with the magnanimous reply, that 'the cause of national honor was not to be paid for.' It was this happy union of largeness and loftiness of soul that made Hamilton the model-advocate of his own and of every age.

One who wrote on the character of this renowned statesman lawyer says: 'He was a great favorite with the New-York merchants; and he justly deserved to be so, for he had uniformly proved himself to be an enlightened, intrepid and perseverifig friend to the commer-

cial prosperity of the country. He was a great master of commercial law, as well as of the principles of international jurisprudence. There were no deep recesses of the science which he did not explore. He would occasionally draw from the fountains of the civil law, and illustrate and enforce the enlightened decisions of Mansfield by the severe judgment of Emerigon and the lucid commentaries of Valin. In short, he conferred dignity and high reputation upon the profession, of which he was indisputably the first of the first rank, by his indefatigable industry, his thorough researches, his logical powers, his solid judgment, his winning candor, and his matchless eloquence.'

Colonel Hamilton was as forcible in speech as he was substantial. His arguments were like artillery of heavy calibre, planted on a commanding position, and worked with an agility that captures or destroys every point. His ponderous metal, put into nimble and fatal execution, reminds one of Schiller's description:

> 'Straight forth goes
> The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path of
> The cannon-ball. Direct it flies, and rapid shattering
> That it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.'

The momentum of his thought was as great as its magnitude and value, all of which traits in him were seldom or never excelled. The severe grandeur with which he sketched the outline of his subject, and the elaborate beauty with which he wrought out its perfect execution, remind one of the rule which Tintoretto adopted: 'I follow Michael Angelo for my designs, and Titian for my coloring.' When impetuous feeling is the concomitant of lucid and legitimate argument, the passion of eloquence becomes contagious in its possessor, and is irresistible in its power of fascination. Hamilton's imagination 'was strengthened by discipline and fed with truth;' the ardor of his heart melted his towering understanding into streams of inexhaustible richness and perennial flow; so that his limpid and irresistible thought was poured forth like some majestic river, 'whose current, deep, vast and waveless, rolls past us silently, but will roll forever.'

Let us, in the second place, glance more particularly at the character of Hamilton, considered as a statesman. We have referred to the early period when he, then a stripling youth of seventeen, went forth to the battle and spoke with so much success in the great meeting held where now stands the Park in New-York. It was at the same period that he sent forth his first recorded appeals through the press, calling to union and pointing to glory 'through,' to use his own words, 'the steady, uniform, unshaken security of *constitutional freedom*;' adding, with that noble enthusiasm which was his habitual inspiration and chief reward, 'I would die to preserve the laws upon a solid foundation; but take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed.'

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Hamilton's services during the long period he acted as first aid and confidential secretary to the commander-in-chief of the American army. The principal portions of the voluminous correspondence fell on him, and

the most elaborate communications are understood to have been made essentially by his assistance. 'The pen of our country,' says Troup, 'was held by Hamilton; and for dignity of manner, pith of matter and elegance of style, General WASHINGTON's letters are unrivalled in military annals.' The public documents drawn up by this secretary and by his associates richly deserve the encomium pronounced on them by Lord Chatham, in the House of Lords: 'When you consider their decency, firmness and wisdom,' said he, 'you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading, and it has been my favorite pursuit, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under all the circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia.'

We have quoted the words of one who called Hamilton the *pen* of the Revolution. Others, with perhaps still better reasons, have termed him the THINKER of that momentous period; and, as such, the prophetical patriot who was above and beyond his age. It is certain that he projected many plans which seemed to his contemporaries impossible at first, but which were afterward demonstrated to be not only bold and majestic, but eminently sound and practical. His most difficult labors were attempted and gloriously performed during the gloomy period which extended from 1782 to 1787. 'Whatever,' says Hamilton, 'might be the future resources of this nation, whatever were the capacities of the people, America now presented an unrelieved picture of anarchy and disunion. Her public engagements had nearly all been violated, her private resources appeared either to be exhausted, or could not be called into action; and while the individual States were pursuing measures of mutual hostility and detriment, the confederation was powerless over their laws, powerless over public opinion.' Nor was this the worst: 'The general relaxation of morals, an usual and most lamentable concomitant of war, was attended with a prevailing disregard of, and disposition to question, the decisions of the courts. In the political speculations to which the revolution had given rise, the sovereignty of the popular will, which was recognized as the basis of every proceeding, was pushed to its utmost extremes in its application; and wherever the operation of the laws bore hard in the then unsettled relations of society, to recur to the elementary principles of government, and resolve every rule by its apparent adaptation to individual convenience, was the prevailing tendency of public opinion.'

This great statesman felt the weakness of the existing confederation, and saw how the national resources were either utterly confused or exhausted. But, to use the language of the historian of that period, 'a new world is seen rising into view; a world of hope; and as the great lights that shine upon its morning path appear, the grateful inquiry is: 'Whose were those superior minds that, amid the darkness of a chaotic confederacy, combined the elements of social order, and formed them into a vast majestic empire?''

Let us seek for a suitable response to that question in the consideration of several facts.

When the enormous issues of paper-currency had involved the finances of the United States to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, and both the government and army were plunged into the greatest distress, Hamilton set about discovering the best means of relief. This was not to him an entirely new field of research, and he explored most profoundly the complicated matters of finance, currency and taxation; studies which soon invested him with the immortal honor of being 'the founder of the public credit of the United States.' In 1779 he addressed a letter to Robert Morris, detailing a plan which he had projected for the restoration of a depreciated currency, credit and confidence. About a year later he addressed a letter to Mr. Duane, a member of Congress from New-York, on the state of the nation. 'This letter appears at this day,' says one, 'with all the lights and fruits of our experience, as masterly in a preëminent degree. He went on to show the defects and total inefficiency of the articles of confederation, and to prove that we stood in need of a national government, with the requisite sovereign powers; such, indeed, as the confederation theoretically contained, but without any fit organs to receive them. He suggested the idea of a national convention to amend and reörganize the government. This was undoubtedly the ablest and truest production on the state of the union, its finances, its army, its miseries, its resources, and its remedies, that appeared during the revolution. It contained in embryo the existing federal constitution, and it was the production of a young man of the age of twenty-three.' In the winter of 1781–2, this indefatigable patriot continued his discussion of the same engrossing theme through a series of anonymous essays published in the country papers of New-York. In brief, it was his pen that traced so early and so profoundly, with outlines the most clear and distinct, the stupendous chart of empire then just opening on the startled gaze of emancipated but feeble colonists. To answer the question propounded above, we will ask several more. From whose eloquent lips came so often the thrilling cry of 'union' and a 'solid confederation?'—who wrote the 'Continentalist?'—who named the 'Federalist?'—who was then stigmatized as the 'Unionist?'—what mind roused the whole country to reflection in the burning words of Phocion and Publius?—who fought its battles through good report and evil report, even from the very hour that the first blow was struck in the colonial contest? These questions have been asked before, and may be answered, once for all—HAMILTON!

But after all that may be justly said in praise of this patriot as a popular orator, heroical soldier and polished writer, the most substantial service conferred on the country by his diversified and transcendent talents was performed by him in the character already referred to as the national financier. As Secretary of the Treasury he was the creative spirit that ruled the tempest and reduced chaos to form:

> 'CONFUSION heard his voice, and wild uproar
> Stood ruled.'

Being a member of President WASHINGTON's private council, he was one of the advisers of neutrality in April, 1793, when the proclamation was issued with respect to the war then raging between Great Britain and France. This neutral policy Hamilton aided much in his essays, under the signature of 'No Jacobin,' in the elaborate productions of 'Pacificus,' and still more by his advice in favor of the especial mission of Chief Justice Jay, as minister to England, in 1794.

In reviewing the life of Hamilton as a statesman, it should be remarked that he was fully equal to the highest stations he occupied, and that he honored them all. In this respect he resembled Edmund Burke. Owing nothing of his elevation to birth, opulence, or official rank, he required none of those adventitious supports to rise and move at ease, and with instinctive power, in the highest regions of public effort, dignity and renown; the atmosphere of courts and senates was native to his majesty of wing. There was no fear that his plumage would give way in either the storm or the sunshine; those are the casualties of inferior powers. He had his share of both the tempest and that still more perilous trial which has melted down the virtue of so many aspiring spirits in the favor of cabinets. But he grew purer and more powerful for good; to his latest moment he continually rose more and more above the influence of party, until at last the politician was elevated into the philosopher; and fixing himself in that loftier region, from which he looked down on the cloudy and turbulent contests of the time, he soared upward calmly in the light of truth, and became more splendid at every wave of his wing.

Brougham thinks justly that Chatham's highest encomium rests on the fact that, 'Far superior to the paltry objects of a grovelling ambition, and regardless alike of party and personal considerations, he constantly set before his eyes the highest duty of a public man, to further the interests of his species. In pursuing his course toward that goal, he disregarded alike the frowns of power and the gales of popular applause, exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the court, battled against its corruptions, and confronted, unappalled, the rudest shock of public indignation.' That Hamilton actually pursued such a course as this, and was governed by such principles, is well known from contemporaneous history, and especially from his own pen in the opening language of the 'Federalist.' 'An enlightened zeal,' he observes, 'for the energy and efficiency of government, will be stigmatized as the offspring of a temper fond of power and hostile to the principles of liberty. The consciousness of good intentions disdains ambiguity. I shall not, however, multiply professions on this head. My motives must remain in the depository of my own breast; my arguments will be open to all, and may be judged by all. They shall at least be offered in a spirit which will not disgrace the cause of truth.'

But by ingenuous and honest minds his integrity was never suspected. His moral worth was of an exalted character, and his varied services in behalf of his country and the human race can never be

rated too high. To him with the strictest propriety may be applied what Mr. Burrowes said of Grattan: 'His name silenced the skeptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism. To doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter; envy was lost in admiration, and even they whose crimes he scourged blended extorted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered our then unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays, whether of royal favor or of royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye.'

To speak well and to write well are intellectual accomplishments every where considered of the highest order, and in Hamilton the combination of these rare excellences was strikingly exemplified. Like the renowned Surrey, he was the most accomplished knight and the most accomplished scholar of his day:

> 'Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
> Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance.'

In the hall, the camp and the forum, Hamilton was always employed in teaching the loftiest sentiments of patriotism and in executing the most generous deeds. When a Whig student in college, he secured the Tory president's safety at the risk of his own, even while the stubborn object of undeserved kindness cried out to the mob, 'Do n't listen to him, gentlemen! He is crazy! he is crazy!' And in all his subsequent career, we 'find him thus fighting the cause of reason against popular passion, of the right against the expedient, and that too with the uniform and very natural reward of having his acts misconstrued, his motives misunderstood, his language misinterpreted, and himself held up, if not to public, at least to party odium, as a citizen without patriotism; an adopted, but not a filial son of America; branded as a royalist, because he wrested from the law its sword of vengeance against the tories; as an Englishman, because he would not hate the ancestral land against which he was yet willing to shed his blood; as a monarchist, because he loved not revolutionary France; as an enemy to the people, because he would save them from their own mad passions; and as a Cæsar in ambition, because he gave up his heart to his public duties, and ever labored in them as men do in that which they love. But popular fickleness and political rancor never moved him from his chosen and conscientious path. The motto that in the main governed his whole life was, first, truth and honor, then the popular will.

In 1795, at the age of thirty-eight, Hamilton resumed the practice of law in the city of New-York, where he continued in active professional pursuits until the close of life. His personal appearance at that time is represented as follows: He was under the middle size, thin in person, but remarkably erect and dignified in his deportment. His hair was turned back from his forehead, powdered, and collected in a club behind. His complexion was exceedingly fair, and varying from this only by the delicate rosiness of his cheeks. In form and tint his face was considered uncommonly handsome.

When in repose, it bore a severe and thoughtful expression; but when engaged in conversation, it immediately assumed an attractive smile. His ordinary costume was a blue coat with bright buttons, the skirts being unusually long; he wore a white waist-coat, black silk small-clothes, and white silk stockings. His appearance and deportment accorded with the exalted distinction which, by his stupendous public services, he had attained. His voice was engagingly pleasant, and his whole mien commanded the respect due to a master-mind. His natural frankness inspired the most affectionate attachment; and his splendid talents, as is usual, elicited the firmest love and the most furious hate.

By nature Hamilton was a moralist and metaphysician. The axioms of political sagacity and the profusion of pointed and perspicuous reflections which flowed from his pen, as well as spoke from his lips, gave an enduring value to his works. His great endowments of disciplined thought and energetic will imparted to his hastiest composition elaborate force and the grace of perfection. He could do that by intuition and a single blow which ordinary statesmen would require months to ponder and execute. Bold in his propositions, he was inexorable in his conclusions; grant him his premises, and the result was inevitable as fate. He did not fatigue himself with profuse skirmishes nor bewilder his mind in the labyrinth of a formal exordium; but like an arrow impelled by a vigorous bow, he shot directly to the mark. One of the most enlightened critics of modern times has pronounced a worthy eulogium on him as the most eminent framer, most eloquent defender, and soundest expositor of the American constitution. 'Hamilton,' says Guizot, in his late work on the character of WASHINGTON, 'must be classed among the men who have best known the vital principles and the fundamental conditions of a government; not of a government such as this, (France,) but of a government worthy of its mission and of its name. There is not in the constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, or of duration, which he has not powerfully contributed to introduce into it and caused to predominate.'

Hamilton was the great master of the human heart. Deeply versed in its feelings and motives, he 'struck by a word, and it quivered beneath the blow; flashed the lightning glance of burning, thrilling, animated eloquence;' and its hopes and its fears were moulded to his wish. He was the vivid impersonation of political sagacity. His imagination and practical judgment, like two fleet coursers, ran neck-and-neck to the very goal of triumph. Military eloquence of the highest grade had its birth with liberty in the American revolution. But the majority of our heroes were not adepts in literature. They could conquer tyrants more skilfully than they could harangue them. To this rule, however, Hamilton was a distinguished exception. He was the most sagacious and laborious of our revolutionary orators. He anticipated time and interrogated history with equal ease and ardor. He explored the archives of his own land, and drew from foreign courts the quintessence of their ministerial wisdom. He illuminated the councils where WASHINGTON

presided, and with him guarded our youthful nation with the eyes of a lynx and the talons of a vulture.

But we should give especial attention to Hamilton as a writer. Through the pen he wrought more extensively on the popular mind, perhaps, than by all the impressiveness of his living eloquence. He well understood the utility of this mighty engine for weal or wo. The ancient orators and writers, slowly transcribing their words on parchment, breathed in their little pipes a melody for narrow circles; but fame gives modern thought the magnificent trumpet of the press, whose perpetual voice speaks simultaneously to delighted millions at the remotest points.

It is of vast advantage to a nation that men of the most elevated positions in civil affairs should take a part in its literature, and thus, with their pen as well as by their patronage, foster its development and perfection. Æschylus, the oldest of the great tragedians of Greece, was himself a soldier, and fought with heroism in many of the glorious battles of his country, one of which furnished the theme of his most celebrated work. Herodotus was born only a few years before the great conflict with Xerxes; and Xenophon participated prominently in the remarkable military achievements he has commemorated. The profoundest scholars, acutest poets, most masculine heroes, the best writers and most sagacious statesmen are always polished into enduring elegance, and fortified with the best strength amid the stern realities of poetical life.

Such was Alexander Hamilton. He was the indefatigable soldier of the press, the pen and the army; in each field he carried a sword which, like the one borne by the angel at the gate of Paradise, flashed its guardian care on every hand. In martial affairs he was an adept, in literary excellence he was unexcelled, and in political discernment he was universally acknowledged to be superior among the great. We read his writings with ever-increasing zest, fascinated by the seductive charms of his style, and impelled by the opening splendors of his far-reaching and comprehensive thoughts. They accumulate with a beautiful symmetry, and emanate legitimately from his theme. They expand and grow, as an acorn rises into an oak, of which all the branches shoot out of the same trunk, nourished in every part by the same sap, and form a perfect unit, amid all the diversified tints of the foliage and the infinite complexity of the boughs. 'That writer would deserve the fame of a public benefactor,' said Fisher Ames, 'who could exhibit the character of Hamilton with the truth and force that all who intimately knew him conceived it; his example would then take the same ascendant as his talents. The portrait alone, however exquisitely finished, could not inspire genius where it is not; but if the world should again have possession of so rare a gift, it might awaken it where it sleeps, as by a spark from heaven's own altar; for surely if there is any thing like divinity in man it is in his admiration for virtue.

'The country deeply laments when it turns its eyes back and sees what Hamilton was; but my soul stiffens with despair,' continues Ames, 'when I think what Hamilton *would have been*. It is not as

Apollo, enchanting the shepherds with his lyre, that we deplore him; it is as Hercules, treacherously slain in the midst of his unfinished labors, leaving the world overrun with monsters.'

It is unnecessary to dwell on the unrighteous and fatal event which robbed Hamilton of life—the duel with Aaron Burr at Hoboken, when

> 'A FALCON, tow'ring in his pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd!'

THE MANITOU OF FLOWERS.

I.

A LOVELY Indian maiden sleeps
Beside the Juniata's stream,
While June's sweet moon a vigil keeps,
And soothes her rest and lights her dream.

II.

What fancies grace the soft repose
Of Nature's simple-hearted child,
Whose birch-canoe, till evening's close,
Had traced the wave through mountains wild:

III.

Oft lingering to pluck, beneath
The shade of summer-mantled rocks,
Fresh honeysuckle-bells, to wreathe,
With untaught art, her rippled locks?

IV.

And she had sung herself to rest,
Warbling her own wild woodland notes,
Caught from that bird of modest crest
Who mocks so many tuneful throats.

V.

Her dream? Of old did Grecian girls
Shape—slumbering by the Ægean sea—
Young Love, with his ambrosial curls,
His shafts and wings—the boy-god free.

VI.

Was theirs, perchance, a loftier mood?
APOLLO, his deep soul all fire,
His form all grace, before them stood,
Proud, with the sun-bow and the lyre.

VII.

The youthful Indian's virgin heart
Enshrines too its own imaged powers:
Graceful as Love, without his dart,
Blooms the swart Manitou of Flowers!

VIII.

The gentlest of the Manitous
Known to the forest tribes is he;
His task to tend with honey-dews
Each wilding bud and blossomed tree.

IX.

And such the tiny spirit now
That greets her, all in wild flowers freaked,
With sparkling eyes, and dusk, warm brow,
And cherry-lipped, and rosy-cheeked.

X.

A large white lily-cup the while
He holds, dew-brimming, to her lips,
Around his own a roguish smile,
As she the watery perfume sips.

XI.

From leaves that o'er his shoulders twine
And hang in garlands to his feet,
He frees a young wild-strawberry vine,
For her its ripe fruit pouting sweet.

XII.

The maiden, 'tranced in dreaming thought,
A softer, deeper spell enchants
Than e'er by medicine-man was wrought,
Who culls strange powers in ruder plants.

XIII.

The flowery sprite she sees no more:
Before her stands a statelier form
For simple maidens to adore,
With youth, with love, with triumph warm.

XIV.

His bronzéd limbs so lordly seem,
PHŒBUS, nor any antique god,
Than he that islet of the stream
More gloriously a Delos trod!

XV.

The eagle's feathers are his crest;
His well-strung bow is in his grasp:
Dark-haired APOLLO of the West!
Dusk maid! in him thy chieftain clasp!

XVI.

O, Fancy! nothing may confine
Thy visions wide to age or clime!
O, Love! still lovely, still divine,
Wherever human pulses chime!

XVII.

Sleep, artless maiden, sleep, nor start
If ripples light thy fingers lave!
Sleep, lulled by thine own happy heart
And Juniata's murmuring wave!

WILLIAM GIBSON.

U. S. store-ship Electra, Pensacola, May 20th, 1848.

THE SPIRIT'S MIRAGE.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

'Now beyond that height,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wond'rous scenes, new open'd in the world
Invisible; amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul.' MALLET.

TOWERING to a stupendous altitude, a bold and solitary rock cast its black shadow over the world of horrors. A spiral path, winding among grim and threatening crags, afforded the only access to its summit. Upon this we entered, and proceeded a short distance, when we were startled by a rushing sound, as of many waters, and instantaneously beheld a stately angel confronting us. His wings blazed with crimson light, his flowing garments were spangled with electric fire, and his golden sandals shone with radiating splendor. Standing in a focus of glory, he brandished a mighty dagger, that gleamed before our eyes like flashes of lightning, and motioned us to retire. After an attentive scrutiny, however, the spirit permitted my companion and myself to advance. Clairvoyant now informed me that the guardian of the pass was the same avenging minister which was commissioned to thrust our first parents from the Garden of Eden, and that the weapon which he wielded was the 'flaming sword' that 'turned every way' to prevent their reëntrance. His duty was, at present, to drive back rebellious souls which should endeavor by this avenue to escape from torment.

Above us extended a sombre canopy of clouds; but the track which had been gilded by the feet of heavenly messengers upon their errands to the lower sphere illumined the solitude. The mountain proved to be the same which every Christian is obliged to struggle over in his journey to happier regions. Few who stumble and fall to its base resume the ascent, but go down to everlasting wretchedness; while those who 'take heed to their steps' are abundantly rewarded for their perseverence. Weary and endless seemed the road; indeed, I was almost tempted to request my companion to reconduct me earthward, when a sweet voice broke upon the surrounding stillness: 'Without divine assistance,' said the cherub, for from such the words emanated, 'you cannot conquer! On earth I am called Faith, and it is mine to afford the heart a victory over every trial. Behold how I can render even these gloomy clouds, which now impede your progress, subservient to your exaltation!' Immediately an immense number of voices broke forth into an anthem of surpassing melody; the heavy vapors which encompassed us assumed the rosy flush of morning, and upheaving with a pleasant motion, bore us toward the apex of the mountain. 'This,' thought

I, 'must be the vestibule of heaven!' Perceiving my emotion, the cherub smiled and cried exultingly: 'Thou see'st but the twilight of Paradise!'

Again there was a burst of music, and forthwith I stood upon a green plain, looking down upon and compassing in my view innumerable planetary systems, the orbs of which paved the boundless area like garlands of jewels. Surveying the wide-spread scene, much to excite wonder and admiration was presented to my vision. But nothing made a stronger impression upon my enlarged and vivified faculties than a broad arch of fire, which, ascending from our earth, now a mote in the distance, expanded as it approached the spectator, and then diminished as it receded toward some point in infinitude. This the cherub declared to be the track left by the chariot which bore Elijah to heaven, and since his era the speedy thoroughfare for many a martyr from the throes of persecution.

Bidding us remain where we were placed, the cherub who conveyed us thither expanded his plumes, and like a spear of silver shot away, to a dim and indistinct body, which seemed traversing with great rapidity the thoroughfare of space. Soon after, the moving object changed its direction and approached the spot where we were standing. From having resembled an irregular nebula of stars, the floating mass now resolved itself into a spherical figure, and before many moments became a clearly-defined and luminous orb.

Careering along with accelerating velocity, it drew nearer and nearer, until it was discerned to be an immense comet. Expanding and brightening as it advanced, it filled two-thirds of the aërial dome with its disc, and diffused a splendor exceeding the sun in effulgence. Within a comparatively short distance of the mountain, it whirled about its tremendous globe in a sharp ellipsis, and rested its magnificent train upon the eminence near our feet. The cherub now beckoned us to approach, and we obeyed with fear and hesitation. Broad as the vision could extend, and stretching forth in a vista of light, the train afforded us the means of ingress to the comet. It resembled a bridge of pearl, or the frozen foam of a cataract, and was inlaid with fragments of dismembered planets, that still gleamed with phosphorescent lustre. Urged along by our winged ciceroni, we reached a lofty portal of crystalline rock in the side of the orb, and through this entered upon a scene of transcendent beauty. We occupied the centre of a vast and hollow ball, the periphery of which was composed of a wall of translucent and variously-tinted stones, that glowed like gems endued with vitality, while the lower area was diversified with petrified forests and streams of liquid marble. Arbors of colored coral were scattered along the principal ways, and sitting under these we noticed a number of dignified individuals in close communion with shining ministers. These, the cherub informed me, were the souls of philosophers who delighted while upon earth in surveying the evolutions of suns and systems, and extolling DEITY by dissertating upon the glorious architecture of the heavens. The pleasing duty was theirs, in this locomotive of the skies, to cleave

the utmost limits of space, and visit every star, planet, or satellite that peopled the universe.

Chief among these voyagers was Sir Isaac Newton, to whom was allotted the momentous employment of regulating whole systems, of reillumining decayed suns, rejuvenating orbs purified by flood or fire, constricting or enlarging their orbits, and adjusting the complicated machinery of the whirling myriads of twinklers that revolved around the invisible centre. 'Once,' said the cherub, 'with a mind overwrought by contemplating the wonders of the solar sphere, he imagined that the whole fabric was gradually tending to dissolution, and in the holy madness of enthusiasm and science besought the Author to avert a catastrophe so terrible. Now,' continued the spirit, 'his supplication receives a meed which none but Omnipotence could bestow, and few save the recipient could appreciate. It is his task to mark and remedy all irregularities among the blazing hosts, and anon to return to the high court of heaven for new missions. Within this traverser of limitless regions are contained the appliances of his lofty labors. Here are stores of electricity, atmospheres and vapors of every description, whirlwinds, siroccos, monsoons, boreal blasts and summer zephyrs; levers beyond the calculations of Archimedes; magnets that can change the tendency of the bulkiest planets; and, in fine, all that is necessary for the accomplishment of the divine purposes.'

While the cherub thus discoursed, we were careering upon our way to the 'City of the Blessed,' and occasionally beheld an iris-pinioned angel gliding past upon a message of mercy or vengeance. By degrees the number increased, and some settled upon and entered our vehicle. Clairvoyant, who, succumbing to the presence of higher beings, had long since resigned his office of interpreter, seemed as much astonished by surrounding wonders as myself; and, like a child who recognizes the superior wisdom of a parent, stood at once delighted and overawed by the teachings of our ethereal companion. Unnecessary was it however to inform us that already we were within the atmosphere of Paradise, for the brilliance which our flying conveyance shed upon its own path began rapidly to decrease in the effulgence which streamed from another source. Halcyon and exhilarating, the air grew redolent with odors, and as we cleared the liquid sky every breeze wafted melody. At length the comet attained a landing-place, and we issued forth upon our journey to the mansions of the Beatified. Bands of angels were employed upon the quays of the city in depositing and despatching by various conveyances bales and envelopes of different sizes and value. These, I learned from the cherub, were blessings destined for our world, and intended for the benefit of mankind, though too often misused. Some were sent in answer to fervent prayers, others gratuitously; but all bore the insignia of heaven, although the eyes of mortals were generally too dim to discover, upon their reception, the evidences of their divine authorship.

Beholding this spiritual and indeed corporeal bounty, I felt abashed when recollecting how often I had attributed to my own

effort or prudence the comforts experienced in another sphere, when in fact they emanated directly from the 'Giver of all good gifts.' Approaching the gates of Elysium, we noticed upon a verdant mead near the margin of a stream, which flowed with transparent silver, a bevy of children engaged in merry pastimes. They were exceedingly beautiful, and wore chaplets of amaranth. Their sports seemed to afford no weariness, and they gambolled about like painted insects in a sunbeam. At times they sang deliciously; and although never venting their happiness in laughter, smiled with such heart-felt gladness, that their faces were luminous as new-born stars.

From this galaxy of infantine loveliness a fair creature came bounding toward us, hymning praises as she moved, and arousing a thousand perfumes from the flowers which she pressed. Instantly she was at my side, and with a countenance expressive of superhuman intelligence and kindness, looked upon me for recognition. My soul responded to her silent greeting, for I beheld in that glorious body the ennobled resemblance of a dear sister who had been transferred from earth in the years of her childhood. 'Best beloved of all terrestrial things!' I exclaimed, 'this meeting is as much of heaven as an unhallowed being like myself deserves! Permit me to touch but your hand, that I may assure my bewildered senses this interview is not the workings of an overwrought imagination.'

'Not so, my brother,' replied Marguerite, 'for it is not proper that the immortal should come into contact with dissoluble humanity. While therefore I rejoice to behold you in these deathless regions, am allowed to make myself known, and to accompany you wherever you are permitted to wander, I must remain intangible until you come hither, forever released from the clogging frame which you are too soon to resume. Since the hour which wafted me from sublunary scenes to these of unvarying enjoyment, I have often been as near you as at this moment. Some sins have I prevented you from committing, and much evil, pain and danger have removed from your pathway. Know, then, that for you and others loved on earth I am a guardian-angel!'

'Alas, sweet sister!' replied I, 'how often must I have grieved the purity and spotless innocence of your beatitude!'

Smiling, she rejoined: 'The blessed are not grieved. We look upon the affairs of men as trifles far below any thing but a glance of sympathy. We rejoice in their efforts to be holy, but know not sorrow for any thing; that were contrary to the fiat of the ALMIGHTY. While you wept by my dying bed, even before the animal machine rested from its final convulsions, my spirit was released, and I hovered over the melancholy group, half wishing to wipe away your tears with some evidence of my felicity. Death to me was of trifling moment. Ceasing to breathe, heaven rushed upon my vision. Such an ocean of exulting voices, such transcendently magnificent prospects, such unimaginable ecstacy; poured upon and rapt my senses, that earth and all it contained was at once forgotten. Away I flew to the arms of HIM who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!'

Having thus spoken, she turned her beaming eyes upon her companions, now gathered around us, who catching her ardor burst forth into an anthem which receded and returned in its fulness as they sported about, like winds freighted with the breathings of Æolian lyres. And thus we entered the glowing arches of Paradise. More intense than lightning, a glory rested upon the illimitable area. Gorgeous palaces, stupendous temples, fabrics of unsurpassed elegance, and thoroughfares paved with jewels, reflected a lustre almost insupportable to my weak powers. Over head a firmament quivered with light, but yet neither sun nor moon was visible. A solitary star was the only orb that relieved the unbroken extent of the immeasurable sphere. Increasing, as we went, a radiance issued from this which laved the golden roofs, the crystal columns and glittering streets beneath like living fire. This Marguerite declared to be the 'Star of Bethlehem.' 'With the resurrection of the SAVIOUR,' she continued, 'it arose to the place which it now occupies, and myriads of the redeemed find their joys enhanced by gazing upon its splendor. Let us follow whither it leads!'

Proceeding through spacious avenues, where arcades of lofty trees shook from their blossoms inspiring odors, and made music with their animated leaves, we advanced from one scene of magnificence to another, until my senses became for some time too much bewildered to notice particularly any object. However, as reflection and serenity gradually returned, I gazed with delight on every side.

All seemed happiness and beauty. Proud forms crowded the tessellated pavements, or high above us darted along the air like meteors. Beneath noble colonnades the saints and martyrs of other days conversed upon sacred themes, or exhibited to their compeers some new evidence of divine favor. Each bore suspended from the neck a 'white stone' in which a new name had been written by the Lamb, while their raiment was of the same dazzling complexion. At one place Saint Peter, Luther, Wesley and Calvin, were observable discoursing together, as my heavenly guide informed me, upon a subject which had recently produced much schism among the churches on earth. Saint Peter, as was inferrible from his looks and gestures, equally repudiating the innovation with his humbler companions. Passing, I heard the former pronounce with deep emphasis the following words: 'It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they had known, to turn from the holy commandment, delivered unto them!' His eyes flashed with holy indignation, and towering in height as he strode, he took Wesley by the arm, and the group disappeared behind the angle of a street, surrounded with a blaze of light which dissipated their own shadows.

Gazing through a long vista of superb mansions, interspersed with gardens and extensive grounds, I perceived something which resembled a luminous cloud, approaching with great swiftness. Soon after it swept by in the form of a glittering chariot, drawn by winged creatures that scarcely touched the soil as they moved, and seemed to exult in their occupation. The wheels of the vehicle were of silver, studded with jewels, and emitted a shower of corruscations

at every rebound; while the body was composed of rose-colored flame, and appeared as though wrought from the crimson clouds of morning. Within was seated a venerable personage with flowing beard and snowy hair. He wore a resplendent tiara, and his under dress, for he was without a mantle, shone like golden armor.

'Behold!' cried Marguerite, 'the translated seer Elijah. It is thus he traverses the plains of Paradise!'

My attention was next attracted by an imposing edifice which two dignified individuals were just entering. These I learned were Lazarus and Father Abraham, by faith rendered equal participants of felicity. Marguerite now conveyed me to a palace constructed of transparent rubies, the porticos of which were supported by pillars of pearl that gleamed like white sun-clouds, and were guarded by statues of fleckless ivory. These last represented the several virtues, and looked or pointed toward the kindling star of Bethlehem. Various *bas-reliefs*, emblematical of piety triumphant over ignominy and adversity, decorated the panels, and filled the glyphs of the building. One portrayed a mortal surrounded by want and wretchedness, another was painfully descriptive of incidents calculated to render even patience rebellious, and the remainder exhibited instances of suffering which to finite comprehensions might have seemed the conceptions of demons.

Ascending a lofty stair-case, we entered a saloon of vast dimensions, and furnished with all the appliances of regal grandeur. A table extended the full length of the apartment, and was graced by a noble company. Above the heads of the assembly embroidered drapery, of most exquisite tint and tissue, formed a pavilion of unrivalled richness, and was looped aside by gems that scintillated with every hue of the rainbow. The multitude were arrayed in robes whiter than newly-opened lilies, and wore coronals of excessive worth and brightness. They were celebrating the mystical sacrifice of the Lamb, 'drinking of his blood, and eating of his body.' Upon a dais, high above others, sat the figure of one, who performed the duties of entertainer, and was not more conspicuous for his position and the deference awarded him, than from the incomparable magnificence of his regalia. His countenance was familiar to me, and I soon recapitulated his eventful history.

Among the poorest and most abject of a bustling metropolis, he obtained a scanty livelihood by menial employments. Sickness prostrated him, and penurious charity for awhile prolonged his miserable existence. This failing, he languished in neglect and solitude, racked by disease and pinched with famine. Without murmuring, he appealed from the deaf ears of men to those which are ever open to the supplications of the unhappy. From his youth upward he had been noted for puritanism and jeered at for self-immolating morality. Weak enough to forego advantages of questionable rectitude, and too superstitious to disobey his conscience, the world beheld him as a simple fellow, and silently acquiesced in the justice of his self imposed misery. Thrust into a rough coffin, his carcass was conveyed by a dirty cart to the ungarnished repository of unclaimed vagrants. None

had leisure to honor his obsequies, and his funeral cortége consisted of the last and only friend he ever possessed, a poor starvling cur, which he once rescued from perishing. In course of time, the spot where his remains reposed was demanded by an increasing populace for stores and dwellings, and his bones, in common with the skeletons of many others, were ejected from their grave by the shovels of reckless workmen. Summoned to attend his inquest, I was necessitated to enter the gloomy chamber where he died. The walls were green with mildew and crumbling with age. A solitary window, where broken panes were stuffed with rags, shed a dismal hue upon the scene. Insects swarmed, and marauding rats came boldly from their lurking places. Infection and horror pervaded the cell, and the hazard of a putrid atmosphere induced a speedy verdict. But the tenant of this loathsome abode had received a welcome in better mansions, and from the chrysalis of a beggar had emerged a creature of light and majesty. He was now compeer of the highest in the heavenly city. Numerous attendants obeyed the behests of the assemblage, and among these a maiden remarkable for beauty provoked inquiry. Marguerite briefly related her story.

'Young and unexperienced, she left a country homestead for the busy mart, and sought her bread upon its muddy waters. Blooming and unsophisticated, her charms and credulity invoked the destroyer, and rendered her an easy victim. Affectionate and confiding, she relapsed from virtue before she could weigh the perils of her course, and bartered reputation for the gilded and evanescent allurements of deceitful fortune. She was a mistress when she intended to have been a wife, and an outcast ere she distrusted her protector! The first barriers of morality overpassed, the declivity to ruin has little terror, and she who was most precise becomes the most daring. Deserted by her seducer, a brothel afforded shelter; and with a mind soured by disappointment and desperate with revenge, corruption became her study, and from the victimized she assumed the victimizer. Hell howls with furious exultation at such spectacles! Through what revolting scenes she passed! in what debaucheries, robberies and midnight atrocities was she not a participant! Reflection drowned in dissipation, conscience paralyzed by constant enormity, her career was fearful, but as usual, transient. Malady soon preyed upon her frame; and, thrust from the lazar-house of infamy, she was hurried to a hospital, where, among kindred wretches, she received from public munificence those alleviatives which another mode of life might have enabled her to command from sympathizing friends and relatives. With physical suffering remorse unloosed her scourge and the future displayed its horrors. A good priest, braving contagion and death, and exchanging ease for duty, beheld her agony, and laved her wounded heart with a balsam of sovereign efficacy. She prayed, repented, and was forgiven; believed, and 'it was accounted unto her for righteousness.'

'Lingering, agonizing, for many months no signs of impatience escaped her. She departed, and her spirit was escorted hither by angels. Would that you might have heard the rapture of the hea-

venly hosts 'over that one sinner who repented!' Mary Magdalen, who cannot estimate less deeply the remission of sins, is her constant companion. They are of one family, and, like many others 'plucked as brands from the burning,' unite in praising the REDEEMER. The maiden, it is true, occupies an humble position; nevertheless, she feels her undesert, and is thankful for her present situation. Hour by hour, with expanding intelligence, her happiness increases. Let us proceed elsewhere.'

Descending to the street, I noticed that the 'Star of Bethlehem,' as if conscious of the hallowed scene which we had witnessed, was more dazzling than previously, and shot its pellucid rays the length and breadth of the firmament. It seemed to breathe out glory. Indeed, as we advanced, heaven kindled with mightier radiance, and my companion informed me that she never passed along its thoroughfares without being sensible at each time of superadded lustre.

'Seated within a temple, the vestibule of which was supported by figures of Justice, Religion, Liberty and Peace, WASHINGTON, with accumulated majesty upon his brow, held communion with Moses, Alfred, William Tell, Wallace and Gustavus Vasa. They were dilating upon the heaven-directed events which rescued their respective people 'from the house of bondage;' mutually ascribing the success which followed their efforts in behalf of civil and religious freedom to the workings of superhuman agencies, to divine and miraculous interference; and raising their eyes, tendered 'to GOD alone the glory.' Around them were congregated the patriots of many eras, while the walls and ceiling of the edifice were blazoned with their virtuous maxims and achievements.

Continuing our walk, my attention was arrested by an incident which awed me into momentary forgetfulness of the matchless objects with which we were surrounded. A sound like the collective thunders of a tropical tempest, mingled with the hissings of lightnings and the moanings of turbulent winds, passed quickly above us, and before I recovered my equanimity, was roaring and blustering far in the distance. Marguerite smiled at my confusion, and at once assuaged my alarm. 'Upon that storm-cloud,' exclaimed the child, 'invisible from the excessive brightness of these skies, soars along the philosopher and philanthropist Franklin. While in the body, it was his greatest happiness to benefit his fellow-men. He was also a student of nature's laws, and explored the phenomena of electricity; detecting the causes which rendered the scathing bolt terrific, curbing its fury, and rendering it the plaything of science. He is now commissioned to marshal the black squadrons of the air and convey the purifying fire and refreshing shower whithersoever the parched and arid earth requires their fructifying influences. Along torrid plains, across sluggish and stagnant lakes and oceans, through domains where pestilence and death stalk unrestrained, he scours upon his cloudy vehicle, diffusing benisons. Tainted atmospheres he disinfects, suffocating and scorching temperatures he refrigerates and enlivens, heaves the torpid billows, and releases the seaman from his dreary and prolonged imprisonment upon slumberous waters.

Sometimes a shaft from his armory may crush and destroy, but such is the will of DEITY. His servant wheels the tremendous artillery, but it is the 'red right arm' that points the thunder-bolt!'

Proceeding through the principal streets of Paradise, among splendors and visions too intense and multitudinous for either description or enumeration, we reached the banks of a broad and beautiful stream, which divided the celestial metropolis into two equal parts. Limpid and sparkling, its waters were painted over with the lovely scenery along its borders, were tinted with the lustrous skies above, and rippled against the shores in broken rainbows. Upon each side were groves of trees, which bore immortal fruit, and stooped their branches as though inviting the countless throng beneath to partake of their bounty. This Marguerite assured me was the 'River of Life,' and that whosoever tasted of its waves from thenceforth could never know thirst or hunger. Here in measureless abundance was a panacea for every sorrow. Memory at its brink lost all that embittered it upon earth, and retained only what was agreeable.

Over its bosom, wafted by spicy gales, many stately vessels glided to and fro, filled with happy beings whose songs and triumphal shoutings arose in ceaseless ecstacy, and were reëchoed by the harps and voices of myriads from hill and valley. Among some rushes which fringed a little bay, I noticed the cradle which once contained the infant Moses, and hard by, the same good angel which wafted the precious freight to the feet of Pharaoh's daughter. Noah's great work of faith, 'the ark,' was moored to a crystal rock, and the emblematic dove flew in and out of its windows. A few ships passed near enough to disclose their name and character. One I recognized as the fisherman's shallop from which CHRIST rebuked the tempest; another was used in the miraculous draught of fishes. There floated the first bark which bore missionaries to the unenlightened heathen, and the MAY-FLOWER, which transported to the wintry shores of New-England the Puritan Fathers. Beside these were many which occupied less important places as emissaries of religion and philanthropy, and were witnesses of divine clemency, or agents in events productive of benefit to the world and glory to the RULER of the universe. Simon, whose nets were once filled by a miracle, ferried us across the river; and, attaining the fields upon the opposite side, we were soon after perambulating another quarter of the Holy Elysium.

Advancing with an immense crowd, that poured like a glittering flood along the polished pavements, and seemed urging their way to a certain point, we came at last to an extensive plain, in the centre of which was erected a pavilion of great dimensions and of astonishing sumptuousness. It something resembled the Tabernacle which the Israelites sat up in the wilderness, but was decorated with allegorical designs allusive to GOD'S people in different ages. Above it floated in colossal folds the 'Banner of the Cross,' and around it were the sacerdotal paraphernalia and priestly symbols of many eras. Thither we repaired; and while I gazed upon the wonders

about me, Marguerite explained the cause of this gathering. 'There is much joy,' said she, 'over the return of one prodigal. Long has he wandered from the paths of peace, but now records his name among the ransomed. All heaven congregates to celebrate this accession to the ranks of the blessed. Look on, and may this sublime spectacle influence you, when returned to earth, to emulate the example of your rejuvenated fellow-mortal.'

Scarcely had she spoken, when a band of angels, tracking their course with fire, and diffusing a lightning radiance from their coronals, surged through the air upon sounding pinions, and blew a blast from golden trumpets that made the towers of Paradise tremble with its vibrations. Legion upon legion succeeded, and in different groups diverged toward the four winds, summoning as they flew the tenants of these blissful abodes to the place of convention. Hosts upon hosts, of 'every kindred, tongue and people,' came, singing hosannas, from the various sections of the city, and took their places upon the area. Unbroken harmony and order prevailed, though the coacervated inhabitants of the earth would have seemed but an atom compared with that unnumbered and innumerable multitude. Gabriel, assisted by Uriel, Zephon and Uzziel, marshalled the vast concourse, and arranged the interminable procession. In front were placed most of the patriarchs of the antediluvian world. Abel, the earliest martyr of faith, occupied the van. His costume was magnificent, and embroidered with altars and other sacrificial devices.

Next came Noah, with Shem and Japhet. Adam and Eve succeeded. They were assigned a secondary rank, because their want of principle in one instance had caused misery to the human family; whereas the former, by obedience to the divine mandate, had opened a new and more hopeful era for their species. Righteous Lot was also conspicuous among the ancients. Enoch, who was permitted to enter heaven without experiencing the pangs of mortal dissolution, advanced a little apart from the throng, and was surrounded by a cohort of gleaming ministers. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with a train of descendants, next passed along. Observable above others was the pure-minded Joseph and his well-beloved brother Benjamin. An endless array of kings and nobles of all epochs and countries followed. There we beheld Melchisedec, shedding as he walked a blaze of glory; Nimrod, the pastoral prince; David, the 'monarch minstrel,' in company with his son Solomon, the heir of wisdom, each transcending the splendors of their respective earthly courts by the lustre of their heavenly crowns and garments. King Alfred the Good, and David the Humane, of Scotland, preceded the rulers of modern date who, in spite of the temptations and political snares ever attendant upon royalty and always obnoxious to virtue and spiritual ennoblement, had achieved victories over themselves.

But a scroll broad as cerulean space would prove too circumscribed for a catalogue of the prominent members of that mighty congregation. Prophets, clergymen and statesmen, poets, philosophers, historians, physicians, philanthropists, from the humblest to the greatest, swelled the procession, and with their various costumes and insignia

presented a spectacle of indescribable grandeur. There were banners of every hue, and blazoned with an infinite variety of emblems and mottoes. One of these specimens of ethereal heraldry struck me as peculiarly beautiful. It was borne by a blue-eyed youth, upon whose face the speaking lineaments of genius and religious zeal were pencilled with a vividness and distinctness that elicited the homage of the spectator. He seemed the personification of deathless hope and holy emulation, and moved among the throng as though urged forward by a resistless agency and a burning aspiration. His oriflamme presented the similitude of a rising sun, above which was the word 'Excelsior.' As file after file pressed on, I noticed that the inhabitants of Heaven exhibited samples of every clime and creed. Heathens who, directed by the light within, although its purity had been obscured by the mists of superstition and error, were among the blessed. Thousands, accustomed to believe in a spurious faith, were nevertheless partners with primitive saints and devotees; while many who never lisped but the solitary prayer which terminated their existence, were not the least in that exulting concourse. The 'thief' executed with the SAVIOUR of the world now realized the promise given him in the agonies of dissolution, and bore as his ensign the instrument of his corporeal punishment.

With 'a glorious body,' proportioned to his enlarged faculties, the Laplander, escaped from the inclemencies of a frozen zone, revelled in the unsullied skies and buoyant airs of Paradise. No longer tortured by blistering sands, cruel thirst and unsatiated hunger, the Ishmaelite, for improving his one talent, was here rewarded with ineffable delights. The sable Ethiopian, who invoked the GOD of gods in fear and mystery, now worshipped HIM in rapture. The sallow Oriental, who endeavored to merit a seat among the tenants of a better region by self-denial and bitter penances, found, although his creed had been defective and his holiness 'but as filthy rags,' that DEITY could forgive a weakness and remunerate a just intention. Bedizened no longer with barbarous talismans, nor the victim of juggling 'medicine-men' and blind prophets, the red Indian beheld a lovelier elysium than fable or imagination ever pictured, and discovered that an act of mercy or justice, the desire even for rectitude, or perhaps an hour of sincere penitence for faults committed, had obtained for him an eligible place in the 'white man's heaven.'

Aroused from native indolence or sensuality by the strong appeal of some laborious missionary of Christianity, the inhabitants of the luxurious South Sea Islands here acknowledged the truth of that wonderful revelation which almost crazed his imbecile intelligence; and in the fruition of happiness and purity, felt that his feeble exertions to gain that halcyon country which had been pointed out to him, were recompensed beyond the power of computation. Heirs of fortune and authority, to whom ambition and power proffered seductive allurements; the aggrieved and wretched, to whom revenge beckoned; minds which in their might could have received the applause of centuries, or have arrayed against each other jealous nations, here learned the inestimable prize which virtue, moderation

and righteous motive secures, and perceived how much more excellent is the benison of the ALMIGHTY than the awards of passion, pomp and pleasure, or the plaudits of fellow creatures.

All these swelled the sacred army which deployed along the plain, advanced beneath triumphal arches, and made Paradise resound with anthems of gladness. Throngs of children preceded the glittering host, strewing the way with garlands, and raising their sweet voices in concert with the gush of melody which arose from the ocean of deathless beings. These, with crowds of women, appeared to compose the larger portion of heaven's tenantry, and every where occupied a prominent station; truly, according to the venerable Romeyn, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' In rapturous silence I beheld the victorious legions of the 'Prince of Peace' sweeping along like lambent stars, and extending like a belt of burnished metal across the fields of Elysium. Above and around them were squadrons of angels, that darted to and fro like flashes of the northern aurora; impinging the air and the ground with prismatic colors, and glowing every moment with more intense radiance.

'Whither,' at length I inquired, 'do these proceed?'

'They go up,' replied Marguerite, 'to the house of the FATHER.'

'And is there,' continued I, 'a fabric which can enclose such a countless multitude?'

'HE whom the Heavens of Heavens cannot contain,' rejoined the child, 'has power to construct a temple ample enough for HIS servants; beside, have you not read that in 'our FATHER's house there are many mansions?' Let us follow the pageant.'

Leagues upon leagues the procession extended, the van extinct in distance, while the rear was equally beyond the reach of my finite vision. By columns and monuments, amid meadows and gardens, over hills and through delicious valleys, across shining streams and under breezy groves, the train wound its way, appearing and disappearing like the congregated fleet of a nation rising and sinking with broad and undulating billows. Upon a sky-piercing elevation, the dizzy peaks of which glittered in the noon of heaven like colossal diamonds, there stood a fabric of immeasurable proportions. Enveloped in a cloud of scathing effulgence, which repulsed the eye, it loomed loftier and more sublimely awful as we approached. A porch, wide as the universe, received the advancing multitude, and doorways arched with precious stones admitted them to the penetralia of the building.

Standing within the vestibule appeared a personage of superior stature, and of august deportment. The expression of his countenance was sedate but benignant, and he evinced the consciousness of matchless intelligence. His hair was brown, and it floated in ringlets upon his shoulders, and his beard was full and pliable. Authority and invincible power was expressed in every attitude and movement, while an indescribable charm played around his lips, and modified the sternness of his expansive forehead. Scarcely approaching a smile, his face disclosed innate urbanity and love, and although his words were few, there was something in the manner of their utterance which

rendered them momentous and imposing. Reverence, mingled with fear, caused me to shrink from his glance until reassured by a look of kindness, when the throng by which I was circummured alone prevented me from prostrating myself before him. A crown of golden thorns encompassed his head, surmounted by a halo that shone like the white heat of a furnace. Wherever he moved the air sparkled, and whenever he spoke the multitude burst into songs of adoration.

He was surrounded by a host of worshippers. and among these I recognised the beneficiaries of his super-human ministrations. There knelt the once blind 'Bartimeus,' now rejoicing in the sight of his great physician and SAVIOUR. 'Lazarus' rescued from corporal and and spiritual death; 'the man' cured of the palsy; 'he, whose withered arm was restored,' the 'daughter of Jairus,' raised by her father's faith, and blessed through her own; the 'maiden' awakened from the slumbers of the tomb; the 'leper' cleansed from loathsome blotches; the 'deaf and dumb' released from silence, and his ear unsealed by an omnipotent mandate; with other recipients of his clemency bending before their Prince and Benefactor, poured out their souls in fervent thanksgivings. The two angels who guarded the sepulchre where the mortal remains of their LORD rested, stood on either hand, pleased at beholding their own splendor diminished by HIS unapproachable glories. At his feet sat Mary, 'most favored of women.' As the throng passed, every diadem was cast down before HIM, and the anthem, 'Worthy is the Lamb!' resounded from myriads of tongues, like the reverberating roar of winds through unbounded forests. High above this came back the sweet response, 'Come, ye blessed of my father!'

Entering the temple, I beheld what only the language of inspiration could describe. Oppressed with the wonders of the place, and trembling at my own unworthiness, I became almost as torpid as the eternal pillars which supported the firmament-like roof above me, and stood speechless and powerless near my guide. Suddenly there arose a sound like the fluttering of many wings, mingled with thunders and loud music, hallelujahs from countless voices, and surging blasts from trumpets. Then followed a silence so deep that it seemed tangible. Again broke forth the full pæan of heaven. The building gleamed with light, and its walls were like molten lava. A shout, a mighty outcry such only as a thousand worlds could utter, succeeded, and instantly a cloud of pearly whiteness, but too dazzling for human vision, filled the temple to its soaring arches. Marguerite turned toward me. I could not brook even her gaze. The light from her eyes was like arrows of silver shot into my whirling brain.

'Here,' said the child, 'we part for a season; you may advance no farther; the glory about to be revealed amazes the most favored angel: veil your face until it be passed!'

As she uttered these words, the splendors of the cloud became so piercing that I reeled and sank upon the jewelled floor like one stricken down by lightning. The temple trembled with the roar of minstrelsy, and was filled with quivering effulgence, as though a meteor had burst in its midst and laved it in a sea of fire.

Sensation momentarily deserted me, and I started from my slumber, bewildered and astonished by the trance. The rising sun shone upon my face; and I was again the companion of cold and dull mortality.

THESEUS FORSAKING ARIADNE.

BY MRS. H. S. HEWITT.

I.

The clustering islands lay in light,
And in the moonbeams gleamed the flood;
When Theseus, armed and nerved for flight,
Beside the slumbering Cretan stood.

II.

'She sleeps!' he said; her round white arm
Soft pillowing her cheek of rose;
With each unveiled, unconscious charm
Reclining there in deep repose.

III.

Oh! ne'er the sea-born Citheris,
New risen from the flashing brine,
Upfloated to adoring eyes
In loveliness so all divine!

IV.

Her perfumed breath flows calm and pure,
No dreams of harm assail the maid;
She sleeps in trusting faith secure,
To wake forsaken and betrayed.

V.

For sternly on my spirit falls
The awful voice of destiny;
That bids me where my country calls
Her leader, champion, king in me.

VI.

Where on the far Cecropian height,
His white locks floating on the gale,
My sire awaits from morn to night,
With weary eyes, my coming sail:

VII.

What doubt his aged heart alarms,
And thrills his veins with frantic fear,
While I, in Love's voluptuous arms,
Great Jove! inglorious linger here!

VIII.

Here, fallen beneath the gods' disdain,
I wake, with vigor newly fraught,
And rive away the sensual chain
Whose glowing links seemed TITAN-wrought.

IX.

Cast loose our bark! for ere the morn
The fates relentless I obey;
Leave thee, my Cretan maid! forlorn,
And thee, oh, Naxos! far away.

X.

Away! away, o'er yonder deep,
Ye wind-gods! speed our hurrying sail;
Ere she, abandoned, wake to weep,
And freight with cries the morning gale.

XI.

Lest maddening o'er her anguished lot,
I backward turn to her alarms;
And sire and country be forgot
Forevermore, within her arms.

THOUGHTS ON OLD BOOKS.

BY GEORGE PARK FISHER.

COWPER uttered but a half-truth when he styled books

> —— 'TALISMANS and spells
> By which the magic art of shrewder wits
> Hold an unthinking multitude in thrall.'

Such ends they may indeed subserve; but we choose, with Milton, to regard a good book as 'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' A good book is always a valuable possession; but when it has become venerable with age, and we know that for centuries it has been the companion and instructor of men, it becomes a priceless treasure. It is then a golden link that binds us to the spirit of the past. It is a legacy bequeathed to us by the departed. It is often a monument, standing amid desolation and ruin, and by its enduring inscriptions reminding us of a world of thought and life which has passed away. Hence it is that we love old books, as the best memorials of the great who are dead, the choicest friends in adversity, and the truest conservators of letters.

The Bible!—its precepts of wisdom, the eloquence of its prophets and apostles, were not for us alone. Age after age has it elevated and soothed the heart of man. Sages of remote antiquity bowed

over its pages, and martyrs and heroes in other days drew strength from the depths of its inspiring waters. Its moving tales caught the ear of youth on the hills of Asia before Grecian or Roman civilization had their birth, and the echoes of its consolatory voice come to us from afar.

And there is HOMER! Standing at the head of poetical literature, the blind old bard whom seven cities claimed as their own, seems to sing to us with a deeper and softer melody. When we take up the Iliad we hold a book which, with its picturesque descriptions and simple lays of love and war, has delighted and instructed the finest minds for nearly three thousand years, and which comes to us stamped with the seal of their commendation.

Authors complain of the severity of criticism; but how unsparing a critic is Time! He remorselessly consigns to oblivion works which have attracted the gaze and admiration of courts and kings, and preserves those which he has rescued from the hand of neglect. Whatever has been suffered to live must have inherent excellence. Age has a prescriptive title to respect, and he is deemed impious who dares to insult a hoary head; so an old book, having survived the varied revolutions of taste, and outlived the angry voice of calumny, and ministered to the spiritual wants of thousands, is too sacred a thing to be roughly handled.

Thus it is that we love old editions. Not that we are insensible to the comforts and refinements of this book-writing and book-printing era, but because they are in keeping with the simple style and homely strength of the fathers of our literature. We are free to confess that the black-letter and illuminations of Queen Elizabeth's day have a greater charm for our eyes than the softest paper and most elegant type and the whitest covers of our latest poets. Have you never thought, reader, how Shakspeare would blush to see himself arrayed in dazzling gilt and morocco, covered all up with elucidations, and perched upon our superb centre-tables? And then first editions come directly from the author, as perchance with trembling apprehension or careless unconsciousness he sent them forth, his tender progeny, to be buffeted by readers and critics; they contain the original preface and dedication, always full of interest to the true lover of books, and with their quaint forms and curious typography take us back to the troublous times which gave them birth. 'In times of old,' says Coleridge, 'books were as religious oracles,' and the venerable garb in which they are clothed is well suited to their dignified position. Men wrote not for the gratification of the idle or the amusement of the fastidious, but they wrote earnestly and truly. There is no need of clearer evidence that Charles Lamb had a warm and genial heart than to know how he doted on his antique folios and early editions; and his glowing apostrophes to them, his silent but eloquent companions, find a warm response in every scholar's heart.

Go into an antiquarian library, and then linger in its spacious alcoves. You are in a grand mausoleum. It is not a charnel-house, filled with dismembered limbs and dead men's bones, where the heart sickens at a spectacle of putrefaction and decay; but it is a depository

of thoughts from the thinkers who have long ago been reduced to the dust which we in our daily walks tread beneath our feet. As we stand within the precincts of Santa Croce, or Westminster Abbey, we smile with pity and sadness at the countless tombs whose pompous epitaphs extol the unknown and long-forgotten; but here are monuments innumerable, reared by the labor of years, perhaps with night-watching and tears, and inscribed to their own memory, by men whom oblivion long ago claimed as her own. How many hours were devoted to their composition, as the eager scholar, in the court, the convent or the cloister, courted by the powerful or languishing in poverty, fondly cherished the hope that he was writing for immortality! In the royal city of the dead we are wont to find the bodies of kings and heroes, with their martial deeds engraved in marble and 'ever-during brass.' But here we have the great men of the world, the poets and apostles and philosophers, in the forms in which they first addressed instruction to their contemporaries. The body of Wickliffe was exhumed and his ashes scattered to the four winds; but the hand of bigotry could not touch Wickliffe's Bible, and here we behold it, speaking through its antique text with ten-fold eloquence. Tyranny did its worst with More, but it spared the 'Utopia,' the monument of his genius and philosophy. Centuries have passed since Sidney, the recluse, the scholar, ascended the scaffold, and bowing his head upon the block, uttered the memorable sentence: 'We live in an age that makes *Truth* pass for *Treason!*'—but the executioner's axe crushed not his immortal thoughts, and here are his discourses, replete with noble sentiments and animated by the lofty principles of freedom.

In our time, books in every department of human inquiry have accumulated to an almost infinite extent; so that authorship is now an important and often a lucrative profession, and bibliography, or a knowledge of the titles and general character of books, exists as an independent branch of study. Surrounded as we are by this host of authors and books, it were strange indeed if we did not sometimes lose sight of the earlier writers; the pioneers who felled the tallest oaks and cleared a pathway for the literature and civilization of the present age. They were men of hard sinews and giant energies, who opened mines of thought and feeling, and in an age when physical daring was esteemed more than mental power, denied themselves in a noble cause. And who of our poets can exhibit the pathos of Chaucer or the beauty of Spenser; Spenser, the 'sage and serious poet,' whom Milton pronounced a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas? Who has dived deeper into the human heart than Shakspeare? Who has soared higher than Milton, whose themes since his time, as before, have been 'unattempted in prose or rhyme?' Who surpasses Sidney in critical and classical scholarship? How many superiors in intellect and piety have Brown and Barrow and Taylor and Hooker? Who is the father of experimental philosophy; of that system, which in an immeasurable degree has lightened the labors of man, overcome the barriers of nature, oceans and mountains; chained to its service the elements and imponderable agents,

and bound together the human family by the bonds of interest and the silken ties of affection? Or if we were to turn to France, what should we find to be the Augustan era of Gallic literature? Would it not be the age of Louis the Fourteenth, when Corneille, the father of French tragedy, and Moliere, the prince of all comedians, and a throng of associate scholars and orators, delighted the gay court of the metropolis? Or beneath Italian skies, where can we find the compeers of Tasso, Petrarch and Dante; of Dante, the Homer of the West, whose voice, like the organ-music of the ocean, becomes deeper and more thrilling as we recede from the view? Or if we look to Spain, who speak from her heart, who are the representatives of her literature, but Lope de Vega and Cervantes?

It is refreshing to turn from the complicate sentences and involved style of too many of our own writers to the classical and noble diction of Bacon. He drew 'from the well of pure English undefiled.' In his graver compositions, the stately periods, as they follow each other in majestic regularity and pleasing variety, are well suited to the dignity of the thought. In his essays he falls into a more familiar strain, as he employs the strong Saxon for purposes of less serious instruction. But the style of Bacon is always oracular. We ever feel ourselves in the presence of a teacher, whose instructions we are neither at liberty to disregard or disobey. There is a weight, a sincerity, almost a solemnity in the tone, which enforces conviction and seems without the fear of contradiction and confutation. But though his style is massive, it is none the less ornate; and to our astonishment we learn that the solidity of his intellect is only equalled by the warmth of his fancy.

We are aware that in certain superlatively polite circles it is considered pedantic even to refer to the earlier English authors; and the suggestion that our young men and 'educated' girls can be instructed by them, is regarded as not a little derogatory to their dignity and to the reputation of this 'enterprising' age. Some of these amiable persons cannot read the old writers, without blushing at what they are pleased to term their vulgarity and grossness. We wonder these delicate people don't lay aside their Bibles, because, forsooth, our good translators told plain facts in plain Saxon, without veiling them with a gaudy covering of words. Let us be the last to defend or palliate aught that can taint the heart or tinge the imagination with impurity; but we may be pardoned for saying that an age which has deified Lord Byron and Eugene Sue, lives in a glass house, and in accordance with the wholesome adage, should not throw stones.

There are two old books which have become classical in our literature, and though they are too little read, their excellence is commonly admitted. One is Sir Philip Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy.' Its author was one of the most brilliant and accomplished men of his time, so that Spenser but echoed the voice of his contemporaries, when he sung the pathetic lament:

> 'Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
> Hath robbed you and reft fro' me our joy.'

To a fine form and courtly address, and a mind enriched with all the learning of the ancients, he united those qualities of heart at once dignified and winning, which served to endear him to both sovereign and people. The 'Defence of Poesy' bears the stamp of his genius, and for its original thought, adorned with beautiful imagery, deserves the description conveyed in his own words, when he styles it 'the sweet food of sweetly uttered thoughts.' This brave soldier laid aside the sword, and grasping the pen, strove to rescue his loved poesy from the neglect and disrepute into which it had fallen. By an argument as convincing as it is beautiful, and fortified by apposite illustrations, he proves the superiority of the poet over the soldier, the historian and the philosopher. He urges his countrymen to arouse from the lethargy into which they had sunk, and to cultivate these noble faculties which are at once the gift of God and the glory of men.

Sir Thomas Browne is another writer of whom one can never tire. He possesses eccentricity of character united with genuine humor. They are frequently associated in the same person, and often give to his conversation an irresistible charm. But the place of the former is too often usurped by a pitiable affectation, in which an acquired smartness of repartee is substituted for the native power of the real humorist.

The reader of the 'Religio Medici' will be slow to believe that these qualities have but a counterfeit existence in the mind of Browne. His egotism is not boastful but natural and delightful. He seems to think that every body has an equal interest with himself in his peculiar opinions, and consequently spreads them before us, apparently unconscious of the merriment he is exciting. He opens his poetical, thoughtful, fantastical brain, and offers it without the least embarrassment for our inspection. Nothing in his egotism is so pleasing as his remarks upon his own faith. This he regarded as the highest trait in his character, involving and comprehending all other merits. He loves to turn the globe round for his 'recreation;' to lose himself in a mystery, and to pursue his reason to an 'O altitudo.' In his solitary hours he accustoms himself 'upon his apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the trinity, incarnation and resurrection.' He exults in the triumph of faith over the most subtle difficulties, and congratulates himself that he did not live in the age of miracles, when the opportunities for the exercise of this cardinal christian virtue would have been comparatively few. His genial good nature, his disposition to look on the bright side of the picture, never desert him, and his views of human life are in striking contrast with the more grave, and perhaps the more just reflections which Doctor Johnson has embodied in his romantic tale of the Prince of Abyssinia.

We are glancing at its lighter passages. It is in truth a treatise full of bold and instructive observations upon man in his religious relations. In it are to be found principles, as the doctrine of religious toleration, unrecognized by most of his contemporaries, which succeeding generations have cherished with affectionate attachment. In the course of the work, the venerable writer becomes eloquent in

the cause of truth, and descants with pious zeal upon the great duties of an active christianity. The concluding pages upon the subject of charity might well receive a careful attention from those who regard benevolence as a thing of fashion or a creature of impulse, instead of the central principle of practical religion.

We are not blind antiquarians; we are not even conservatives, in the narrow sense in which the term is often employed. We feel a warm pride in the achievements of our own generation and in its onward march in the career of civilization. For its literary works in the departments of history and poetry, of moral and political ethics, and especially for its wonderful triumphs in the various inductive sciences, we desire to cherish a grateful appreciation. At the same time, we cannot believe, as many seem to imagine, that all who preceded us were fools, or that we have reached the topmost pinnacle of wisdom. We are even willing to confess that men lived hundreds and thousands of years ago, at whose feet we would fain sit with reverent attention; and that with all our great lights of science and learning, we can gain by holding communion with the spirit of the past.

There was a time when it seemed there was serious danger that the old writers would be forgotten. True, their rich fancies furnished copious materials for poets and essayists and periodical plagiarists, and the old church writers provided the raw material to be woven into a multitude of excellent sermons; but the popular taste turned from the authors themselves and demanded something more extravagant and impassioned. Every thing was too tame and cool to satisfy the morbid appetite for excitement. At this time there arose in England a class of men who earnestly and successfully vindicated the excellencies of the elder writers, in defiance of the false taste of many of their contemporaries. Hazlitt, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, are names familiar to all our ears. Not since the era of the 'Literary Club,' when Johnson and Burke and Reynolds and Goldsmith, and their associates, held their nightly meetings at the 'Turk's Head,' has there been so brilliant a group of scholars, combining such varied talents, and animated by so generous a spirit. Hazlitt, prejudiced indeed, and often unjust to modern poets, but a thorough and discriminating critic of the Past; Lamb with so rich a vein of humor, flowing through a heart so gentle and warm; Coleridge, the poet philosopher, inconstant and sometimes indolent, but gifted with intellectual powers, various and profound, at once poetical and metaphysical; these were the men, whom a fashionable and foolish taste could not seduce from their love of the older English authors. Let us cultivate their spirit and honor their memory.

EPIGRAM.

They say thine eyes like sunny skies,
Thy chief attraction form;
I see no *sunshine* in those eyes,
They take one all by *storm*.

I. I. B.

THE SPIRIT'S LAMP.

On a cloudy night,
When the stars give no light,
And the moon from the earth has fled,
When the wind, loud and cold
Mid the grave-stones old
Blows a requiem for the dead,
I dance where the last cold corse was laid,
And illumine the grave that is newly-made.

I 'm the Spirit's Lamp,
And burn mid the damp
That comes from the dark deep cell
Where the body is cast
When life has past,
Mid earth-worms cold to dwell;
I glimmer above the white tomb-stone,
And my light on the silent grave is thrown.

I do not shine
Till the sun's decline,
And the twilight has left the sky;
But all the day
In the dark swamp stay,
Or off to the deep woods hie;
And at night with the elf and goblin go
Where none that are earthly dare, I trow.

A boy was lost;
His path I cross'd,
And he thought a friend he had found;
For he followed me fast
Till we came at last
To the lonely burial-ground,
And he shrieked and fell o'er a grave in fear,
When he knew that the Spirit's Lamp was near.

The traveller wan
I have guided on
When he looked to me as his rest,
As he walked in pain
And toiled in vain
To reach his home and be blessed;
And I led him away to the marshes drear,
To wander alone till the daylight appear.

The wolf's dread howl
And the screech of the owl
Is heard when my lamp is seen,
For they know that my light
But burns in the night,
And a dreary night, they ween;
And I lead them off to the lonely glen,
Far, far away from the haunts of men.

When the thunder-cloud,
Like the ship's death-shroud,
Came up, on the tempest borne,
I have sat on the prow
And lighted the bow,
When the sailor, who feared not the storm,
Though the flash from the cloud was dazzlingly bright,
Would tremble and shrink at my ghastly light.

No earthly one
Where I am will come,
For the ghostly fire they dread,
And dare not be
Alone with me,
Who dwell with the bones of the dead;
But when I come the cold corse to guard,
They rush in fear from the lone church-yard.

W. R. H.

THOUGHTS FROM THE TOP OF TRINITY.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

'A MIGHTY mass of bricks and smoke and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye can reach.' BYRON.

So, here am I at last, with my right arm encircling this mighty cross, on the very pinnacle of the stone shaft! Gently, sweet winds! play not your antics with my coat-lappets, if it please you; a launch from this apex into the blue ether would be delightful, but for the flag-stones beneath; and to be 'squashed,' like a young chicken who has just chipped the shell, expatriates the soul in a bungling sort of way. *I* am delicate about such things. Whew! what a great stone-quarry the city is! — all rude, misshapen squares and angles. Methinks I would rather see the little red-tiled roofs of the ancient Belgii nestling down there amid the patriarchal trees than all these mighty monuments of art. What toil, expense and anxiety; what heart-burnings, bankruptcies and chicanery; what quarrelling of heirs, estrangement of friends, and fraternal feuds; what demolishment, rebuilding, discontent, casualties and vexation of spirit has it cost to produce this crude, 'deformed, unfinished' bantling! — and the only redeeming thing about it, after all this great labor, is sweet Nature, twining her white arms in the shape of two rivers lovingly around it,

'E'EN as a tender mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care.'

By the mass! but this cross is no child's toy! — my arm aches with holding on. See poor humanity below; there struts the proud, there goes poverty, bowing its lowly head; from the poor sempstress, in her worn and faded gown, through each successive mutation, up to

the flounced and white-gloved lady in the crape shawl, who rustles along with a conscious dignity, as if she felt 'every sprig in her new silk dress;' from the poor pavior earning his daily bread with his stone mallet to the occupant of the elegant carriage who rolls over the street which his fellow-mortal is perfecting that he may be more at his ease; each with the little bundle of care, desire and anxiety packed up in its skull, winding off with much toil the mighty reel of life. What are they to me, the solitary watcher from this lofty spire? About as interesting as the animalculæ in a drop of water, or the figures in a phantasmagoria. Faith, one has but to come up the 'Jacob's Ladder' of this tower, and humanity below is pretty much upon a par. Yonder Aquarius driving his water-cart, with its glittering conspersion of the cool element hanging like a slender silver fringe from the bright tube behind it, is a far more picturesque, and therefore a more interesting object, than all these little black-looking microcosma. How the world has advanced during the last few centuries!—what mighty discoveries Science has revealed!—how piercing the vision which discovers a *World* in illimitable space, that in silence and darkness has been encircling the sun, unknown till now! The winged messengers on yonder wires travel faster than light itself! How great is man! Yet I declare to you, that if my dearest friend was at the base of this tower, I would not know him from Adam!—and it is but two hundred and eighty feet high!

Do you wish to depose me, ungentle zephyrs? or why thus beat the '*rappel*' with my coat-flaps on my sheep-skin? Rather let me ask why men wear these terminations, instead of short jackets? Is it not reversing the order of nature? Doth not the tadpole merge into the perfected frog by *dropping* his nether appendage? And should not humanity in like manner, growing up from the ground with much trimming, like unto a thrifty plant, develope at last the jacketed, perfected man?

> 'Thou whose *exterior* semblance doth belie
> Thy soul's immensity.'

Think of this and reflect. Hark! the chimes! A fine hand this stone shaft makes for the great earth-clock. How unerringly it moves through space! Let me sit here for an hour, and from point to point we shall have travelled above a thousand miles. Before yon steamer with its tiny spume of white vapor reaches the Highlands, we describe a segment stretching as far as the top of Saint Paul's dome, London!

There drops a pebble! bounds from the roof and spins through the air to the green graves below—the 'green gates of Paradise,' as the Icelander calls them. Now, for the life of me, I cannot tell why my soul felt for a moment as if it were launched with that stone into space, and then flew fluttering back to its prison-house. Ye sapient philosophers, who arrogate a knowledge of the Deity, whence is this mysterious sympathy between things animate and inanimate?

The chimes again!—another quarter gone. Gone with the past. Truly, my stone hippogriff, travels through time as well as space.

And I too with it; I too must soon become the denizen of a silent city like that we see amid the shadowing trees below; for I am old! Yes:

> Richard is old: the morning-land of life,
> Threaded with sunny streams, purfled with flowers,
> Where erst was love, and joyance, and sweet May,
> Now in the purple shadows of the west
> Lies lost for ever? Summer too has come,
> Budded and blossomed, and the ripened fruit
> In the expectant lap of autumn falls,
> As the full-sphered life, three-quarters gone,
> Slow rises on a white and wintry night.
> Years have departed; where the acorn lay
> Uprears his sinewy arms the aged oak,
> Stricken and leafless! Falls the April rain,
> Comes the warm sunshine, bringing life to all —
> To him no more; a rent and sapless trunk
> Casts its unfruitful shadow on the ground,
> And lo! the woodman and the axe are here!

What a stretch and scope of vision one gets from a little elevation. As we ascend the 'hill-tops of thought' the area of the real and the ideal enlarges. So from this lofty perch I gaze upon the world beneath, and Individuality ceases. I no longer see a man, a tree, a ship; I behold a mighty metropolis, bordered with a vast net-work of masts and spars and rigging; parks of slumberous trees, and fountains refulgent with ruby, amber, and crystal; a tide of men eddying and pouring along like a great river beneath me; in the distance, the giant Palisades, with a fleecy drapery of mist around their huge shoulders; or southward, the dappled bay, dotted with the craft of all nations. Still farther ranges the vision: the surrounding cities; the long level line of smoke in the still air from the glass furnace; the green hill of Staten-Island; the fort-crowned Narrows; and beyond, the measureless Atlantic. Here the material limits of the vision interpose, but still onward flies the winged thought. The ancient towns of Europe; the castled Rhine, the classic Tiber, and the barbaric Danube; the Euxine and the Adriatic, the Nile and the Sea of Galilee, the Indus and the Ganges. What an infinity of thought that can thus embrace the universal world! Truly man is little less than a God! *Who* can doubt his immortality? — *who* can believe that when the breath ceases to play, and the blood to circulate, the Soul ceases to exist?

But I must descend from my 'pride of place.' If this little cord by which I am suspended between heaven and earth break, these would be among the posthumous works of Richard Haywarde. My *literary remains* would be gathered up from the stone pavement. So! softly! till I gain the casement. Now I breathe again. Before I descend among the busy crowd of men perhaps it is best, Gentle Reader, that we should part. You will still leave me as you have doubtless left many of your friends, 'a little elevated.' And from this Gothic window it is but proper that I should bid you God speed, and say — *Vale!*

HOPE: A FRAGMENT.

> My hopes are like the Huma bright,
> That never folds its tireless wings,
> But soaring up where all is light,
> Ne'er stoops to earth's poor 'care-worn things.'
>
> They slake their thirst in living streams
> That gush from Truth 's divine abode,
> Their plumage dip in the rosy beams
> That gild the golden hills of God. J. C.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

BY CHIEL WRIGHT.

ATHENS! amid the circle of the great,
Who ruled o'er thee in Freedom's palmy days,
When science, letters, art were thy estate,
When burning eloquence, first flashed its rays
Upon the heart of man, and fixed his gaze
On higher objects, and a nobler heritage
Than diadem, or sceptre e'er can raise;
Two bright names shine upon thy glowing page,
That shall the brighter glow, as Time rolls on each age.

The one could claim a hero for his sire,
As Persia's baffled ranks right well attest!
But the son's aim was loftier; far higher
Than laurel wreath upon the victor's crest,
Or glory, such as gilds the mailéd breast.
He sought whate'er philosophy could teach,
Nor ceased to woo her; till he stood possessed
Of every power unwearied toil may reach,
To wield all arts that lend most eloquence to speech.

The Bema was his throne; and, monarch there,
He wielded empire over subject mind:
Not *his* the agency of sword, nor spear,
To win or hold dominion o'er his kind.
To gentler influence his soul inclined:
As the skilled minstrel strikes the chorded lyre,
And wakens melody by touch refined,
So woke he in all hearts hope, fear, desire,
Till the meanest natures would to loftiest ends aspire!

Column and fane and temple, at his bid,
Uprose; and with immortal lustre shone;
And forms of beauty in the quarry hid
Grew into sculptured life, and breathed in stone.
Genius unfettered took a wider zone,
And ranged in freedom Attica's fair clime,
Till from the chisel, pencil, pen alone
Came forth her triumphs, lasting as sublime,
That fling defiance at the crumbling touch of Time!

His rule was Athen's glory and her pride:
But not *alone* shall he such triumph bear;
On his Olympian height, throned by his side,
Sat one in heart and mind and soul his peer.
She helped to win his honors — and should wear!
Though sterner moralists condemn, and frown
Rebuke, and from her temples fain would tear
The well-earned chaplet and the civic crown,
They cannot blight her name, nor soil her fair renown.

What ANAXAGORAS, ZENO could not teach,
She taught; imbuing PERICLES with lore
That winged his words with lightning, giving speech
Resistless energies, ne'er felt before.
To colder intellect she lent the glow
Of her warm fancy, rich with the supplies
Of genius gathered on her native shore;
And fashioned it to greatness by the ties
That take their source in love's ennobling sympathies!

Her love was passion, but its aim was high.
She was no luscious 'Beauty of the Nile;'
Nor her loved lord, Triumvir ANTONY,
To forfeit honor to seductive wile:
No! great resolve caught courage from her smile!
To his high purposes she gave her own,
And led his footsteps on through Glory's aisle,
Nor wearied till Fame's loftiest steeps were won,
And garlands gathered that outlive the Parthenon!

THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY F. PARKMAN, JR.

THE LONELY JOURNEY.

'LET him that crawls, enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath and toss his languid head;
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.' THE CORSAIR.

ON the day of my arrival at Fort Laramie, Shaw and I were lounging on two buffalo-robes in the large apartment hospitably assigned to us; Henry Chatillon also was present, busy about the harness and weapons, which had been brought into the room, and two or three Indians were crouching on the floor, eyeing us with their fixed unwavering gaze.

'I have been well off here,' said Shaw, 'in all respects but one; there is no good *shongsasha* to be had for love or money.'

I gave him a small leather bag containing some of excellent quality, which I had brought from the Black Hills. 'Now, Henry,' said he, 'hand me Papin's chopping-board, or give it to that Indian, and let him cut the mixture; they understand it better than any white man.'

The Indian, without saying a word, mixed the bark and the tobacco in due proportions, filled the pipe, and lighted it. This done, my companion and I proceeded to deliberate on our future course of proceeding; first, however, Shaw acquainted me with some incidents which had occurred at the fort during my absence.

About a week previous, four men had arrived from beyond the mountains; Sublette, Reddick, and two others. Just before reach-

ing the fort, they had met a large party of Indians, chiefly young men. All of them belonged to the village of our old friend Smoke, who, with his whole band of adherents, professed the greatest friendship for the whites. The travellers therefore approached, and began to converse without the least suspicion. Suddenly, however, their bridles were violently seized, and they were ordered to dismount. Instead of complying, they struck their horses with full force, and broke away from the Indians. As they galloped off they heard a yell raised behind them, mixed with a burst of derisive laughter, and the reports of several guns. None of them were hurt, though Reddick's bridle-rein was cut by a bullet within an inch of his hand. After this taste of Indian hostility they felt for the moment no disposition to encounter farther risks. They intended to pursue the route southward along the foot of the mountains to Bent's Fort; and as our plans coincided with theirs, they proposed to join forces. Finding, however, that I did not return, they grew impatient of inaction, forgot their late escape, and set out without us, promising to wait our arrival at Bent's Fort. From thence we were to make the long journey to the settlements in company, as the path was not a little dangerous, being infested at that time by hostile Pawnees and Camanches.

We expected, on reaching Bent's Fort, to find there still another reinforcement. A young Kentuckian, of the true Kentucky blood, generous, impetuous, and a gentleman withal, had come out to the mountains with Russell's party of California emigrants. One of his chief objects, as he gave out, was to kill an Indian; an exploit which he afterward succeeded in achieving in his own defence, not a little to the jeopardy of ourselves and others who had to pass through the country of the dead Pawnee's enraged relatives. Having become disgusted with his emigrant associates, he left them, and had some time before set out with a party of companions for the head of the Arkansas. He sent us previously a letter, intimating that he would wait until we arrived at Bent's Fort and accompany us thence to the settlements. When however he came to the fort, he found there a party of forty men about to make the homeward journey. He wisely preferred to avail himself of so strong an escort. Mr. Sublette and his companions also set out, in order to overtake this company; so that on reaching Bent's Fort, some weeks after, we found ourselves deserted by our allies and thrown once more upon our own resources.

But I am anticipating. When, before leaving the settlements, we had made inquiries concerning this part of the country of General Kearney, Mr. Mackenzie, Captain Wyeth and others well acquainted with it, they had all advised us by no means to attempt this southward journey with fewer than fifteen or twenty men. The danger consists in the chance of encountering Indian war-parties. Sometimes, throughout the whole length of the journey, (a distance of three hundred and fifty miles,) one does not meet a single human being; frequently, however, the route is beset by Arapahoes and other unfriendly tribes; in which case the scalp of the adventurer is

in imminent peril. As to the escort of fifteen or twenty men, such a force of whites could at that time scarcely be collected in the whole country; and had the case been otherwise, the expense of providing them, together with the necessary number of horses, would have been extremely heavy. At the same time, we had resolved upon pursuing this southward course. There were, indeed, two other routes from Fort Laramie; but both of these were less interesting, and neither was free from danger. Being unable therefore to procure the fifteen or twenty men recommended, we determined to set out with those we had already in our employ, three in number; Henry Chatillon, Delorier and Raymond. The men themselves made no objection, nor would they have made any had the journey been more dangerous; for Henry was without fear, and the other two without thought.

Shaw and I were much better fitted for this mode of travelling than we had been on betaking ourselves to the prairies for the first time a few months before. The daily routine had ceased to be a novelty. All the details of the journey and the camp had become familiar to us. We had seen life under a new aspect; the human biped had been reduced to his primitive condition. We had lived without law to protect, a roof to shelter, or garment of cloth to cover us. One of us at least had been without bread, and without salt to season his food. Our idea of what is indispensable to human existence and enjoyment had been wonderfully curtailed, and a horse, a rifle and a knife seemed to make up the whole of life's necessaries. For these once obtained, together with the power of using them, all else that is essential would follow in their train, and a host of luxuries beside. One other lesson our short prairie experience had taught us; that of profound contentment in the present and utter contempt for what the future might bring forth.

These principles established, we prepared to leave Fort Laramie. On the fourth day of August, early in the afternoon, we bade a final adieu to its hospitable gateway. Again Shaw and I were riding side by side on the prairie. For the first fifty miles we had companions with us; Troché, a little trapper, and Rouville, a nondescript in the employ of the Fur Company, who were going to join the trader Bisonette at his encampment near the head of Horse Creek. We rode only six or eight miles that afternoon before we came to a little brook traversing the barren prairie. All along its course grew copses of young wild-cherry trees, loaded with ripe fruit, and almost concealing the gliding thread of water with their dense growth, while on each side rose swells of rich green grass. Here we encamped; and being much too indolent to pitch our tent, we flung our saddles on the ground, spread a pair of buffalo-robes, lay down upon them, and began to smoke. Meanwhile, Delorier busied himself with his hissing frying-pan, and Raymond stood guard over the band of grazing horses. Delorier had an active assistant in Rouville, who professed great skill in the culinary art, and seizing upon a fork, began to lend zealous aid in making ready for supper. Indeed, according to his own belief, Rouville was a man of universal knowledge, and he lost

no opportunity to display his manifold accomplishments. He had been a circus-rider at St. Louis, and once he rode round Fort Laramie on his head, to the utter bewilderment of all the Indians. He was also noted as the wit of the fort; and as he had considerable humor and abundant vivacity, he contributed more that night to the liveliness of the camp than all the rest of the party put together. At one instant he would be kneeling by Delorier, instructing him in the true method of frying antelope-steaks, then he would come and seat himself at our side, dilating upon the orthodox fashion of braiding up a horse's tail, telling apocryphal stories how he had killed a buffalo-bull with a knife, having first cut off his tail when at full speed, or relating whimsical anecdotes of the *bourgeois* Papin. At last he snatched up a volume of Shakspeare that was lying on the grass, and halted and stumbled through a line or two to prove that he could read. He went gambolling about the camp, chattering like some frolicksome ape; and whatever he was doing at one moment, the presumption was a sure one that he would not be doing it the next. His companion Troché sat silently on the grass, not speaking a word, but keeping a vigilant eye on a very ugly little Utah squaw, of whom he was extremely jealous.

On the next day we travelled farther, crossing the wide sterile basin called 'Gochè's Hole.' Toward night we became involved among deep ravines; and being also unable to find water, our journey was protracted to a very late hour. On the next morning we had to pass a long line of bluffs, whose raw sides, wrought upon by rains and storms, were of a ghastly whiteness most oppressive to the sight. As we ascended a gap in these hills, the way was marked by huge foot-prints, like those of a human giant. They were the track of the grizzly bear; and on the previous day also we had seen abundance of them along the dry channels of the streams we had passed. Immediately after this we were crossing a barren plain, spreading in long and gentle undulations to the horizon. Though the sun was bright, there was a species of light haze in the atmosphere. The distant hills assumed strange, distorted forms, and the edge of the horizon was continually changing its aspect. Shaw and I were riding together, and Henry Chatillon was alone, a few rods before us; he stopped his horse suddenly, and turning round with the peculiar eager and earnest expression which he always wore when excited, he called us to come forward. Something of interest had occurred, and we galloped to his side. With a glittering eye Henry pointed toward a black speck on the gray swell of the prairie, apparently about a mile off. 'It must be a bear,' said he; 'come, now we shall all have some sport. Better fun to fight him than to fight an old buffalo-bull; grizzly bear so strong and smart.'

So we all galloped forward together, prepared for a hard fight; for these bears, though clumsy in appearance and extremely large, are incredibly fierce and active. The swell of the prairie concealed the black object from our view. Immediately after it appeared again. But now it seemed quite near to us; and as we looked at it in astonishment, it suddenly separated into two parts, each of which took

wing and flew away. We stopped our horses and looked round at Henry, whose face exhibited a curious mixture of mirth and mortification. His hawk's eye had been so completely deceived by the peculiar atmosphere, that he had mistaken two large crows at the distance of fifty rods for a grizzly bear a mile off. To the journey's end Henry never heard the last of the grizzly bear with wings.

In the afternoon we came to the foot of a considerable hill. As we ascended it, Rouville began to ask questions concerning our condition and prospects at home, and Shaw was edifying him with a minute account of an imaginary wife and child, to which he listened with implicit faith. Reaching the top of the hill, we saw the windings of Horse Creek on the plains below us, and a little on the left we could distinguish the camp of Bisonette among the trees and copses along the course of the stream. Rouville's face assumed just then a most ludicrously blank expression. We inquired what was the matter, when it appeared that Bisonette had sent him from this place to Fort Laramie with the sole object of bringing back a supply of tobacco. Our rattle-brain friend, from the time of his reaching the fort up to the present moment, had entirely forgotten the object of his journey, and had ridden a dangerous hundred miles for nothing. Descending to Horse Creek, we forded it, and on the opposite bank a solitary Indian sat on horseback under a tree. He said nothing, but turned and led the way toward the camp. Bisonette had made choice of an admirable position. The stream, with its thick growth of trees, enclosed on three sides a wide green meadow, where about forty Dahcotah lodges were pitched in a circle, and beyond them half a dozen lodges of the friendly Shienne. Bisonette himself lived in the Indian manner. Riding up to his lodge, we found him seated at the head of it, surrounded by various appliances of comfort not common on the prairie. His buxom squaw was near him, and half a dozen rosy children were scrambling about in printed-calico gowns; Paul Dorion also, with his leathery face and old white capote, was seated in the lodge, together with Antoine Le Rouge, a half-breed Pawnee, Sibille, a trader, and several other white men.

'It will do you no harm,' said Bisonette, 'to stay here with us for a day or two, before you start for the Pueblo.'

We accepted the invitation, and pitched our tent on a rising ground above the camp and close to the edge of the trees. Bisonette soon invited us to a feast, and we suffered abundance of the same sort of attention from his Indian associates. The reader may possibly recollect that when I joined the Indian village, beyond the Black Hills, I found that a few families were absent, having declined to pass the mountains along with the rest. The Indians in Bisonette's camp consisted of these very families, and many of them came to me that evening to inquire after their relatives and friends. They were not a little mortified to learn that while they, from their own timidity and indolence, were almost in a starving condition, the rest of the village had provided their lodges for the next season, laid in a great stock of provisions, and were living in abundance and luxury. Bisonette's companions had been sustaining themselves for some time on wild

cherries, which the squaws pounded up, stones and all, and spread on buffalo-robes, to dry in the sun; they were then eaten without farther preparation, or used as an ingredient in various delectable compounds.

On the next day, the camp was in commotion with a new arrival. A single Indian had come with his family the whole way from the Arkansas. As he passed among the lodges, he put on an expression of unusual dignity and importance, and gave out that he had brought great news to tell the whites. Soon after the squaws had erected his lodge, he sent his little son to invite all the white men, and all the more distinguished Indians to a feast. The guests arrived and sat wedged together shoulder to shoulder, around the hot and suffocating lodge. The Stabber, for that was our entertainer's name, had killed an old buffalo bull on his way. This veteran's boiled tripe, tougher than leather, formed the main item of the repast. For the rest, it consisted of wild cherries and grease boiled together in a large copper-kettle. The feast was distributed, and for a moment all was silent, strenuous exertion; then each guest with one or two exceptions however, turned his wooden dish bottom upward to prove that he had done full justice to his entertainer's hospitality. The Stabber next produced his chopping-board, on which he prepared the mixture for smoking and filled several pipes which circulated among the company. This done, he seated himself upright on his couch and began with much gesticulation to tell his story. I will not weary the reader by repeating his childish jargon. It was so entangled like the greater part of an Indian's stories with absurd and contradictory details that it was almost impossible to disengage from it a single particle of truth. All that we could gather was the following:

He had been on the Arkansas, and there he had seen six great war-parties of whites. He had never believed before that the whole world contained half so many white men. They all had large horses, long knives and short rifles, and some of them were attired alike in the most splendid war-dresses he had ever seen. From this account it was clear that bodies of dragoons and perhaps also of volunteer cavalry had been passing up the Arkansas. The Stabber had also seen a great many of the white lodges of the Meneaska, drawn by their long-horned buffalo. These could be nothing else than covered ox-wagons used no doubt in transporting stores for the troops. Soon after seeing this, our host had met an Indian who had lately come from among the Camanches. The latter had told him that all the Mexicans had gone out to a great buffalo hunt. That the Americans had hid themselves in a ravine. When the Mexicans had shot away all their arrows, the Americans had fired their guns, raised their war-whoop, rushed out and killed them all. We could only infer from this, that war had been declared with Mexico, and a battle fought in which the Americans were victorious. When some weeks after, we arrived at the Pueblo, we heard of General Kearney's march up the Arkansas, and of General Taylor's victories at Metamoras.

As the sun was setting that evening a great crowd gathered on the plain by the side of our tent, to try the speed of their horses. Of

these, there were several scores of every shape, size and color. Some came from California, some from the States, some from among the mountains, and some from the wild bands of the prairie. They were of every hue, white, black, red and grey, or mottled and clouded with a strange variety of colors. They all had a wild and startled look, very different from the staid and sober aspect of a well-bred city steed. Those most noted for swiftness and spirit were decorated with eagle feathers dangling from their manes and tails. Fifty or sixty Dahcotah were present, wrapped from head to foot in their heavy robes of whitened hide. There were also a considerable number of the Shienne, many of whom wore gaudy Mexican ponchos, swathed around their shoulders, but leaving the right arm bare. Mingled among the crowd of Indians were a number of Canadians, chiefly in the employ of Bisonette. Men, whose home is the wilderness, and who love the camp-fire better than the domestic hearth. They are contented and happy in the midst of hardship, privation and danger. Their cheerfulness and gayety is irrepressible, and no people on earth understand better how 'to daff care aside and bid it pass.' Beside these, were two or three half-breeds. A race of rather extraordinary composition, being according to the common saying half Indian, half white man and half devil. Antoine Le Rouge was the most conspicuous among them with his loose pantaloons and his fluttering calico shirt. A handkerchief was bound round his head to confine his black snaky hair, and his small eyes twinkled beneath it, with a mischievous lustre. He had a fine cream-colored horse whose speed he must needs try along with the rest. So he threw off the rude high-peaked saddle and substituting a piece of buffalo robe, leaped lightly into his seat. The space was cleared, the word was given, and he and his Indian rival darted out like lightning from among the crowd, each stretching forward over his horses' neck and plying his heavy Indian whip with might and main. A moment, and both were lost in the gloom, but Antoine soon came riding back victorious, exultingly patting the neck of his quivering and panting horse.

About midnight as I lay asleep, wrapped in a buffalo-robe on the ground by the side of our cart, Raymond came up and woke me. Something he said, was going forward which I would like to see. Looking down into the camp I saw on the farther side of it, a great number of Indians gathered around a fire, the bright glare of which, made them visible through the thick darkness; while from the midst of them proceeded a loud, measured chant which would have killed Paganini outright, broken occasionally by a burst of sharp yells. I gathered the robe around me, for the night was cold, and walked down to the spot. The dark throng of Indians was so dense that they almost intercepted the light of the flame. As I was pushing among them with but little ceremony, a chief interposed himself, and I was given to understand that a white man must not approach the scene of their solemnities too closely. By passing round to the other side where there was a little opening in the crowd, I could see clearly what was going forward, without intruding my unhallowed presence into the inner circle. The society of the 'Strong Hearts' were en-

gaged in one of their dances. The 'Strong Hearts' are a war-like association comprising men of both the Dahcotah and Shienne nations, and entirely composed, or supposed to be so, of young braves of the highest mettle. Its fundamental principle is the admirable one of never retreating from any enterprise once commenced. All these Indian associations have a tutelary spirit. That of the Strong Hearts is embodied in the fox, an animal which white men would hardly have selected for a similar purpose, though his subtle and cautious character agrees well enough with an Indian's notions of what is honorable in warfare. The dancers were circling round and round the fire, each wild figure brightly illumined at one moment by the yellow light, and at the next drawn in blackest shadow as it passed between the flame and the spectator. They would imitate with most ludicrous exactness the motions and the voice of their sly patron the fox. Then a startling yell would be given. Many other warriors would leap into the ring, and with faces upturned toward the starless sky, they would all stamp and whoop and brandish their weapons like so many frantic devils.

Until the next afternoon we were still remaining with Bisonette, My companion and I with our three attendants then left his camp for the Pueblo, a distance of three hundred miles, and as we supposed, the journey would occupy about a fortnight. During this time we all earnestly hoped that we might not meet a single human being, for should we encounter any, they would in all probability be enemies, ferocious robbers and murderers in whose eyes our rifles would be our only passports. For the first two days nothing worth mentioning took place. On the third morning however, an untoward incident occurred. We were encamped by the side of a little brook in an extensive hollow of the plain. Delorier was up long before daylight, and before he began to prepare breakfast he turned loose all the horses as in duty bound. There was a cold mist clinging close to the ground, and by the time the rest of us were awake the animals were invisible. It was only after long and anxious search that we could discover by their tracks the direction they had taken. They had all set off for Fort Laramie, following the guidance of a mutinous old mule, and though many of them were hobbled, they had travelled three miles before they could be overtaken and driven back.

For the following two or three days, we were passing over a boundless, arid desert. The only vegetation was a few tufts of short grass, dried and shrivelled by the heat. There was an abundance of strange insects and reptiles. Huge crickets, black and bottle green, and wingless grasshoppers of the most extravagant dimensions, were tumbling about our horses' feet, and lizards without numbers, were darting like lightning among the tufts of grass. The most curious animal, however, was that commonly called the horned-frog. I caught one of them and consigned him to the care of Delorier, who tied him up in a moccasin. About a month after this, I examined the prisoner's condition, and finding him still lively and active, I provided him with a cage of buffalo-hide, which was hung up in the cart. In this manner he arrived safely at the settlements. From thence he travelled

the whole way to Boston, packed closely in a trunk, being regaled with fresh air regularly every night. When he reached his destination he was deposited under a glass case, where he sat for some months in great tranquillity and composure, alternately dilating and contracting his white throat to the admiration of his visitors. At length, one morning about the middle of winter, he gave up the ghost. His death was attributed to starvation, a very probable conclusion, since for six months he had taken no food whatever, though the sympathy of his juvenile admirers had tempted his palate with a great variety of delicacies. We found also animals of a somewhat larger growth. The number of prairie dogs was absolutely astounding. Frequently the hard and dry prairie would be thickly covered, for many miles together, with the little mounds which they make around the mouth of their burrows, and dozens of small squeaking voices yelped at us, as we passed along. The noses of the inhabitants would be just visible at the mouth of their holes, but no sooner was their curiosity satisfied than they would instantly vanish. Some of the bolder dogs — though in fact they are no dogs at all — but only little marmots rather smaller than a rabbit — would sit yelping at us on the top of their mounds, jerking their tales emphatically with every shrill cry they uttered. As the danger drew nearer they would wheel about, toss their heels into the air and dive in a twinkling down into their burrows. Toward sunset, and especially if rain were threatening, the whole community would make their appearance above ground. We would see them gathered in large knots around the burrow of some favorite citizen. There they would all sit erect, their tails spread out on the ground, and their paws hanging down before their white breasts, chattering and squeaking with the utmost vivacity upon some topic of common interest, while the proprietor of the burrow with his head just visible on the top of his mound, would sit looking down with a complacent countenance on the enjoyment of his guests. Meanwhile, others would be running about from burrow to burrow as if on some errand of the last importance to their subterranean commonwealth. The snakes are apparently the prairie dog's worst enemies, at least I think too well of the latter to suppose that they associate on friendly terms, with these slimy intruders, who may be seen at all times basking among their holes into which they always retreat when disturbed. Small owls, with wise and grave countenances, also make their abode with the prairie dogs, though on what terms they live together I could never ascertain. The manners and customs, the political and domestic economy of these little marmots is worthy of closer attention than one is able to give when pushing by forced marches through their country, with his thoughts engrossed by objects of greater moment.

On the fifth day after leaving Bisonette's camp, we saw, late in the afternoon, what we supposed to be a considerable stream, but on approaching it, we found to our mortification nothing but a dry bed of sand, into which all the water had sunk and disappeared. We separated, some riding in one direction and some in another, along its course. Still we found no traces of water, not even so much as a wet spot in the sand. The old cotton-wood trees that grew along the

bank, lamentably abused by lightning and tempest, were withering with the drought, and on the dead limbs, at the summit of the the longest, half a dozen crows were hoarsely cawing like birds of evil omen, as they were. We had no alternative but to keep on. There was no water nearer than the South Fork of the Platte, about ten miles distant. We moved forward angry and silent, over a desert as flat as the outspread ocean.

The sky had been obscured since the morning by thin mists and vapors, but now vast piles of clouds were gathered together in the west. They rose to a great height above the horizon, and looking up toward them I distinguished one mass darker than the rest and of a peculiar conical form. I happened to look again and still could see it as before. At some moments it was dimly seen, at others its outline was sharp and distinct; but while the clouds around it were shifting, changing and dissolving away, it still towered aloft in the midst of them fixed and immoveable. It must, thought I, be the summit of a mountain; and yet its vast height staggered me. My conclusion was right however. It was Long's Peak. Once believed to be one of the highest of the Rocky Mountain chain, though more recent discoveries have proved the contrary. The thickening gloom soon hid it from view, and we never saw it again, for on the following day, and for some time after, the air was so full of mist that the view of distant objects was entirely intercepted.

It grew very late. Turning from our direct course, we made for the river at its nearest point though in the utter darkness, it was not easy to direct our way with much precision. Raymond rode on one side and Henry on the other. We could hear each of them shouting that he had come upon a deep ravine. We steered at random between Scylla and Charybdis, and soon after became as it seemed inextricably involved with deep chasms all around us, while the darkness was such that we could not see a rod in any direction. We partially extricated ourselves by scrambling, cart and all, through a shallow ravine. We came next to a steep descent, down which we plunged without well knowing what was at the bottom. There was a great cracking of sticks and dry twigs. Over our heads were certain large shadowy objects, and in front something like the faint gleaming of a dark sheet of water. Raymond ran his horse against a tree; Henry alighted and feeling on the ground with his hands, declared that there was grass enough for the horses. Before taking off his saddle, each man led his own horses down to the water in the best way he could. Then picketing two or three of the evil-disposed, we turned the rest loose and lay down among the dry sticks to sleep. In the morning we found ourselves close to the South Fork of the Platte, on a spot surrounded by bushes and rank grass. Compensating ourselves with a hearty breakfast, for the ill-fare of the previous night, we set forward again on our journey. When only two or three rods from camp I saw Shaw stop his mule, level his gun, and after a long aim fire at some object in the grass. Delorier next jumped forward and began to dance about belaboring the unseen enemy with a whip. Then he stooped down and drew out of the grass by the neck an enormous

rattle-snake with his head completely shattered by Shaw's bullet. As Delorier held him out at arm's length with an exulting grin, his tail which still kept slowly writhing about almost touched the ground; and the body in the largest part was as thick as a stout man's arm. He had fourteen rattles, but the end of his tail was blunted, as if he could once have boasted of many more. From this time till we reached the Pueblo, we killed at least four or five of these snakes every day, as they lay coiled and rattling on the hot sand. Shaw was the Saint Patrick of the party, and whenever he or any one else killed a snake he always pulled off his tail and stored it away in his bullet-pouch, which was soon crammed with an edifying collection of rattles great and small. Delorier, with his whip also came in for a share of the praise. A day or two after this, he triumphantly produced a small snake about a span and a half long, with one infant rattle at the end of his tail.

We forded the South Fork of the Platte. On its farther bank were the traces of a very large camp of Arapahoes. The ashes of some three hundred fires were visible among the scattered trees together with the remains of sweating lodges, and all the other appurtenances of a permanent camp. The place, however, had been for some months deserted. A few miles farther on we found more recent signs of Indians; the trail of two or three lodges, which had evidently passed the day before, where every foot print was perfectly distinct in the dry, dusty soil. We noticed in particular the track of one moccasin, upon the sole of which its economical proprietor had placed a large patch. These signs gave us but little uneasiness as the number of the warriors scarcely exceeded that of our own party. At noon we rested under the walls of the large fort built in these solitudes some years since, by M. St. Vrain. It was now abandoned and fast falling into ruin. The walls of unbaked brick were cracked from top to bottom. Our horses recoiled in terror from the neglected entrance, where the heavy gates were torn from their hinges and flung down. The area within was overgrown with weeds, and the long ranges of apartments once occupied by the motley concourse of traders, Canadians and squaws, were now miserably dilapidated. Twelve miles farther on, near the spot where we had camped, were the remains of still another fort, standing in melancholy desertion and neglect.

Early on the following morning we made a startling discovery. We passed close by a large deserted encampment of Arapahoes. There were about fifty fires still smouldering on the ground, and it was evident from numerous signs that the Indians must have left the place within two hours of our reaching it. Their trail crossed our own, at right angles, and led in the direction of a line of hills half a mile on our left. There were women and children in the party, which would have greatly diminished the danger of encountering them. Henry Chatillon examined the encampment and the trail with a very professional and business-like air.

'Supposing we had met them, Henry?' said I.

'Why,' said he, 'we hold out our hands to them and give them all

we 've got; they take away every thing, and then I believe they no kill us. Perhaps,' added our lion-hearted friend, looking up with a quiet, unchanged face, 'perhaps we no let them rob us. Maybe, before they come near, we have a chance to get into a ravine or under the bank of the river; then, you know, we fight them.'

About noon on that day we reached Cherry Creek. Here was a great abundance of wild-cherries, plums, gooseberries and currants. The stream, however, like most of the others which we passed, was dried up with the heat, and we had to dig holes in the sand to find water for ourselves and our horses. Two days after, we left the banks of the creek, which we had been following for some time, and began to cross the high dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte from those of the Arkansas. The scenery was altogether changed. In place of the burning plains, we were passing now through rough and savage glens, and among hills crowned with a wild and dreary growth of pines. We encamped among these solitudes on the night of the sixteenth of August. A tempest was threatening. The sun went down among volumes of cloud, jet-black, and edged with a bloody red. But in spite of these portentous signs, we neglected to put up the tent, and being extremely fatigued, lay down on the ground and fell asleep. The storm broke about midnight, and we erected the tent amid darkness and confusion. In the morning all was fair again, and Pike's Peak, white with snow, was towering above the wilderness afar off.

We pushed through an extensive tract of pine woods. Large black-squirrels were leaping among the branches. From the farther edge of this forest we saw the prairie again, hollowed out before us into a vast basin, and about a mile in front we could discern a little black speck moving upon its surface. It could be nothing but a buffalo. Henry primed his rifle afresh and galloped forward. To the left of the animal was a low rocky mound, of which Henry availed himself in making his approach. After a short time we heard the faint report of the rifle. The bull, mortally wounded from a distance of nearly three hundred yards, ran wildly round and round in a circle. Shaw and I then galloped forward, and passing him as he ran, foaming with rage and pain, we discharged our pistols into his side. Once or twice he rushed furiously upon us, but his strength was rapidly exhausted. Down he fell on his knees. For one instant he glared up at his enemies, with burning eyes, through his black, tangled mane, and then rolled over on his side. His death-struggle was terrific. Though gaunt and thin, he was larger and heavier than the largest ox. Foam and blood flew together from his nostrils as he lay bellowing and pawing the ground, tearing up grass and earth with his hoofs. His sides rose and fell like a vast pair of bellows, the blood spouting up in jets from the bullet-holes. Suddenly his glaring eyes became like a lifeless jelly. He lay motionless on the ground. Henry stooped over him, and making an incision with his knife, pronounced the meat too rank and tough for use; so, disappointed in our hopes of an addition to our stock of provisions, we rode away and left the carcass to the wolves.

In the afternoon we saw the mountains rising like a gigantic wall at no great distance on our right. '*Des sauvages! des saurages!*' exclaimed Delorier, looking round with a frightened face, and pointing with his whip toward the foot of the mountains. In fact, we could see afar off a number of little black specks, like horsemen in rapid motion. Henry Chatillon, with Shaw and myself, galloped toward them to reconnoitre, when to our amusement we saw the supposed Arapahoes resolved into the black tops of some pine-trees which grew along a ravine at a great distance. The summits of these pines, just visible above the verge of the prairie, and seeming to move as we ourselves were advancing, looked exactly like a line of horsemen.

We encamped among wild ravines and hollows, through which a little brook was foaming angrily. Before sun-rise in the morning the snow-covered mountains were beautifully tinged with a delicate rose color. A noble spectacle awaited us as we moved forward. Six or eight miles on our right Pike's Peak and his giant brethren rose out of the level prairie, as if springing from the bed of the ocean. from their summits down to the plain below they were involved in a mantle of clouds, in restless motion, as if urged by strong winds. For one instant some snowy peak, towering in fearful solitude, would be disclosed to view. As the clouds broke along the savage mountain-side, we could see the dreary forests, the tremendous precipices, the white patches of snow, the gulfs and chasms, as black as night, all revealed for an instant, and then disappearing from the view. Immediately the stanza of Childe Harold occurred to my memory:

> 'Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills,
> Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
> Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
> Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
> Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
> Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:
> Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
> Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
> And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.'

Every line save one of this powerful and admirable description was more than verified here. There were no 'dwellings of the mountaineer' among these fearful heights. Fierce savages, restlessly wandering through summer and winter, alone invade them. 'Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them.'

On the day after, we had left the mountains at some distance. A black cloud descended upon them, and a tremendous explosion of thunder followed, reverberating among the precipices. In a few moments every thing grew black, and the rain poured down like a cataract. We got under an old cotton-wood tree which stood by the side of a stream, and waited there till the rage of the torrent had passed.

The clouds opened at the point where they first had gathered, and the whole sublime congregation of mountains was bathed at once in warm sunshine. They seemed more like some luxurious vision of eastern romance than like a reality of that stern wilderness; for all were melted together into a soft delicious blue as voluptuous as the sky of Naples or the transparent sea that washes the sunny cliffs of

Capri. On the left the whole sky was still of an inky blackness; but two concentric rainbows stood in brilliant relief against it, while far in front the ragged cloud still streamed before the tempest, and the retreating thunder muttered angrily.

Through that afternoon and the next morning we were passing down the banks of the stream, called 'La Fontaine qui Bouille,' from the boiling spring whose waters flow into it. When we stopped at noon, we were within six or eight miles of the Pueblo. Setting out again, we found by the fresh tracks that a horseman had just been out to reconnoitre us; he had circled half round the camp, and then galloped back at full speed for the Pueblo. What made him so shy of us we could not conceive. After an hour's ride we reached the edge of a hill, from whence a welcome sight greeted us. The Arkansas ran along the valley below, among woods and groves, and closely nestled in the midst of wide corn-fields and green meadows where cattle were grazing, rose the low mud walls of the Pueblo.

THE SETTING SUN.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

I.

O, Sun, that goest down the West,
With storm and darkness round thy way,
What thoughts arise in this sad breast
As thou departest with the day!

II.

Bright was thy dawn; thy golden beams
Unclouded slept on dewy flowers
And twinkling leaves and flowing streams,
Throughout the morning's cheerful hours.

III.

But now, the zenith passed, thick clouds
Attend thy path through yonder sky;
A gloomy veil of darkness shrouds
The fair broad landscape from thine eye.

IV.

O, setting Sun! I gaze on thee,
And watch with tears thy slow decline;
For, as thou sink'st in gloom, I see
An image of my fate in thine.

June 10, 1848.

A CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

Betsey 's got another baby!
Darling, precious little tyke!
Grandma says — and she knows, surely —
That you never saw its like.
Is n't it a beaming beauty —
Lying there so sweet and snug?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal;
Darling's nose is *not* a pug!

Some one says 't is Pa' all over,
Whereat Pa' turns rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking-glass has fled;
But recovers his composure
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits, that of all babies
This indeed 's the crowning glory!

Aunt Belinda says she guesses —
Says indeed she knows it, *pox* —
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was;
Proving thus the modern thesis,
Held by reverend doctors sage,
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a 'progressive' age.

Uncle Tom looks on and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Close and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries its praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and, smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle tries to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er a cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, oh! why such awkward blunders?
Better far have staid away,
Nor have thrust yourself where woman
Holds an undisputed sway:
Do you think that now they 'll name it,
As they meant to, after you?
Wretched mortal! let me answer,
You 're deluded if you do!

Round about the noisy women
 Pass the helpless stranger now,
Raptured with each nascent feature,
 Chin and mouth and eyes and brow;
And for this young bud of promise
 All neglect the rose in bloom,
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
 Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow-bell!
 That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
 Even unto Mexico.
Seize your pen, oh! dreaming poet,
 And, in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
 Betsey 's got another baby!

J. H.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND PAPER.

Twilight was already. Soon it deepened into the gloaming. Still the young girl stands where I left her. How do I know *that?* Have I not stolen to my window, and looking through the casement, do I not watch Theresa with an ill-defined, apprehensive uneasiness? But she moves not. She does not advance a step, she does not retreat a step, she does not turn around; apparently she does not stir.

What is she thinking about? Beneath that impenetrable placidity has that young creature *any* feeling? If she has, how could she obtain the mastery over herself so young? Perhaps she is soulless; clear and pellucid as a crystal; not heartless, but without a heart. But then that eye, Theresa — Theresa! Hush! not so loud; she will hear me. How strange that her calmness should have such power. Did she look at me reproachfully? What am I talking of? I have done nothing. Is it singular that a young girl should stand for a few moments in the open air when the evening is so fair? Perhaps she expects a friend. It is so — I have it. But then she said she 'hoped *we* should have been friends,' and I replied that 'I should regret it if we were not.' That was very proper. And I came away, for I was fatigued. Yes, I am fatigued. *See!* she turns to come in; will she raise her eyes to my window? If she does, I will speak to her. I will, positively. She does not. She has entered the house.

There are times when, as if awaking from oblivion, the thoughts and associations of a former epoch reäppear — strangely reäppear, like the shadows of the departed — and for a while tenant anew the soul; not indeed as lawful possessors, but rather as timid visitants, ready to

start at the first alarm and disappear as suddenly and as mysteriously as they came. Like some unfortunate who, forced from his early home, now fallen into other hands, steals back after a season unobserved, and pensively wanders over the abode once so friendly, but which can no longer afford him a permanent shelter.

How tangible and how real are these images! Just at the moment I commenced this page, the evening with Theresa came up before me with so startling a vividness that I involuntarily spoke of it as something now occurring. Here was the window; there stood Theresa; beyond, across those meadows, was the town. This way, the pleasant walk toward the river. Were I a painter, I had not let the scene slipped glidingly away from me; fading, fading — gone. I am no longer in the Rosenthal. Theresa is not beneath my window. But I am in the house of my fathers. This is the room in which I most delighted when a boy. I will go on with my narrative, but I must draw upon memory for the detail.

I hardly know why it was, but I expected when I went down to the breakfast-table the next morning to see Theresa exhibit some constraint of manner toward me. But here again I was disappointed. The young girl received me with the same gentleness, with the same unaffected quietness, that had always marked her mien. For myself I was piqued because she did not appear disturbed. I soon grew ashamed of so ungerous a weakness, and reproached myself for harboring a sentiment so unworthy. Then I questioned myself about Theresa, but I could get no answer. None whatever; only I determined to seek her friendship, and ask her to tell me what she really was. For it seemed as if I could never make the discovery. After breakfast I proposed a walk to her.

'I am hardly at liberty so early,' she replied; but — yes, I will go with you.'

'Neither am *I* at liberty, but I wish to speak with you.'

'Indeed! we will set out at once.'

'But what was I first to say, after so formal an announcement? We walked on a few steps, when summoning my resolution, I exclaimed:

'Mademoiselle Theresa, I was rude to you last evening and I wish to crave pardon for it!'

'Your manner then was not natural,' said Theresa, with some earnestness. 'Explain to me why it was not?'

Again I was at loss how or what to reply. I felt all the conventionalism of my education stripped from me on the instant, and by this young girl. I had acknowledged my rudeness, and she had asked with earnest simplicity why I was rude, or in her language, not natural.

'*Why was I not natural?*'

What a question. I hesitated; commenced an answer; stopped and said:

'I cannot reply to your question satisfactorily to myself, certainly not to you. I acknowledge the fault; it is for you to pardon it.'

I stopped again, but Theresa said nothing.

'After all,' I added in a playful manner, 'is not rudeness natural sometimes?'

'Not in one that is true-hearted. How can it be? Not in you, I am sure, else you would not speak of it as a fault.'

'But are not faults natural to poor humanity?'

'The idea is horrible!' exclaimed my companion. 'God made man upright. When man goes astray into sin and error he does violence to his nature; he may be led away to a returnless distance, still it is an unnatural aberration.'

'You are too serious, Mademoiselle.'

'Call me Theresa — I like it better.'

'You are too serious, Theresa. I wish not this discussion with you. I have enough of it daily with others. Do not let us contend about words. I want a companion and a friend. I said yesterday that I loved to feel solitary and homeless. I uttered a falsehood! I do *not* love to feel so.'

'Ah! now you speak naturally,' said Theresa, in her native tongue. 'I shall not be disappointed — perhaps. Only talk with me in French no longer; 't is the language of the insincere and hollow-hearted. You can speak our honest German.

'Not as well as you the French; but I will attempt it, if it will help to make us better acquainted.'

'We shall find that out by and by; but first will you tell me why you came here to Leipsic?

'To finish an education which at times I am sorry was ever begun.'

'If it is to go on with a bad business, you do right to be sorry; if to perfect a good one, you are wrong.'

Had this young girl assumed to be my mentor? I asked myself, amazed at the turn our discourse was taking. No, it was not so; she neither exhibited the tone nor the manner of a teacher or adviser. Her voice was sweet, her manner gentle, yet both were so self-possessed that I was puzzled.

I felt that the conventional language of courtesy and compliment which is always used by our sex toward the other would be entirely out of place here. It was the work of a moment to compare Theresa with every other woman I had ever seen. She was unlike every other. What should I do? — adapt my manner to hers? In other words, yield to her influence? My pride of opinion came near being a stumbling-block. I hesitated to yield. Should I not rather cloak myself in it, and go on my way? Theresa perceived my hesitation.

'Why this unrest,' she asked; 'let us converse no more, if you are disquieted.'

This was uttered in a tone so soft yet firm that my heart was ready to burst. I have said that the day had passed for my confiding, but I should have made one single exception. *I could confide in Theresa!* Heretofore I had become interested in the sex from a desire to know and understand *them*. I had sought their confidence without giving my own. How completely were the tables turned upon me! I was

about to open my soul to her, while she yet remained a mystery to me. The resolution was taken, and I kept the resolution.

Very briefly, yet pertinently, I went over my life. I did so abruptly and without preface, for I felt annoyed at what I was doing. It seemed foolish, weak — unphilosophical; anything but characteristic. But I was committed. Theresa had the whole; ha — ha — ha! I laugh sometimes when I think how suddenly I gave up the secret thoughts and struggles of my heart. Gave them up without exchange or interchange; unconditionally; no reserve, no keeping back. Yes, she had the whole. Why do the tears start in my eyes at the recollection of that morning? I have wiped them away, but they come again.

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Theresa listened attentively to my recital, and when I had finished, she said, with her usual gentleness, 'It is better to speak, when what we conceal disturbs us. I would not without reflection say what I think of your narration; but is it not action that you most require? You are true in heart, honest in purpose; will not a practical life bring you back to what you were?'

'And must I go *back*, Theresa?'

'Assuredly, if you would be happy. Have you not forsaken your early faith?'

'Because it no longer sustained me.'

'Because you no longer trusted!'

'Theresa, are you happy?'

'I am happy; but I have longings which may not, I suppose, be satisfied here. Let us say no more now. We may say too much at first. We become known to each other better when we speak what is called forth by a more familiar intercourse.'

We returned to the house. I was relieved. I felt that I was a better being. I took my way to the town with a stronger confidence in myself and in what I hoped to be. I was desirous to speak with Kauffman, but it lacked a day of the time appointed for our interview. I was late for the lecture, and so I strolled about Leipsic.

A few evenings before, I had been introduced to a young man whose daily habits and manners were so peculiar, whose uttered sentiments were so startling, that he received the *sobriquet* of *Mephistophiles* from his fellow-students. His real name was Wolfgang Hegewisch. There had been a dance on the evening referred to, in the suburbs of the town; not composed of the better class, certainly, but at the same time not of an objectionable character. A great many students were there, many of whom had sweet-hearts in the company. The general order of things was convivial and gay; the most complete hilarity reigned throughout. Carrying out my habit of seeing what was passing, I had accompanied an acquaintance to the place. I went as a mere looker-on, and took no part in the amusements of the evening.

My notice was presently attracted by a person apparently about five-and-twenty, who was standing in one corner of the room. He was tall, swarthy, or rather sallow, with a high, narrow forehead, a deep-sunken fixed black eye, a large Roman nose, small mouth and

thin lips, spare in person, though well enough formed. He stood with his arms folded watching the merry-makers. There was something revolting in the expression of his countenance. He appeared to take a fiendish satisfaction in beholding the weaknesses or the foibles of humanity, and these he evidently considered were exhibited in the scene before him. As I had declined both the dance and the waltz, my companion declared in a jesting way that he would present me to Mephistophiles—meaning Hegewisch. I willingly assented, and we were thereupon introduced. I bowed civilly, and received an emphatic nod in return. I forbore to start the conversation, and my new friend showed no signs of doing so. After standing near him a few minutes, I turned away without a word having been said on either side. I saw nothing farther of this man during the evening, but I became curious to know more of him. No one could give me any satisfactory information to the questions which I put, although I inquired the next morning of every one whom I knew.

'He is our Mephistophiles,' said one. 'He is the devil himself,' said another. 'Beware of him!' cried a third. At that moment the tall gaunt form of Hegewisch glided by, and as his glittering dark eye passed over the group who stood together canvassing his character the young men instinctively shrank from its glance.

'Good health and a better occupation to you, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, in a tone of mocking irony.

'Did I not tell you so?' said young Ludwig Melcherson.

'Nonsense!' exclaimed a new-comer. 'Can you not let a man rest in peace? What has become of our honest German liberalism? Because Hegewisch neither carouses with you nor plays with you; because he will neither fence nor smoke; because he refuses wine and beer and spirits, and runs not after the women; because, in short, he never *does* any thing that you can complain of, he must be a devil! Very good reasoning, I admit, among such precious saints as you are!'

'But how does he *look*?—what does he *say*? Answer me that, Karl,' cried young Melcherson.

'How would *you* look, Herr Ludwig, if every body pointed toward you and called you a fiend? Come, come, fellow-students,' continued Karl, 'let us have no more of this. Am I not right? What says the proverb: 'Give the devil his due.' Let us drink to a better appreciation of honest Wolfgang Hegewisch.'

The company gave an enthusiastic assent to the proposition, and dispersed better satisfied with themselves and with the object of their vituperation. What I had heard, however, only increased my curiosity to see the man; but since then I had not met him.

I have thus gone back a little to explain what occurred the morning of my interview with Theresa, after I came into the town. I said that I took a stroll about Leipsic; I extended my walk to a remote part of the city. As I crossed a narrow street some one exclaimed behind me: 'A truant so soon, Herr St. Leger!' I turned around and beheld Hegewisch standing in the door-way of a small house

situated on the cross street, a little way from the main avenue. He wore a long dressing-gown, which was buckled around his waist, and which gave to his figure even a more gaunt appearance than was natural. I stopped and went toward him.

'My friend of the ball-room, I believe?' said Hegewisch.

'The same,' replied I.

'I have long wished to see an Englishman, and they tell me you are one.'

''A cat may look on a king.' You have liberty to look at me for any reasonable period.'

'I see you are disposed to be accommodating; that has its corresponding effect upon me. Pray walk into my apartments; that is, if you are willing to be questioned.'

'Most willingly; for I calculate upon getting more than I give.'

'Ah! I have heard that there were some sensible men among the English; I begin to think it is true.'

'And I have heard that there was nothing like common sense in all Germany, and I begin to think *that* is true.'

'A hit! a hit! That was just what I was coming to. I feared you had not found it out. But pray tell me, since you know so much, what in the devil's name sent you here?'

'I can't answer to such an adjuration.'

'Pshaw! 't is only a habit I have when I am pleased. Don't be afraid; the devil won't harm good children. So, why do you come to Germany?'

'To make the acquaintance of such rare fellows as yourself.'

'Good; come in, then.' And into the apartments of Wolfgang Hegewisch I went.

'Here I eat, there I sleep,' said the student, pointing first to one room and then to the other. The sleeping-room, which was adjoining the one we first entered, was a narrow apartment, and contained a small iron bedstead, a straw bed, some quilts, but no pillows; not a chair, nor a table, nor mirror was in the room; nothing but the little bedstead and the straw bed and the patched quilts. The other apartment was considerably better apparelled; there were chairs and a table, and an old secretary on one side, a large shelf of books on the other, a laboratory filled with chemical apparatus occupied the third, and along the fourth, where the windows did not prevent, were hung up odds and ends of almost every thing; stuffed birds, a death's head and marrow-bones, crossed as in the old pictures, a dried snake or so, a young crocodile and a brace of lizards, an old gun, two or three old-fashioned helmets and head-pieces; in short, it seemed as if the ingenuity of the occupant had been racked to get together an incongruous mass of revolting objects.

'Here I eat, there I sleep,' repeated Wolfgang Hegewisch.

'If I had the selection, I should invert the proposition, and say, 'There I eat, here I sleep;' but every one to his taste.'

'I am glad to find you liberal. I will prove to you by and by that I am right in the disposition I have made of these rooms. In the mean time, 't is dinner-hour for honest men. You will stay?'

I nodded assent.

'Katrine! Katrine!' shouted the student. A stout servant-girl entered the room. 'Dinner.'

No cloth was spread, but a coarse dinner of the most ordinary description was served up, without wine of any kind, or even beer. There was but one course, and it was passed through rapidly, and in silence.

'You do n't smoke?' said Hegewisch.

'No.'

'Nor drink?'

'When there is nothing to drink, no.'

'And you have no vices?'

'Certainly not.'

'Bah! you are joking!'

'At least, I have none to *speak* of,' said I, playfully.

'Nay, answer!' said the student, in a loud voice; 'have you NO vice?—do not your senses, on some single point, in some slight, unmentionable matter, enslave your spirit? Answer me there!'

I began to think I was conversing with a madman; but I put on a look of composure, and said, calmly, 'I answer, no!'

'Then why—this time I say 'in *Heaven's* name'—young man, are you here? Is it to lose all that you have that may be called virtue—which, by the way, is mere sound, only sound—and acquire all that may be called vicious and bestial? That 's not sound; that is the real, genuine, base metal!'

'If you will talk less like a madman I shall be happy to converse with you.'

'Do n't go! do n't go! Excuse me; I will be quite sane,' said Hegewisch; 'I am not at all dangerous. Give me your hand; 't is pleasant once in a while to come across such an innocent fellow as yourself. I wonder what will become of you. I hope—yet 't is folly to hope—but I do hope to see you dead and decently interred before you are of my age—five-and-twenty.'

'Why?'

'That is cool. Why? because I like you. I liked you the day you first came among us. I liked you at the hob and nob down yonder. I like you here; I do n't want to behold you when the fire in your soul has been extinguished.'

Hegewisch uttered these last words in a tone so gentle, that I started, almost believing that some one else had spoken. I looked at him with astonishment; his eyes had lost what now seemed their unnatural mocking expression, and exhibited one of the deepest melancholy.

'I do not understand you. Let us have some explanation.'

'To a certain age,' continued Hegewisch, resuming his accustomed manner, 'we chase the hope-phantom with an ardor which one would think some divinity inspired. GOD! who could imagine the hero-youth should turn out a drivelling snob. Look at him, all his hopes, his expectations, his aspirations, his lofty breathings, his swelling ambition, his pride, his energy and his resolution; all, all turned—to what? Perhaps to bestiality, to gross selfishness; or perhaps escaping

these, to teaching the A B C to some little copy of himself, who will come forward, will feel a sentiment and a hope, and in his turn beget children and bring them up and perpetuate the race.

'We are taught, we learn — for what? to teach others — and they others; and so on, *ad infinitum;* faugh! 't is a sorry affair. But what can we do; 't is useless to complain. Have we not passions? — do they not either lead or drive us, if you will have it so, to the devil? Well, can we resist? Yes, you say. Do we resist? No! Why not? Because we love sin? Nonsense! It is because we love pleasure, enjoyment, present gratification and delight.

'So *I* enjoy what comes to me: do you blame me for that, and call me a wicked wretch? Granted. Do you claim to be virtuous and good? Granted. But what makes me the wretch and you the saint? Circumstances, physical conformation, position, opportunity, etc., etc., etc. Therefore, if I had been you I should have been you. If I were you I should be you; nothing else can be made of it. Then we come right straight to the question:

''*Who maketh you to differ?*'

'Perhaps that is a ground you do not wish to occupy. Now it is just the ground, were I a saint, that I would plant myself upon. I would place my back to the wall and fortify myself with:

''Whom HE did predestinate them HE also called.'

''Who shall lay anything to the charge of GOD'S elect? It is GOD that justifieth.'

''Shall the thing formed say to HIM that formed it, why hast THOU made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?'

'What can a poor devil like me reply to that? How can I screen myself? What can I say, except:

''*My* fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.'

Hegewisch paused. His manner was bitter and defying; he seemed determined to argue himself into the belief of what he knew to be false.

I took up the subject.

'You complain then,' said I, 'that we *cannot* be what we desire to be. Is that it?'

'No. I complain that we cannot desire to be what we ought to desire to be; and that circumstances beyond our control have effected this.'

'And therefore you are not to suffer.'

'Exactly.'

'The same argument would clear the highwayman and assassin.'

'I know it!'

'Then you should object to punishment!'

'As punishment, I do, but not as a preventive. A scamp picks my pocket. I would have him shut up that he may pick no more pockets.'

'But do you not admit that there is any connection between sin and misery?'

'I do not admit the existence of sin, as you term sin. Guilt there may be, and misery there is; but sin is as impossible as holiness;

uncontrollable circumstances produce both. Every action is produced by a motive; that motive is powerful enough to produce it, or it would not have produced it; therefore no sin can attach.'

'You admit that sin exists, but that none commit sin? What an absurdity!'

'I admit that sin (i. e., the principle of evil) exists, but that it can be imputed to none. Neither can holiness, according to your scripture. Do what we may, we are but unprofitable servants.'

'Well then, I must meet you on your own ground. Your argument proves too much. If I may not blame the wretch who murders his neighbor, although murder be a sin, you cannot impute any blame for his punishment here, or for retribution hereafter. If the wretch cannot sin, the avenger cannot sin. So that you are brought back to the same point, after a fruitless round of sophism. You had better exclaim with the Mussulman, 'What is, is; what must be, must be.' You say the sinner ought not to be punished, but he *is* punished nevertheless; and as sin can be imputed to none, we can blame none for his punishment. Such is the constitution of things; and it is a *necessary* constitution; and if necessary, it is right.'

'Well reasoned. But I will quarrel with it nevertheless. You doom the offender. But tell me WHO — WHAT placed this principle of evil in this world?'

'I do n't know. I only know it is here, and that we must make the best of it.'

'Must not some POWER, infinitely controlling, have done this?'

'I do n't know: I admit that I cannot understand it. It transcends our reason. Why then question about it? Tell me,' continued I, 'why does fire cause intense agony to the exposed member? why does the water strangle the bold swimmer? why does the swift air carry the pestilence, or the hurricane lay its devastating course? why does a blow injure our frame, or hunger weaken, or thirst torture it? why do we need clothes to protect from heat and cold? why are we weak when young and decrepit when old? Answer me these, and I will tell you why misery is entailed upon sin, and why sin exists. I take you on your own ground, and on your own ground I expose your sophism.'

'STOP there!' shouted Hegewisch; 'we have gone far enough. What fools, what asses are we, to *babble* in this way.'

'Not so,' I remarked, 'if we get at the truth at last.'

'*Truth!*' exclaimed my companion: '*Truth!* So you have fallen into our German cant, and are a 'seeker after truth?' Why do n't you *practise* truth? why do n't you *live* truth? What the devil do you go about eternally seeking, seeking, with your mouth full of our mystical jargon, which it would puzzle a fiend to understand?'

'You are right, Hegewisch. Let us commence forthwith.'

'Bah! I am not in that category. I am only an adviser. The practice is for you. I am *irreclaimable*. Good-by now, but come again and see me.'

Such was my first interview with Wolfgang Hegewisch!

'THE DEVIL IN A GALE OF WIND.'

BY A NEW (AND WELCOME) CONTRIBUTOR.

THE winds are out with a deafening shout,
Making wild work in the Wallabout;
And the elfin sprites, on their wings like kites,
Whistle and howl in the coming night.
The western sky looks windy and cold,
And has wrapped the sun in its lurid fold;
One would think that old BOREAS had the gout,
And was dancing a jig in the Wallabout.

Fainter and fainter the light is growing,
And harder and harder the gale is blowing:
The short chopping sea, with an angry lash,
Says to the skipper, 'I'll settle your hash!'
The clouds hang low, and are heavy and broken;
The sailor knows well what they betoken:
'T is a terrible dirty night to be out,
Running close-hauled through the Wallabout.

The icy spray, as it flies o'er the bay,
Says to the skipper, 'Get out of the way!'
But he lays his course north-east by east,
And says, 'I'll give you a try at least.'
He flattens his sheets to the quarter rail,
And with tongue in his cheek he laughs at the gale;
He stands at the tiller, all clear to pay out,
And thus he drives through the Wallabout.

The storm now assumes a different cast,
And the wind comes out with a sulphurous blast.
Ah! ha! A very good reason, I trow —
His Satanic Majesty 's out in the blow!
He comes down the river, wing and wing,
With a bone in his teeth only fit for a king:
He carries a miniature water-spout,
And he bears right down on the Wallabout.

The truth of it is, he 's just out of Hell-gate,
And he slashes along at a terrible rate;
His neat twenty-foot craft is a weatherly one,
And in point of speed she knocks under to none.
On the heel of her bowsprit there rests a blue-light;
Skippers know what it means on a stormy night.
A warning cry goes flying about,
'The Devil 's abroad in the Wallabout!'

The scudding craft all scatter away,
And most of them run for the Lower Bay.
The others, less timid, haul their wind,
But they shake out their reefs so they shan't be behind.

All but the skipper, whose tongue 's in his cheek;
He stands right on, and no block durst creak.
He cares not for blue-light nor water-spout,
But just keeps her rap-full through the Wallabout.

The devil now thought he had cause for wonder!
'I'll cross his fore-foot! Why, blood and thunder!
The fellow is crazy, or else he is hazy;
But certain it is that he is not lazy.'
Then his foresail gibes, with a terrible crack,
His helm goes down, and he hauls in the slack;
He shakes out a reef, and then with a shout,
He rides o'er the heaving Wallabout.

His little craft with a swoop and a spring,
The clipper nears like a bird on the wing;
And as he flies past her foaming bows,
He shouts with horrible black-looking brows,
'Clipper ahoy! Why the h — ll do n't you luff?'
(You see that already he 'd got in a huff.)
No answer; nought but the noisy rout
That was going on in the Wallabout.

Then the devil gets wroth, and as he passed,
He hauls in his sheets and makes them fast;
He puts down his helm and lashes that too,
Then springs to his feet and cries out, 'Who
In the name of the devil himself are you?'
Away, away, they both of them flew,
Close-hauled, and the boat would have to be stout
That runs close-hauled through the Wallabout.

'What 's that to you?' the skipper cries;
'Tom bring me the Bible that 's just the size,
Of the long gun midships; it's in the locker,
Lying beneath a Knickerbocker.'
The Bible was brought, and the gun was loaded;
The devil saw that no good it boded;
It was meant for him, without any doubt,
And he wished himself out of the Wallabout.

'Now is your time!' the skipper cries;
'Give it him right between the eyes!
He 's red-hot under his clothes, he is,
So do n't be scared if you hear him *siz!*'
The gun is laid; the match is there,
And the devil's hat stands on the ends of his hair!
Then a stunning report booms over the rout,
And goes echoing far o'er the Wallabout!

It strikes the devil just over the nose,
And where his head went would a lawyer pose.
His body gave a tremendous wince,
Struck fire, and has n't been heard of since!
They only found the tip of his nose,
And the Bible, unhurt by its tremendous blows.
So now good folks the secret is out,
The devil was killed in the Wallabout!

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING: with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. In three volumes. pp. 1375. Boston: WILLIAM CROSBY AND H. P. NICHOLS. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

WE announced in our last number the publication of these excellent volumes, and promised to advert more particularly to them in the present issue. The work is properly designated by its author, WILLIAM H. CHANNING, a nephew of its eminent subject, as an autobiography, in so far as the materials he had at his command enabled him to give it that character; consisting as it does of extracts from private papers, sermons and letters, with such remarks only interwoven as seem needed for purposes of illustration. Its plan is very simple. After a full and minute notice of Dr. CHANNING's early years, a portion of the work replete with the liveliest interest, and which no one hereafter could so well as the writer supply, he has proceeded to arrange the selections from his uncle's manuscripts 'according to the two-fold order of Subject and Time.' This method was chosen by the editor, he informs us, as the one best fitted to convey an adequate impression of the steadiness with which he held all objects of thought before his mind until his views became consistent and complete, and the growth of his opinions in this way made clear, as well as the result of his progress. The writer does not misjudge in inferring that a thorough reader will consider any loss of vivacity in the narrative more than compensated for by the knowledge thus gained of the mental and moral processes of an earnest seeker after truth and right. The chapters which are especially devoted to tracing this spiritual development, however, are so separated from the more general biographical parts that any one who may be so inclined can pass them by; but this omission we think will be rare with the readers of the volumes. The editor seems to fear that he has committed an error in giving such ample quotations from Dr. CHANNING's early writings; but he will find few to agree with him in this; for aside from the fact that their publication is in compliance with the wishes and directions of the deceased, they will greatly aid the reader in forming a correct judgment of his life, and are, in their intrinsic value and beauty, well worthy of preservation. The editor may not be aware of it, but the reader we think will be, that if he has not preserved the form he has the spirit of his original plan; for his volumes present to our mind a vivid picture of his great and good relative, regarded as a man, a minister of religion, a philosopher, a reformer, and a statesman, and points out his place among the leading persons of the age in which he lived; and yet in all this, Dr. CHANNING is still 'left to be his own interpreter' of his character and position. What a life was his! How little were those who listened to his effective ministrations, or who perused his writings, aware of the self-denials, the struggles, the deep humility,

of their pastor and friend! His was always deemed a life singularly blameless and holy, even by those who differed from him in matters of faith; but he was all the while 'schooling himself in virtue,' and cross-examining himself, in the inmost thoughts of his heart, and lamenting that he had come short of his duty in the great work which GOD had given him to do. He labored incessantly in some way or another to serve mankind. All his letters, his self-examinations, his exercises, show this. He was singularly unselfish. He utterly forgot self in the consideration of what conscience told him was his duty. He was such a Christian as he himself has described. There was in him no air of superiority, superior though he was to all his compeers, no fault-finding cynicism, no thought of self mingled with his testimony to the right. He had a true love of mankind, a reverence of virtue, a desire to elevate all men to the nobleness for which they were destined. An all-pervading devotion to goodness seems to have stamped his whole character, conduct and conversation: wisdom guided his frankness, and his mind was not borne away by a fervor which it could not restrain. There were manifested in him self-direction and dignified self-command. He had no whining sentimentality about virtue, but a manly consciousness of the greatness of character to which every child of GOD should attain; a calm elevation of thought and aim; a cordial sympathy with all that was generous in society and individuals; a deep sense of the reality and practicableness of religious excellence; a rational yet glowing consciousness of the true glory of a spiritual being. The presence of his fellow men did not rob him of self-respect, nor restrain the will from energy, the intellect from bold and free thought, nor the conscience from prescribing the highest duties. He was palsied by no fear to offend, no desire to please, no dependence upon the judgment of others. Such was CHANNING; such his own character, as depicted in the volumes before us. We commend them to all readers, for to all who shall attentively regard them will they be the means of good. The work is exceedingly well executed, and illustrated by two excellent portraits, one painted by WASHINGTON ALLSTON in 1811, and the other by GAMBARDELLA, in 1839.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. By J. T. HEADLEY, 'Author of NAPOLEON and his Marshals,' WASHINGTON and his Generals,' etc. In one volume, pp. 446. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

WE incline to think that Mr. HEADLEY is right in his remarks in the preface of this volume, touching what should constitute a true 'Life' of CROMWELL. Some readers may think, he says, that CARLYLE's 'Letters and Speeches of CROMWELL' rendered a 'Life' of him unnecessary; but that work he affirms was in fact the only cause of his writing the one before us: 'A multitude of biographies have been written of CROMWELL, but not one based on the general view taken by CARLYLE. The letters and speeches of a man can never constitute his biography, though they may give us a correct and complete idea of his character. The letters and speeches of WASHINGTON, and his life, are two very different works. In the first place, the narrative is broken up by the introduction of letters and documents on various subjects, that must be placed in chronological order. In the second place, events are mere links, by which these are connected; while in biography, they are the writer's chief concern. In one case, the writings of a man form the burden of a book; in the other, his actions. The compiler of the former cannot condense, while it is the chief business of the historian of the latter to do so. CARLYLE should doubtless have written the life of CROMWELL, and

it was generally expected of him; but he declined doing it, saying that he left that work to others.' The second motive that prompted Mr. HEADLEY to the undertaking, he alleges to be, that no American had ever yet given the world a biography of this wonderful man: 'Writers, under almost every monarchical government of Europe, have maligned him, and it seems strange that the only pure republic in the world, a republic, too, based on his views, and traceable to his efforts, should hitherto have allowed the character of its first founder to be portrayed alone by enemies both to him and to liberty. Puritanism and republicanism have always been in England synonymous with hypocrisy and rebellion, and hence her writers can find scarcely a redeemable trait in CROMWELL's character. But we regard them in a very different light; indeed, we are the only people whose institutions are grounded in them; and yet we permit the very man who established both, to be insulted and traduced, without saying a word in his defence. It is high time republican movements in Europe had other historians beside the subjects of monarchical governments. But for CROMWELL's efforts and success, it is very doubtful whether the Puritans on this side of the water would have ventured on a contest with the mother country; at all events, the great questions of constitutional and personal liberty which he settled have been the foundation of every revolution for the emancipation of man which has since taken place. That as an American I should wish to defend the founder of the first true commonwealth, and expose the slanders that have been heaped upon him, is quite natural.' In connection with CROMWELL's life, Mr. HEADLEY has given a condensed history of the English revolution, from its commencement to its close. He could have written, he says, two volumes more easily than one; for the labor of condensing was greater than a freer and more natural narrative would have been. The English biographies he found too much taken up with minor events for readers this side of the water; he has therefore given the leading and striking features, at the same time making clear and plain every step of the revolutionary movement. Mr. HEADLEY has wisely avoided discussing the claims of Puritanism and Episcopacy; regarding the struggle as one of civil and religious liberty, and not a contest about creeds. He seems to anticipate that some readers may object to the battle-scenes of the present work, as they did to those of 'WASHINGTON and his Generals,' as fostering a spirit of war. To such he makes answer, that the spirit of rebellion against oppression, and deadly hostility to it, he designs to foster, and only hopes to succeed: 'When men's sensibilities,' he adds, 'become so delicate that they cannot reflect without horror on the struggles of brave men for freedom, and can sit under the broad tree of liberty, planted by their forefathers, and watered with their blood, and look off on the fair heritage won by their good swords, with no other feelings but pity for their erroneous ideas about war, and of wonder at their cruelty, they have become too ethereal for this world and too transcendental to be useful. War, in itself, is the greatest curse of man; but waged for liberty, his highest duty and honor. To me, the great question of freedom, which was battled out under CROMWELL, afterward under WASHINGTON, and then under BONAPARTE, and which is now shaking Europe to its centre, is the question of the age. The rise and progress of each struggle possesses to me more interest than all other events put together. Men have always been compelled to hew their way, with their swords, to freedom. They have never dreamed nor poetized themselves into it, and never will.' There is not a little truth in these frankly-expressed opinions. The 'Life' under notice may be pronounced a very stirring and spirited work. Its style has all the merits and fewer of the defects peculiar to the author's style, which if not always strictly correct is always eminently readable.

A Funeral Oration, Occasioned by the Death of Thomas Cole. Delivered before the Academy of Design, New-York, May 4, 1848. By William Cullen Bryant. Published by order of the Council of the Academy. New-York: D. Appleton and Company.

No more fitting or capable person could have been chosen to be the eulogist and biographer of the great artist whose death is so deeply lamented, than Mr. Bryant. The poet and the painter, aside from a life-long intimacy, had much in common in spirit and endowment. In truth, Cole's several series of pictures were in themselves poems — poems with a lofty epic flow. But beside the poetry of the pencil, he possessed poetical powers of no mean order, as the pages of this Magazine can bear witness. Mr. Bryant remarks in opening, that during the entire space which had elapsed since the first exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, nearly a quarter of a century, there was not a single year in which Cole's works did not appear on its walls: 'To have missed them,' he adds, 'would have made us feel that the collection was incomplete. Yet we shall miss them hereafter; that skilful hand is at rest forever. His departure has left a vacuity which amazes and alarms us. It is as if the voyager on the Hudson were to look toward the great range of the Catskills, at the foot of which Cole, with a reverential fondness, had fixed his abode, and were to see that the grandest of its summits had disappeared; had sunk into the plain from our sight. I might use a bolder similitude; it is as if we were to look over the heavens on a starlight evening and find that one of the greater planets, Hesperus or Jupiter, had been blotted from the sky.' The following remarks are as just as they are felicitous:

'Cole was not only a great artist, but a great teacher; the contemplation of his works made men better. It is said of one of the old Italian painters that he never began a painting without first offering a prayer. The paintings of Cole are of that nature that it hardly transcends the proper use of language to call them acts of religion. Yet do they never strike us as strained or forced in character; they teach but what rose spontaneously in the mind of the artist; they were the sincere communications of his own moral and intellectual being. One of the most eminent among the modern German painters, Overbeck, is remarkable for the happiness with which he has caught the devotional manner of the old ecclesiastical painters, blending it with his own more exquisite knowledge of art, and shedding it over forms of fairer symmetry. Yet has he not escaped a certain mannerism; the air of submissive awe, the manifest consciousness of a superior presence, which he so invariably bestows on all his personages, becomes at last a matter of repetition, and circumscribes his walk to a narrow circle. With Cole it was otherwise; his mode of treating his subjects was not bounded by the narrow limits of any system; the moral interest he gave them took no set form or predetermined pattern; its manifestations wore the diversity of that creation from which they were drawn.'

Mr. Bryant next proceeds to a brief review of Cole's life and of his principal works. We pass the history of his early struggles; of his toilsome rambles in the forests along the banks of the Ohio, his limited means, both of money and materials for improvement, and come down to his first 'patron,' with the honorable exception of three eminent brother-artists, Trumbull, Dunlap and Durand, who early saw and warmly eulogized his genius, and purchased each a picture from him:

'It was the fate of Cole, at this period of his life, to meet with a patron. When his pictures first attracted the public attention, as I have already related, a dashing Englishman, since known as the author of a wretched book about the United States, who had married the heiress of an opulent American family, professed to take a warm interest in the young painter, and charged himself with the task of advancing his fortunes. He invited him to pass the winter at his house, on his estate in the country, and engaged him to paint a number of landscapes, for which he was to pay him twenty or thirty dollars each; a trifling compensation for such works as Cole could even then produce, but which I have no doubt seemed to him at that time munificent. It would hardly become the place or the occasion were I to relate the particulars of the treatment which the artist received from his patron; the miserable and cheerless apartments he assigned him, the supercilious manner by which he endeavored to drive him from his table to take his meals with the children of the family, and the general disrespect of his demeanor. These would have been a sufficient motive with Cole to leave the

place immediately, but for the apprehension that his kind friends in New-York, who had taken so strong an interest in his success, might ascribe this step to an inconstant temper, or to a character morbidly jealous of its dignity. He imposed upon himself therefore, though deeply hurt and offended, the penance of remaining, labored assiduously at his easel, and executed several pictures which justified the high opinion his New-York friends entertained of his genius. Fortunately, for a considerable part of the winter he was relieved of the presence of his 'patron,' who went to pass his time in the amusements of a neighboring city.

'As early as he could finish the pictures on which he was engaged, he quitted the roof of the Englishman, and returned to New-York without payment for what he had done. Some time afterward he compromised with this encourager of youthful genius, accepted half the compensation originally stipulated, and relinquished his claim to the remainder.'

This interesting 'patron' was a Mr. G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, ci-devant 'United States' Geologist,' a person who in various other ways has won a reputation for meanness, mendacity and ingratitude, which have made his very name a reproach, both in this country and in England. A description of the founding of the National Academy of Design is next given, in which appropriate tributes are paid to Mr. S. F. B. MORSE, the first president, and the band of artists whom he led to the conflict with the old Academy, which soon gave up the ghost. The following well-deserved praise is awarded to our departed friend INMAN, as one of the fraternity of artists of genius who founded the National Academy:

'INMAN, the first vice-president of the institution, was a portrait-painter of extraordinary merit, great facility of pencil, a pleasing style of color, and a power of happy selection from the various expressions of countenance which a sitter brings to the artist. The versatility of his powers was surprising; he has left behind him specimens of landscape, of figures in groups, in repose or in action, which show that he might have excelled in any branch of the art. . . . He was not a man, like COLE, to linger long in contemplation of the objects he would delineate, to study them till he had exhausted all they could offer to his observation, and till their image became incorporated with his mind. What he saw, he saw at a glance, and transferred it to the canvass with the same rapidity, and with surprising precision. His works owe nothing to revision, and possess a certain unlabored grace which makes us delight in reverting to them.'

We should be glad to follow Mr. BRYANT in his description of COLE's visit to England, France and Italy, and his impressions, studies and improvement there; but our limits will not permit. We pass to the remarks of the writer upon some of COLE's prominent pictures. Of 'The Departure and Return,' 'The Past and Present,' and 'The Voyage of Life,' Mr. BRYANT says:

'THERE could not be a finer choice of circumstances, nor a more exquisite treatment of them, than is found in these pictures. In the first, a spring morning, breezy and sparkling, the mists starting and soaring from the hills, the chieftain, in gallant array, at the head of his retainers, issuing from the castle; in the second, an autumnal evening, calm, solemn, a church illuminated by the beams of the setting sun, and the corpse of the chief borne in silence toward the consecrated place. These are but a meagre epitome of what is contained in these two pictures. The two works which he named 'The Past and Present,' produced in the year following, have scarcely less merit as a whole; the latter of them is one of those pictures, rich, solemn, full of matter for study and reflection, in producing which COLE had no rival.

'In 1840 he completed another series of large paintings, called 'The Voyage of Life,' of simpler and less elaborate design than the 'Course of Empire,' but more purely imaginative. The conception of the series is a perfect poem. The child, under the care of its guardian-angel, in a boat heaped with buds and flowers, floating down a stream which issues from the shadowy cavern of the past and flows between banks bright with flowers and the beams of the rising sun; the youth, with hope in his gesture and aspect, taking command of the helm, while his winged guardian watches him anxiously from the shore; the mature man, hurried onward by the perilous rapids and eddies of the river; the aged navigator, who has reached, in his frail and now idle bark, the mouth of the stream, and is just entering the great ocean which lies before him in mysterious shadow, set before us the different stages of human life under images of which every beholder admits the beauty and deep significance. The second of this series, with the rich luxuriance of its foreground, its pleasant declivities in the distance, and its gorgeous but shadowy structures in the piled clouds, is one of the most popular of COLE's compositions.'

We are glad to hear the actual history of 'The Architect's Dream,' which we always considered unworthy Mr. COLE's genius. Our readers will remember the elaborate and exceedingly graphic description given by Mr. COLE in the KNICKER-

SOCKER of his ascent of Mount Ætna. Concerning the picture which he painted of that vast mountain, Mr. BRYANT remarks:

'THE aspect of Mount Ætna seemed to have taken a strong hold on his imagination. 'A large picture of it was painted by him some time after his return, which presented a nearer view of the mountain, filling the greater part of the canvass with its huge cone. It was completed in a very few days, and was a miracle of rapid and powerful execution. It was not so generally admired as many of his works, and no doubt had in it some of the imperfections of haste; but for my part I never stood before it without feeling that sense of elevation and enlargement with which we look upon huge and lofty mountains in nature. With me, at least, the artist had succeeded in producing the effect at which he aimed. I have no doubt that he painted it with a mind full of the greatness of the subject, with a feeling of sublime awe, produced by the image of that mighty mountain, the summit of which is white with perpetual snow, while the slopes around its base are basking in perpetual summer, and on whose peak the sunshine yet lingers, while the valleys at its foot lie in the evening twilight.'

Touching COLE's last great work, the unfinished series of '*The Cross and the World*' — in which, as in many of his previous works, he sought to exemplify his favorite position, that landscape-painting was capable of the deepest moral interest and deserved to stand second to no other department of the art — the author of the oration under notice makes the following remarks. All who have seen the series will admit their correctness:

'THERE only of the five pictures of which it was to be composed are finished, and in these we know not what changes in design or execution might have been made, had he lived to complete and harmonize every part of the design; but that design is one of singular grandeur, and was capable, in his hands, of a noble execution.

'To the second picture in this series I might object that it makes the life of the good man too much a life of pain, difficulty and danger. The path of his pilgrim of the cross is over steeps and precipices, interrupted by fearful chasms, amidst darkness and tempest, and torrents that threaten to sweep him from his footing, with no resting-places of innocent refreshment nor intervals of secure and easy passage after the first asperities of the way are overcome. The most ascetic of those who have written on the Christian life hardly go this length. Even BUNYAN provides for his pilgrim the Delectable Mountains, and the fruitful and pleasant land of Beulah, and the hospitable entertainments of the House of the Interpreter. But in the third of the series I acknowledge a power of genius which makes me, for the moment, fully assent to COLE's idea of the dignity of his department of the art. That pilgrim arrived at the end of his journey on the summit of the mountain, that ineffable glory in the heavens before which he kneels, the luminous path over the enkindled clouds leading upward to it, the mountain-height shooting with verdure under the beams of that celestial day, the darkness sullenly recoiling on either side, the ethereal messengers sent to conduct the wayfarer to his rest, form altogether a picture which could only have been produced by a mind of vast creative power quickened by a fervid poetic inspiration. 'The idea is Miltonic,' said a friend, when he first beheld it. It *is* Miltonic; it is worthy to be ranked with the noblest conceptions of the great religious epic poet of the world.'

It was while COLE was engaged in painting this series that the summons of death came. An inflammation of the lungs, a sudden and brief illness, closed his life on the thirteenth of February. 'On the third day after the attack he despaired of recovery, and began to make his preparations for death. The close of his life was like the rest of it, serene and peaceful, and he passed into that next stage of existence from which we are separated by such slight and frail barriers with unfaltering confidence in the divine goodness, like a docile child guided by the kindly hand of a parent, suffering itself to be led without fear into the darkest places.' COLE's personal character is most truly depicted in the ensuing sentences: 'There was no disproportion between the cultivation of his moral and that of his intellectual character. He was unspotted by worldly vices, gentle, just, beneficent, true, kind to the unfortunate, quick to interfere when wrong or suffering were inflicted on the helpless, whether on his fellow man or the brute creation. His religion, fervently as it was cherished, was without ostentation or austerity; not a thing by itself, but a sentiment blended and interwoven with all the actions of his daily life. His manners were cheerful, even playful, and his ready ingenuity was employed in various ways to promote the

innocent amusements of the neighborhood in which he lived.' The close of the oration will, we are sure, impress our readers as being in the highest sense beautiful:

'THE landscape-painter is admitted to a closer familiarity with nature than the poet. He studies her aspect more minutely, and watches with a more affectionate attention its varied expressions. Not one of her forms is lost upon him; not a gleam of sunshine penetrates her green recesses; not a cloud casts its shadow unobserved by him; every tint of the morning or the evening, of the gray or the golden noon, of the near or the remote object, is noted by his eye and copied by his pencil. All her boundless variety of outlines and shades become almost a part of his being, and are blended with his mind. We might imagine therefore a sound of lament for him whom we have lost in the voices of the streams and in the sighs of the wind among the groves, and an aspect of sorrow in earth's solitary places; we might dream that the conscious valleys miss his accustomed visits, and that the autumnal glories of the woods are paler because of his departure. But the sorrow of this occasion is too grave for such fancies. Let me say, however, that we feel that much is taken away from the charm of nature when such a man departs. To us who remain, the region of the Catskills, where he wandered and studied and sketched, and wrought his sketches into such glorious creations, is saddened by a certain desolate feeling when we behold it or think of it. The mind that we knew was abroad in those scenes of grandeur and beauty, and which gave them a higher interest in our eyes, has passed from the earth, and we see that something of power and greatness is withdrawn from the sublime mountain-tops and the broad forests and the rushing waterfalls.

'Withdrawn, I have said — not extinguished; translated to a state of larger light and nobler beauty and higher employments of the intellect. It is when I contemplate the death of such a man as COLE, under such circumstances as attended his, that I feel most certain of the spirit's immortality. In his case the painful problem of old age was not presented, in which the mind sometimes seems to expire before the body, and often to wither with the same decline. He left us in the mid-strength of his intellect, and his great soul, unharmed and unweakened by the disease which brought low his frame, amidst the bitter anguish of the loved ones who stood around him, when the hour of its divorce from the material organs had come, calmly retired behind the veil which hides from us the world of disembodied spirits.'

This is a worthy tribute to one who with deep reverence 'copied the forms of nature, and blended with them the profoundest human sympathies, and made them the vehicle, as GOD has made them, of great truths and great lessons; who learned his art from the creation around him, and resolutely took his own way to greatness; and who will be reverenced in future years as a great master in art, who opened a way in which only men endued with rare strength of genius can follow him.'

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE: or Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Great-Britain and Ireland. With an Appendix, containing Observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. By JOHN W. CORSON, M. D. In two volumes. pp. 613. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THERE is more originality of style, more freshness of thought and description, in these volumes than it is common to find in the modern books of travel by our countrymen. The chapters of the first volume having in the form of familiar letters to a leading public journal attracted general attention, the author found it 'hard to stop.' He journeyed farther and wrote more than he expected. The free gossiping style of the volumes is to us one of their greatest attractions. Moreover, the author did wisely in resolving at the outset to be good-natured: 'The peace interests of the world and the softening of national prejudices seem to require that the foibles of every people should be dwelt upon and reproved rather by their own country than by strangers. We justly complained of certain foreigners who repaid our best hospitalities with libels on our political and social institutions.' Our author preferred erring, if at all, on the side of charity. He was willing to forego all the credit for patriotism which might be derived from the abuse of our neighbors. He seems every where to have seen more to praise than to blame; and in looking at things on the bright side, he only followed the 'golden rule.' The two chapters on '*The Charities of Europe*' will not escape the attention, nor fail to secure the commendation, of the observant reader. The work in a typographical point of view is exceedingly well executed.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VISIT TO THE SHAKERS AT NEW-LEBANON AND HANCOCK.—Nearly a year and a half since, as most of our readers will remember, a letter was addressed to us by 'R —— W ——, Jr.,' a member of the '*United Society of Believers, commonly called Shakers*,' complaining of a favorable review in these pages of a pamphlet entitled '*Lo Here! and Lo There!*' which had brought the most serious charges, affirmed to be veritable, against the Society and the practices of its members. The discussion to which the review in question gave rise, and the denial and refutation of the special statements of the pamphlet upon which it was founded, are matters of too recent publicity to require present reference. In the letter to which we have alluded there occurred among other things the subjoined passage:

'THOU hast brought us before the bar of public opinion, and charged us with being enemies to all that is virtuous and praiseworthy. Allow us, I pray, the privilege secured to the most depraved reprobate, to plead *Not Guilty*. And we appeal to HIM who knoweth all hearts, and who ordereth all things aright. We profess a self-denying religion. We look not for popularity; this belongs neither to us nor to our ways. We send abroad no missionaries nor tract-distributors. We mingle not in matters of government; but submit thereto as to GOD'S ministers for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of them who do well. We are 'a people every where spoken against;' and it must needs be so. We do not hunt after the groundless stories that are peddled about the country, to prosecute for slander, but try to *live down* calumny and put reproach to shame. Seeing that we have been brought from our seclusion and thought worthy to be placed so prominently before thy readers, many of whom I should hope are seeking for truth, it would seem to me but reasonable to ask thee in all friendliness to give us the privilege to say to thee ourselves what we *do* hold to, and give thyself an opportunity to judge of our truthfulness. It is admitted that we are a singular people; but even 'LO HERE!' allows that we extend courtesy to visitors. Come therefore, I invite thee respectfully, as soon as it may suit thy inclination and convenience, and make us a personal visit. We will welcome thee, and try not to harm thee. (He who is forewarned is forearmed.) We want thee to know if these things be indeed so. We profess to be children of the light and of the day, and to disown whatever we should be afraid or ashamed to have our fellow-creatures witness.'

It was our intention, as it was our promise, long before this to have complied with the foregoing frank and cordial invitation; but absence on a tour of the western lakes, and a visit to Canada, the last season, with constant professional avocations since, prevented until recently the fulfilment of our design. Within a week, however, in company with a small but most agreeable party, we have made a memorable visit to the Shaker Societies of New-Lebanon in our own State, and Hancock in the adjoining State of Massachusetts. Let us briefly jot down the impressions derived from our visit.

That superb floating palace of the Hudson, the 'ISAAC NEWTON' steamer, received us in one of its gorgeous parlor state-rooms; and after a delightful night-voyage we were landed at Albany, whence we repaired to the cars of the Western Rail-Road;

and after a swift transit of two hours, rendered memorable by pleasant converse — to say nothing of the finest scenery, bounded on the south-west for the most part of the way by the pale-blue Kaätskills, towering into heaven — we arrived at Canaan Four Corners, where we were met by two of the 'Brethren,' under big hats, who took us in charge, and in a characteristic conveyance drove us to New-Lebanon, a distance of six miles. Nothing can exceed the tranquil beauty of the scene around the settlement; the level-green valley, the richly-variegated upland slopes, the 'irregular patch-work of nature,' and the thickly-wooded summits of the adjacent mountains. Looking back, after leaving the Canaan line, upon the little boundary-lake, of such matchless beauty in its color and 'surroundings' that we longed for the facile pencil of our friend DURAND to transfer it to canvass, we could not help saying aloud:

'SWEET fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews *old* Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.'

We arrived at the Shaker village near the hour of noon, and were at once made welcome, and domiciliated in the 'North Family.' After a hasty toilette, and some slight refreshment, we began to remark the exquisite *neatness* of every thing in and around the place. If, as old Father FULLER hath it, 'cleanliness is godliness,' then are the Shakers the most godly people on the face of the earth. We saw nothing *like* dirt in any of the dwellings during our protracted sojourn; and on asking, as we were about leaving, for the sight of a little, as a curiosity, one of the sisters showed us, in an upper room, what *she* thought was 'the article.' Mistaken woman! — it was a sort of thin, fuzzy *débris* of bed-room down, which might have been pinched between her thumb and finger, and which would have escaped observation in the cleanest parlor in Gotham. After going through the gardens, where every species of rare plants and esculents were growing in the richest profusion, in rows of mathematical correctness, and unobstructed by a single weed or spear of grass, we were summoned to dinner. 'Shaker fare' has passed into a proverb; and it would be a work of supererogation to enlarge upon its variety and excellence. This, howbeit, we *must* say; that so well-cooked meats, such white, light bread, such pure cream, such sweet golden butter, such melting cheese, both the 'sage' and the yellow, such 'toothsome' pickles, preserves, pies, and more than all, such mute, watchful attendance, 'you cannot find elsewhere.' Of all their meals, all seasons of bodily refreshment, this praise may be predicated. And this too is but the common fare of all; for their own tables, at which we saw them kneeling by scores, in silent thankfulness for the 'kindly fruits of the earth' so abundantly vouchsafed to them, and which they were about to enjoy, were supplied with the same profusion as our own. We should like some of our country friends, in the midland counties of this State, to go into a Shaker barn. The conveniences of storing and delivering hay for the animals are of the first order. 'The merciful man,' saith the Scripture, 'is merciful to his beast.' In this regard the Shakers are indeed a 'merciful' people. An hundred cows nightly walk up, each to her individual stall, over which her name (although probably not for *her* perusal) is written; and seldom is a mistake made by these orderly cattle in taking their places. When all are secured, a box on rollers is run through a square aperture, before each cow, from which they take their morning and evening meal, which is supplied to these receptacles from a large car rolling along the alley where the food is prepared and deposited in each 'kid,' before it is passed through to the

animal *table d'hôte*. What superb cows they are, 'to be sure!' 'Old KNICK.' took a nice milking-pail, and donning a Shaker garden-frock and broad-brimmed hat, disguised himself, hoof and all, so completely, that he was taken for one of the brethren, while he drew dry the full udders of two handsome heifers; 'the same' occasionally looking around inquiringly at him, and breathing their sweet clover-breath in his face; and as he heard the fine thread-like streams strike the bottom of the pail, and saw the white foam rise toward the top, many a faded reminiscence rose to his mind of 'life's morning march, when his bosom was young.' But 'something too much of this.' Let it suffice to say, that we saw *every thing* in the dwellings and shops of the 'North Family:' we went from the cheese-making and shelving rooms to the broom-shop and garden-seed store-room; from cellar to garret, from kitchen to bed-room, from wash-room to clothes-press. If secrecy has ever been any part of the Shaker creed, it would seem to be quite abolished now. The 'hidden things' were all freely made known to *us*, at any rate. We visited the girls' school, and saw a goodly number of evidently happy and certainly healthy children, and heard exercises in composition, geography and astronomy which would have done no discredit to any similar school in Christendom. Indeed, from what we saw of the manner of instructing children at Lebanon and Hancock, we could not but judge it to be excellent, in all respects.

A meeting was held in the evening, in the meeting-house of the 'North Family,' which we were invited to attend. We were ushered into a large vacant hall, with a floor even and smooth as polished marble. The room was lighted from the centre by a lamp, which diffused a sort of spectral light through the apartment. All was still as death, when a side-door at either end of the hall opened noiselessly, and the worshippers entered. The 'sisters' were in uniform dresses, of a very ancient and 'formal cut,' with close-fitting lawn caps, both white as the driven snow. They came in first, at the right door, and ranged themselves standing, in three or four rows, across the apartment; the 'brethren' entered immediately after at the left door, and stood fronting the sisters, in a similar position. They wore short linsey-woolsey 'coatees,' or long jackets, with white shirt-sleeves and broad shirt-collars, turned square down, and a sort of clumsy 'pump'-shoe; the hair was close-cut, except behind, where it depended in ringlets, more or less abundant. The divided lines of the two sexes stood in solemn silence for a moment, with down-cast eyes, when instantaneously, as one person, the whole assembly kneeled, and remained for some time in silent prayer. They then rose; and after a few remarks from one of the elders, in plain, unaffected language, (inculcating purity, self-denial, constant watchfulness, and the duty that 'believers' owed to their MAKER and themselves to 'bear their daily cross,') the brethren and sisters joined in singing — to inspiriting, and at the same time, to the mere hearer, somewhat plaintive airs — several 'spiritual songs.' The words and the tunes reminded us continually of Methodist exercises in the same kind. One of these poetical exercitations began as follows:

'SEE the righteous gathering home
To the new Jerusalem;
Praising GOD in the dance,
While in love their souls advance.

'Now their cheerful voices raise
Shouts of joy and songs of praise;
For this way, so pure and clean,
Which we 're called to travel in.'

There was something very touching in the air to which this was sung; and as we saw by the dim light the sisters standing in serried lines, we thought of the troops of 'shining ones,' with their 'robes made white in the blood of the LAMB,' 'gathering home' to a city out of sight, the 'celestial city of the Great KING.' Subsequently, after brief addresses from other elders than the one who had already spoken, several

'songs of gladness' were chanted, of which the subjoined stanzas may afford some faint idea:

'I'AM marching on to my happy home,
I leave this world behind me;
On that bright shore I shall weep no more,
And sorrow cannot find me.

'The way I go is a narrow way,
It leads to mansions holy;'
'T is a shining way, as clear as day,
It leads to endless glory.'

As touching the 'bodily exercises' of the brethren and sisters, the half-marching dance, with its accompanying gesticulations of arms and hands, we must say, that while it was necessarily very impressive to a first observer, it had an air of grotesqueness, at which nevertheless it was quite impossible for us to smile. They were evidently in earnest; they felt that they were 'dancing before the LORD,' as holy ones of old had done before them; the 'virgins rejoicing in the dance — the young men and old together.' After all, we thought, it might be strange to us only from our strangeness to the custom; yet, primitive exercise although it might be, in the early ages of christianity, it struck us, both on the evening of which we speak, and on the following Sabbath, as a custom 'better honored in the breach than in the observance.' But the Shakers have an equal right, with any other class of believers, to choose their own mode of worship. They are as a body without the least doubt in their own minds as to the 'way in which they walk.' As each sang, with undissembled and evidently irrepressible emotion:

'MY faith is established, the road it is sure,
My calling is sacred, and I will endure
All crosses and trials that come in my way,
I will conquer and reign in this beautiful day:'

as they sang thus, we withdrew for a moment our objection to the 'worship-dance,' odd and fantastic as it appeared at first sight, and mentally accorded to them that liberty of conscience, in this as in other observances, which they uniformly concede to 'outside barbarians.' Kindred exercises with those we have described were continued on the Sabbath, at the great Meeting-House of the Society, with the addition of some two hundred members and a goodly number of spectators, which heightened the effect of the services by the greater scope and contrast. After the exercises proper had been concluded, a prominent elder of the society stepped forward into the middle of the space which intervened between the worshippers and the spectators, and with calm self-possession, and in language characteristically terse and simple, expounded the various tenets of the Shaker faith. Of these, with many of which Christians of all denominations might well agree, it will be our province to speak hereafter. Our present space is too limited for farther enlargement at this time.

On Monday morning we bade our hospitable friends the members of the 'North Family' farewell, and crossed the Lebanon Mountain, at the south-east, to Hancock in Massachusetts, where we met many of the brethren and sisters, and in whose society we were almost equally interested. The scenery here partakes largely of the sublime and beautiful:

'THE day had been a day of wind and storm;
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.'

We ascended, with two determined brethren, to the top of the North-Mountain, whence we caught faint glimpses, far to the north-east, of 'Greylock,' beyond Williamstown; of 'Saddleback,' 'Old Monadnock,' lifting the apex of his pale-blue crown into the sunny sky; and nearer by, the pretty village of Pittsfield, nestled in the green

valley. Southward stretched the fertile vales of Berkshire, bounded by the Barrington-Hills, in the neighborhood of the birth-place of BRYANT, and 'Monument Mountain,' consecrated 'to all time' by his genius. Surely *here* it was that our eminent poet must have stood when he wrote:

> 'I STOOD upon an upland slope, and cast
> My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
> Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
> And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
> With pleasant vales *scooped* out, and villages between.'

This is a daguerreotype picture of the very scene which spread out before us. Descending the mountain by its south-western slope, we emerged from the wood into a grassy lawn, enclosed by a white fence, around the outside of which were placed rows of seats for spectators. This is the '*Mountain Meeting-Ground*' of the Hancock Society, to which the members ascend, 'with songs of rejoicing,' twice in each year, in the spring and in the autumn, to hold services on the mount. It faces westwardly a precisely similar enclosure on the eastern slope of the mountain which divides Lebanon from Hancock; whither, on the occasions we have indicated, the members of the Lebanon Society come also to worship; so that the voices of the united brethren and sisters, on a calm still day, may be heard by each society, rising, like the twin-mountain-tops from which the sounds ascend, toward the Heaven to which they alike aspire. An esteemed friend, who was of our party, and who had ascended the Hancock mountain in October, at one of these semi-annual gatherings, described it as one of the most beautiful sights he had ever beheld. He gave vent to his thoughts at the time in a little poem, from which we trust he will excuse the liberty we take of transferring a stanza or two:

> 'How slow and measured is their step,
> How solemn is their tread,
> While up unto Mount Zion's top
> These faithful souls are led.
>
> 'They chant their songs of hope and praise,
> As up the steep they go,
> Their bosoms seem to heave with joy,
> Their hearts with love o'erflow.'

As we were leaving Hancock by the cars for Albany in the afternoon, we thought of what DICKENS told us, after his hurried visit to New-Lebanon, of some of the elders whom for a moment he encountered there. 'They were all grim men,' he said; 'they looked like calm goblins.' And this is the impression which many, nay most people derive, who see them but for a moment, and do not go among them. They are accounted as persons who never smile, and who clothe themselves in 'impervious sackcloth.' Not so, gentlemen. We 'have been there,' and can pronounce otherwise. They seem a cheerful, hopeful people. We heard, to be sure, no boisterous guffaw from any member of the society, no 'laugh like the neighing of all Tattersalls;' but we *did* see many a Shaker side shaken with a timely joke. We asked every thing, probed every 'secret;' and all our queries and all our researches were unhesitatingly answered and furthered. All who wish to join the Society can do so, 'without money and without price'; and if at any time they desire to depart, they have free permission so to do. The Shakers seem indeed to enjoy, together with 'perfect freedom,' the plenitude of 'peace and plenty;' peace *among* themselves and *with* themselves; plenty of food, and of the best; plenty of moderate labor; plenty of singing and plenty of dancing; plenty of milk, plenty of butter, plenty of cheese; plenty of brooms, plenty of garden-seeds; plenty of land, plenty of fat cattle; and last, though not least, plenty of 'the herb heart's-ease,' which is seldom found growing where rank and poisonous weeds spring up to 'choke the innocent life.'

PERCH-FISHING, BY AN AMATEUR.—We must permit our correspondent, who writes as if he were a veteran contributor, to describe his Long-Island adventures in his own familiar way. He opens in the style of the prolific JAMES: 'One beautiful morning in the month of July, a wagon might be seen toiling along the arid roads that intersect, like a vast net-work, the fertile shores of Long-Island. Foremost came (as is 'praps' *somewhat* usual) a horse, that 'seemed the patriarch of his breed.' He was as gaunt as a patriot out of office: his hide looked like felt, through which his disbanded ribs projected like the whale-bones of a superannuated umbrella. In fact he was little better than an animated hair-trunk. His neck was arched, but the arch was inverted, so that his head was bent up instead of down. He once had had a mane—there was evidence of that: but his tail! Well, it was not exactly the kind of tail you would like to see switching behind a favorite horse of your own in fly-time. It looked like a barber's wisp-broom, worn to the handle, or a sweep's brush, or a corrugated specimen of gutta-percha. His back-bone was the apex of a Gothic arch; his legs were of the composite order, and he was, moreover,

——'Wall-eyed on his best side,
And on his worst, stone-blind!'

'Within the vehicular appendage attached to this frame-horse two individuals were seated. One was a man still in the prime of life; his broad, square shoulders, expansive chest and sinewy arms betokened strength and endurance. His face was slightly ruddied by the action of the sun and a case-bottle whose neck projected from a side pocket in his sporting-jacket. Every few minutes he gave an impatient pull at the reins, as if he would intimate to the horse that a little game-spirit would be highly appreciated, and that the driver would like to have the pleasure of playing him for a mile or so like a seven-pound pickerel; all of which blandishments were lost upon the animal, who kept on his way at the same patriarchal pace he started with. The other occupant of the wagon was a young man with a very long body, very long legs, and a flabby, round, colorless kind of a face, which had that peculiar expression familiarly known by the appellation of 'wo-begone.' Over the back of the wagon a number of poles, nets, etc., projected, like the boom of a schooner; and a pair of boots swinging beside them, partly covered with a patched pair of satinet pantaloons, indicated that the body of a boy was probably concealed in the straw which littered the bottom of the vehicle. The sun had nearly reached the meridian, yet had they been travelling since day-break, and seven miles only had been accomplished. At last the sound of a water-mill was heard in the stillness of the pine forest, and soon they came in sight of a sheet of water mosaicked with the broad leaves of lilies; the white flowers,

'Like stars soft floating in the billowy blue.'

'The joining of poles, the whirr and rattle of reels, the bending-on of leaders and hooks, and the adjustment of sinkers and floats, was soon completed. A scow which had been moored to a neighboring wharf enabled them to gain the centre of the lakelet; the sun shone with intolerable brightness, and the fish were—nowhere! Hours had passed, and no fish; not even an encouraging bite rewarded their perseverence. At last the pangs of hunger ('eldest, strongest of the passions,') intimated that something must be done to satisfy the cravings of the inner man: then despatched they the boy to make inquiries. Not far from the pond stood a cottage,

whose windows, adorned with strings of dried cayenne-pods, rusty jews-harps, papers of pins, fly-spotted festoons of faded tape, and skeins of thread, damp-looking candies in topless jars, and cases of old ginger-cakes, of a pale and bilious complexion, gave fearful indications of a 'country store.'

'There was a little pinched-up face peering through the door-way as JOEY came up; one of those faces peculiar to places situated in the vicinity of a 'salt-ma'sh.' It seemed as if the features had become impregnated with the saline effluvia, so dried and withered were they. Around the face was tied a little yellow-white cap; it might have been a night-cap, or a day-cap, or both; and on the tip-end of the nose a pair of plated spectacles hung suspended: the silver was nearly all gone; they were decidedly antiques; but the eyes within were as sharp and new as if they had just been made by some cunning jeweller and inserted that moment in their little orbits. There was a dun-colored calico gown belonging to the face, with a black bombazet apron in front; one of the hands held a snuff-box, and the other the lower half of the door.

''Can you give us dinner, Ma'am?' said JOE.

''Waäl, I guess not,' said the woman.

''We won't be particular, if you can give us something to eat; and as there is no other house within hail, we do n't know what to do unless you will be so kind,' said JOE, insinuatingly.

''Waäl, I 'll try,' said she; 'come back in abeout tew hours, and I guess we can give you *so'thin'*, any way. Three on you?'

''Yes, Ma'am.'

'At the appointed hour the fishermen were on the spot, and the dinner was ready. *Imprimis:* a plate of boiled salt-beef; *secundo:* a platter of boiled beans, each particular bean being as large as a pea-nut and twice as hard; then there was a round bowl of brown sugar, and a yellow tea-pot of tea, and some fresh ginger-bread, and some damp bread, and some dry salt butter. The eldest of the two men had been endeavoring to make an impression upon the beef with the carving-knife, but in vain. 'Madam,' said he, (and the big drops stood upon his brow,) 'have you any thing that will cut this beef?'

''Here 's a shoe-maker's knife; we du make eout best with that, sometimes,' said Madam SALINA.

'With this new weapon the attack was re-commenced, the outworks were fairly carried, and the beef ''gin in.'

''How much do you intend to charge, Ma'am, for this dinner?' said the spokesman.

''That depends upon heow much you eat.' (A pause.)

''Pray, Madam, may I ask what you paid for this beef?'

''Waäl, I think I paid ten dollars a bar'l for it.'

''Ten dollars!—is it possible! What a shave! Why, they only ask seven, at the most,' said PISCATOR.

''That mought be,' said SALINA; 'I bought that beef mor'n three years ago, and I ruther guess it was higher then than it is neow.'

'After a serious attack upon the viands, followed by copious libations of tea, they rose to depart.

''Hostess, what must we disburse to remunerate you for the sumptuous banquet you have provided for us?'

'' Heŏw?' said SALINA.

'' What is the gross sum that we owe you? How much to pay?'

'' Waăl, I guess three shillin's won't be tew much.'

'' For each?'

'' No, for all.'

'' Cheap enough, in all conscience! We bid you farewell, Madam.' And so they wended their way homeward, sadder but wiser men.

'' And the perch?' says the reader.

'Oh! —— *the fish* we caught?

'' THE space between the *ideal* of man's soul
And man's *achievement*, who hath ever past?
An ocean spreads between us and that goal,
Where anchor ne'er was cast!''

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Several years since, while spending at Auburn a pleasant season with our old friend Mr. SEWARD, previous to his assumption of the 'gubernatŏrial'* honors of the State, he made us the grateful recipient of a very rare book, a huge quarto, entirely in manuscript, written in the quaintest English, and crowded with irrefragable proofs of its great antiquity; to say nothing of the yellow time-stained pages and brown-black ink. It was not written before the invention of printing, but it was undoubtedly copied at a time when it was far cheaper to write than to print a book. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the writing. It is clear, even, and so close that types themselves could not surpass it in compression. The book is entitled '*The Whole Medicinall and Chymicall Works of Petrus Poterius, of Anjou, Counsellor and Physician of the most Christian King;*' a learned and eccentric 'ancient,' as we shall from time to time endeavor to set forth. At this present, we shall instance some of his wonderful cures, a few of which are thus designated: 'Of a Rare and Unusuall Distemper;' 'of an Ardent and Contumacious two-fold Tertain Fever, greatly to be deplored;' 'of a Notable and Malignant Squinancy (what in the name of GALEN is a '*Squinancy?*') long time inveterated;' 'of a Cruell and Portentious kind of Disease, and that deplorable;' 'of a Contumacious wilde Humour, luxuriant about the Face;' 'of an Admirable Vehement kind of Disease, not heard of before, and of a notable Malignancy, vexing the patient above nine moneths beyond strength, and accounted incurable;' 'of a great Bouncho on the Back of an Olde Woman together with the Paines thereof taken away,' etc., etc. These, and a hundred other kindred maladies, equally specific in their designation, were cured by the use of 'PETRUS POTERIUS, his medicaments, tymously applied.' In rare cases, however, he seems rather to shirk disclosure of his *modus-operandi*. Thus of one patient he says: 'He had implored the help of all other physicians in vain; but after he had taken from us three or four times a medicine out of three animals, he became well. We shall elsewhere annexe to others a description of this remedy. Also seek in our book fore-cited for this most excellent medicament.' We remark, however, that sometimes his patients were a little forgetful of the great benefits received at his hands. He mentions especially one, who, twelve years after be-

* WHERE did that clumsy word 'take its rise?' It reminds us of the Dutch-English of 'Old SPEAKER,' of the Mohawk, in which, at the table of Governor YATES, in Albany, he gave expression to his opinion as to the ingredients of Hock wine.

ing cured, his malady recurring again, he 'consulted other physicians, from whom he got his death, instead of health:' 'Toward his end, indeed,' says the great leech, in the bitterness of his wounded pride, 'he did much desire to consult me; but seeing I had observed him little mindful of the by-past benefit, I thought it best to leave him to die in their hands.' Rather sharp practice, that, for a truly benevolent and conscientious practitioner. Among other cases which the old-time Doctor 'meditated to put in write' is the following '*Of a Suddenne Death*,' which will afford the reader a taste of his style:

'It is not good for a good and wise man alwayes to follow prosperous and fortunat thinges; but it is oftimes convenient for him to meditat on sad thinges, and such as are unpleasaunt; especially for this, lest his tranquillity be chaunged by some event of nature. Now it becometh an honest physician to be far from such disquietnesse; for his eyes being fixed in very much peace, he liveth sound in mind and body. Some few dayes agone, amongst many thinges unpleasaunt to us, yea, very hurtfull to our condition, I was called to visit a gentleman, ALBERTUS SLONFUS by name, a German marshand, of sixty-and-seven years of age; and when I did ask him what ailed him, he answered that he felt no ill at that present, but that on the night by-past he was sore troubled with a stopping of the ventericle, but was to rise presently and be well. Now he layed the blame of his malady on the old wine he had drunken at supper last, which he said was pleasaunt to his palat, and very good; wherefore he sends me his servant into his wine-cellar to bring me therefrom some of this pure wine to tast. The servant going thither, he tells us some pleasaunt thinges, and with a cheerful countenance, muttering some few thinges, he expires. His death indeed to him was happy, seeing he dyed without pain and grief, but to us most grievous, seeing we loved him very much, both in regard of his friendship, as also for his integrity of life. What if he had taken a syropo of wormwood, or other very light thinges of that kinde? What if he had smelled any chymicall thinges? Would not the viperous tongues of them that envie us, armed with the venome of envie, have bawled aloud against us and our medicaments?'

Undoubtedly they would; for such has been the fate of the successful follower of GALEN and HIPPOCRATES even unto this day. In the description of '*A Straunge and not Observed kinde of Paine in the Face*' the reader who has ever been troubled with 'Tic-Doloreux' will doubtless recognize that 'rare and admirable kind of malady,' so 'greatly to be deplored,' if one may judge from the 'lamentations' of those who have had it:

'In curing, we dayly find many new diseases, and such as are not observed by any man; among which a wonderful pain in the face, without any tumor, redness, or any other evident sygne, recurring by course, and with such fierceness vexing that part of the face affected that they who are assaulted therewith are forced to break forth into lamentation and tears. In some it continueth two or three moneths, in others eight or fifteen dayes; in some it evanisheth in a shorter space of time; it vexeth others the space of an hour, or quarter of an hour; in some it hapneth in the spring, in others in the summer, and some in the winter, and for the most part in seasons that be not wet; for the more the season be dry, it is the more fierce.'

We shall perhaps have occasion hereafter to speak of the quaint and curious expositions contained in 'HENRICUS DE BATSDORFF'S HERMUDORUS'S 'Filum Ariadnes,' or 'New Discourse of the Horrible and Deceitfull Strayinges of the Alchymysts,' ('English 1640,') in JOHN DASTIN'S 'Donum Dei,' in the 'Excogitations of BERNARDUS G. PENOTUS, and the 'First Book of the Secrets of JOANNES JACOBUS WECKERUS;' all of which come within the scope of old POTERIUS'S pages. . . . OUR friend Judge EDMONDS, who, amid all his dry labors, relishes a joke as well as another, tells some pleasant stories of incidents which sometimes occur on his country circuits. Among them is one connected with the temperance cause, which two or three years ago disturbed the State and agitated all classes by reason of the submission to the ballot-box of the question whether any licenses to sell liquors should be granted. The Judge was holding court in the country at the time the vote was taken, and for a week or two afterward, and looked on with a curious eye to see how the matter worked. He observed especially the fact, that the strongest vote against licenses was generally given in those towns where there was the most drinking, and that in these towns, and indeed generally, persons who had been in the habit of drinking, now drank harder

than ever, apparently out of spite, and to show that they *could* drink if they pleased, and *would*, law or no law. He therefore remarked that he never saw so many drunken men in his life. When he landed from the steam-boat, the men who ferried him over the river were drunk; when he left the small boat, the man who took him up into the village kept his horses on the run, and, drunk as a lord, prided himself on driving within a few inches of the edge of the road without precipitating his load a hundred feet down a ravine. Every body, in short, seemed to be intoxicated; witnesses and parties came into court half-seas over. One witness fell his full length when leaving the stand; another got asleep in court, rolled off the benches, and had to be carried out of the room; and another was so 'blasted jolly,' as he called it, that he could not give his testimony in a sober word at all. One afternoon of a delightful day, early in the season, after the court had adjourned, the Judge was sitting on the porch of his hotel, with several gentlemen around him, whose attention he was calling to the number of drunken men then within sight; and he and they were speculating upon the effect of the law, and upon the odd sort of feeling which had produced such a result, when a man came up to them most particularly 'blue.' He had some business with one of the party, and boozy as he was, showed that he was a smart, shrewd fellow, and withal fond of fun. When he had got through his business, the Judge said to him: 'I suspect, my friend, you did n't vote on the 'No-License' side, this election.' 'Did n't I, by ——?' was the reply; 'yes I *did*, though, I tell you.' 'You did?' inquired the Judge; 'how did that happen?' 'Why, Judge, I 'll tell you what it is,' hiccupped the fellow, 'I 'm a pretty likely man when I let liquor alone; it 's only when I get rum aboard of me that I make a d——d fool of myself.' 'Well, why do n't you let it alone, then?' 'Oh! you see, Judge, that 's easier said than done. When I 'm any wheres where it is, I must have it; so I voted to shut 'em all up.' 'It 's a great pity,' said the Judge, 'for so shrewd and intelligent a man as you seem to be, to have acquired such a habit. What has done it?' 'Oh! you see, Judge, I was constable five or six years, and then deputy-sheriff three years, and then sheriff three years, and then constable again; and so I 've been about a good deal among the boys, and got to drinking, and now I can 't stop. Judge, I 'll tell you what,' he continued, with an apparent change of the subject that no one could account for, 'I am the universal horse-doctor down in the Highlands, where I live, and if any body's horse gets sick, they come to me. The other day a fellow came to me and said his horse was sick. I asked him what was the matter with his horse? He said he would n't drink, and he asked me what he should do to make him drink. I told him to elect him constable, by thunder! — he 'd drink *then* fast enough! I 'd *tried* it, you see, and knew!' There is a moral of wise import involved in the foregoing anecdote, reader, if you will but seek it out. . . . It is amusing enough to remark the ignorance of town-bred children of the commonest matters of country life. A friend tells us that a little girl from the metropolis, who had visited a country town not a thousand miles from New-York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl milking a cow. 'I did n't know that you did it *that* way!' she exclaimed, with 'round-eyed wonder;' 'I thought they took hold of the cow's tail and pumped the milk out of her! What 's she got so long a tail for?' *There* was a wise child for this 'enlightened nineteenth century!' . . . '*The Southern Literary Gazette*' is the title of a well-conducted quarto journal, quite in the form and style of the old New-York Mirror,' issued once a week at Athens, Georgia, by the editor and proprietor, William C. Richards, Esq., whose editorship of the '*Orion*' monthly magazine

reflected so much credit upon his taste and judgment. The 'Gazette' bids fair to do much toward extending the literature of the South. We hope often to hear through its columns from Mr. LEGARE and Mr. JACKSON. Both these gentlemen are true poets. Their verse is quite a refreshing exception to the 'words, words' which have passed for 'poetry,' and which were at one time 'indigenous voluminously' from certain prolific sources in that region. The 'Gazette' has our warmest wishes for its success. . . . SOME unwise people, in relating an anecdote or telling a story, have the bad taste to claim an acquaintance with the parties mentioned; to give a *locale* to the alleged scene; and to have witnessed all they describe. In using the 'long-bow' they pull the string to their ear, without thought of its cracking. When the story happens, however, as is not unfrequently the case, to be an old one, and told of other persons in a different locality, it places the narrator in rather an 'awkward fix.' We heard this propensity adroitly rebuked one day. 'You say,' said a by-stander, 'that you *saw* this transaction?' 'Yes, I saw it myself.' 'You would hardly *believe* it if you *had n't* seen it, would you?' 'No, I should not.' 'Humph! — *I did n't see it!*' The racconteur seemed to think there was a double meaning in 'the remark of the gentleman who spoke last!' . . . THE '*Thoughts at Greenwood*' have been anticipated by a previous article in the KNICKERBOCKER, with the exception of the remarks upon that half-crazed, good-natured, warm-hearted child of misfortune and fitful genius, MACDONALD CLARKE. Poor 'MAC!' Well do we remember him; well do we remember his last day on earth. Standing at the corner of ST. PAUL'S churchyard, with his blue cape-coat and big silver-headed cane, his unprotected head exposed to the sleet and rain; unfriended, crazed, dying; it seemed as if another LEAR was before us. And 't is no wonder that his senses and his life departed that day in company. Glimpses of light often shone through the rifts of the poor bard's shattered mind. He spoke felicitously of the lamented BRAINERD in these lines:

'SOME spirits are too strong for earth;
They cannot brook their chains of clay;
But almost from their very birth
Struggle to rise and flee away.

'The silent lightning has a power
As deep upon the sultry air
As that whose torch illumes the hour
When the stern thunder's voice is there:

'And thus it was with his still name;
A quiet energy it bore;
He was too great to follow Fame,
And envied not the wreath she wore.'

Many of his poems breathe true sensibility and tenderness. We might instance the lines to 'The Lame Girl,' 'The Old Maid,' and those touching verses 'To my Mother:'

'SHE bade them draw her chair
To the window, opening on the west;
The clouded sun was sinking there
Into his gloomy rest.
The dead leaves in his pallid light
Were trembling to the mournful wind;
It was a solemn sight
To see the dreary branches thinned
That lately were so thick and gay;
The faded features sadly bent
On the waning light and the withered scene;
Like them she too was passing away,
Her fresh hopes seared — rich visions spent;
Her morning, so serene,
Darkened before its summer noon.'

And so leading us on to the melancholy catastrophe. His lines to BYRON are very fine:

'HIS hour of triumph came too fast;
Unlike the shadowed step of morn,
Fame's sudden sunrise o'er him cast
Glory too bright for woman born;
Ere he could veil his startled heart
The lightning scorched its purer part.'

Again we say, 'Poor MAC!' While he was living he 'asked for bread' often in vain; when he was dead, they 'gave him a stone,' the price of which would have smoothed his pathway to an early grave. But it matters not now. 'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. Nothing can touch him further.' . . . WE could wish that every perking, inquisitive, mischief-making old maid, or 'benign cerulean' of kindred propensities, would oblige us and benefit themselves by reading the accompanying anecdote, 'tacked on' to a business-letter just received from 'down east:' 'A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady in this village received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: 'I 've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Dr. C ——. Now if folks inquire ag'in whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I *think?*' 'Tell them,' answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblinking steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, 'tell them that you *think* you do n't know, and that you are *sure* it is none of your business!' . . . WE learn by private letter from London, from a source than which none other could be more authentic, that Sir E. LYTTON BULWER has in press a novel entitled '*Harold, or the last of the Saxon Kings,*' for which the author has received a larger sum than for any other of his works hitherto given to the world. Mr. BULWER has just lost an only daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl, admired and loved by all who knew her. He has but one son living, who is in delicate health, and it is thought may not long survive his sister. . . . JOHN SMITH — we mention this gentleman's cognomen with some reluctance, for the reason that there are *two* persons of the same name in Gotham — JOHN SMITH was returning to town on one occasion about midnight, in a dark snow-storm. He was 'full of new wine,' and was quite unable, after riding for an hour, to find his own dwelling; but he drove up to a house which he thought must be at least in his neighborhood, and almost wrenched the bell-pull off with his hurried and repeated ringings. At length a neighbor's head peered from an upper window: 'What do you want, down there?' said not the best-natured voice in the world; 'what the d——l do you *want?* — ringing the bell as if the house was a-fire! *What do you want?*' 'Can you tell me where JOHN SMITH lives?' 'J-O-H-N S-M-I-TH!?' answered the recognizing neighbor, with a kind of exclamatory interrogation; 'why, *you* are JOHN SMITH, yourself!' 'I know *that*, as well as *you* do,' hiccupped JOHN, 'but I do n't know where I live! — wan' to know *w-h-e-r-e I l-i-v-e!*' Somebody show'd him. . . . WE have always thought that a man who had an unhandsome cognomen had a perfect right to have it changed; and we have looked upon all applications to the legislature, in aid of such a purpose, as worthy of especial heed by our State law-makers. A new excuse, however, for a petition of this sort was recently urged, as we are informed, before the Maine Legislature, by a man whose name was as bad as his personal credit. In presenting his petition, he said that he was not very particular as to the new name which he trusted might

be awarded him, but he hoped the Legislature would give him one that *would go at the banks!* 'The bill,' in the language of the record, 'was laid upon the table.' . . . CARLYLE says somewhere, that at one time Nature was universally supposed to be dead; an old eight-day clock, made many thousand years ago, and still ticking, but dead as brass; which the Maker sat looking at in a distant, singular, and indeed incredible manner. Speaking of nature: that is an admirable-enough passage of a modern writer on this theme: 'Nature's alphabet is made up of only four letters: wood, water, rock and soil; and yet with these four letters she forms such wondrous compositions, such infinite combinations, as no language with twenty-four letters can describe. Nature never grows old; she speaks now as ever; she has no provincialisms. The lark carols the same song, in the same key, as when ADAM turned his delighted ear to catch the strain; the owl still hoots in b-flat, yet loves the note, and screams through no other octave; the stormy-petrel as much delighted to sport among the first waves the Indian Ocean ever raised as it does now. Birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs when ISAAC went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, as they will two thousand years hence, if the world does not break her harness from the orb of day. The sun is as bright as when LOT entered the little city of Zoar. The diamond and the onyx and the topaz of Ethiopia are still as splendid, and the vulture's eye as fierce, as when JOB took up his parable. In short, Nature's pendulum has never altered its strokes.' . . . Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON, of the world-renowned 'Park,' after nearly half a century spent in contributing, as Manager of the first Theatre on the American continent, to the gratification of the play-going public, has retired from the management of the Park-Theatre. As a gentleman of strict integrity, who has done his best for the public, lavishing his energies and his means in their behalf, Mr. SIMPSON has strong claims upon the general gratitude of the metropolis; and of this we trust he may at the proper time receive appropriate and substantial evidence. . . . WE like this satire upon public dinner-speeches on private social occasions: 'Gentlemen, I am but an humble individual myself, and I perhaps ought to apologize for allowing any individual feelings of friendship and affection for the person I allude to, to induce me to venture to rise, to propose the health of that person; a person that I am sure — that is to say, a person whose virtues must endear him to those who know him — and those who have not the pleasure of knowing him, cannot dislike him. Gentlemen, my cousin is a man who is a relation of my own; ('Hear! hear!') who I am most happy to see here, and who, if he were not here, would certainly have deprived us of the great pleasure we all feel in seeing him. (*Loud cries of 'Hear!'*) Gentlemen, I feel that I have already trespassed on your attention for too long a time. With every feeling of — of — with every sentiment of — (*'gratification,'* suggested a friend) 'of gratification, I beg to propose the health of' — and-so-forth. . . . 'ONE of the first summer luxuries I seek, on arriving in New-York,' said a friend from the interior to us the other day, 'is a visit to Dr. RABINEAU'S superb Salt-water Baths at Castle-Garden. Say what you will, there is nothing in fresh water like the invigorating influence of the pure, renovating ocean-brine. I feel like a new man when I come out; and in a *very* hot day, I feel almost 'translated.'' Strong language this, but 'justified by the facts of the case, both in the instance of the senior RABINEAU, and of his son, whose hot and cold salt water baths at the foot of Desbrosses-street, North River, and excellent Croton baths at the Astor-House, need no commendation of ours, nor of any body else. They not only speak but *act* for themselves, in a manner 'beyond praise.' . . . MADAME MALAPROP herself,

in the misapplication of language, hardly exceeded a certain Deacon L —— of Maine, who, speaking the other day of his early years, remarked that although he was a boy when the American revolution commenced, yet he remembered all about it, having received his information from his father, who kept the run of public affairs, being a '*warm libertine!*' The same man called one day upon a lawyer, in great anger, to get him to commence a suit against a neighbor. The lawyer advised him to try once more to settle the matter. 'Well, Squire,' said the determined complainant, 'I *will* call on him once more; but if he don't pay up I shall insist upon your taking *corrosive* measures forthwith.' Not so bad a mistake after all; for as a general thing, law is 'corrosive' enough. . . . 'M. C.' of New-Orleans is not the only reader who is 'delighted to welcome once more the feeling, thoughtful and eloquent '*Saint Leger Papers.*'' They are received with the cordiality of a friend returned after a long absence; and if we may be permitted to speak of articles in our pages, we must say, that they *deserve* the warm greeting which their renewal has elicited . . . We have no word of consolation to offer, that we could hope to be effective, to the '*Bereaved Mother*' whose touching letter lies before us. God hath 'given her beloved sleep,' and its innocent life has exhaled to Heaven. Yet *there*, let her remember:

'There when life's brief voyage is o'er,
When this narrow sea is crossed,
When the elements recover
All of thee that may be lost;
There the dear one gone before thee
Through those portals, thou shall meet,
Softer skies shall hover o'er thee,
Brighter flowers shall bless thy feet.

'There those starry realms of pleasure
Thou hast seen so dimly here,
All of thought's unfading treasure
In their fulness shall appear;
All the secrets of the ocean,
All the mysteries on high,
Light and magnitude and motion,
All the colors of the sky.'

Yes, there is another and a better land, 'where sorrow is never known and friends are never parted.' . . . 'You should hear him converse,' one often hears said, in relation to that sort of voluble people whom it is most pleasant to meet *once;* 'you should hear him *converse;* he has such a flow of language; he is never at a loss for *words.*' In nine cases out of ten, this is the best definition of a bore. A friend, in reference to a remark of ours to this effect, mentioned to us a person who was somewhat famous for his habitual use of 'tall words' and high-sounding, learned phrases, who removed into the interior among an illiterate population. An acquaintance, commiserating his isolated condition, asked him if he did not suffer for the companionship of congenial minds? 'Oh! immensely!' he replied; 'you'll scarcely believe me, but since I have lived in this wilderness I've lost the use of more than one hundred and fifty of the very best words I know!' He had forgotten, or never knew the true definition of language, as described in Webster's Spelling-Book: 'the expression of *ideas* by articulate sounds.' . . . We have 'smiled a still smile' sometimes, when thinking of Hackett's whimsical direction to a Dutchman's dwelling: 'Go down dat road dere, till you comes to de barn close 'pon de house dat 's always standin' dere by dat little yaller dog!' A similar instance of placing effect before cause was exhibited, when after long and profound cogitation, a solemn philosopher announced as the result of his deliberate reflections, that it was a remarkable evidence of the goodness of Providence, that great rivers always ran by great towns! It was the same 'great scientificker,' who explained the phenomena of expansion by heat and contraction by cold with the irrefragable illustration, that in summer, when it was hot, the days stretched out very long, but in winter, when it was cold, they contracted until they become very short indeed! . . . Here is a quaint tradition connected with the history of St. Fiacre,' the tutelary deity of hackney-coaches, imprynted at London by

WYNKYN DE WORDE in a 'littel boke' called 'Legenda Aurea,' or Golden Legend; 'forlyke as golde passeth all other metales, so this boke exceedeth all other bokes.' He was a favorite of heaven, as is quite manifest from the following anecdote: 'He sate on a stone moche thoughtfull and wroth, wherefore, yf our LORD had before shewed grete myracles by him, yet greter and more mervaylous myracle was made for him, for the stone whereon he sate by the wyll of GOD wexed and became soft as a pylowe, to the ende that it sholde be more able and ease for hym to syt on, and it was caved somewhat as a pyt there as he sat on. And for testyfycacyon and profe of this myracle, the sayd stone is as yet kipte within his chirche, and many seke folk have been, and are dayly heled there of dyverse sekenesses, onely to touche, and to have touched the sayd stone.' Quaint, is n't it? . . . WE are glad to learn that the interesting '*Letters from Para*,' selections from which appeared in this Magazine, and gave great satisfaction to our readers, have been accepted by BENTLEY, of London, in whose 'Magazine' they are now appearing, previous to their publication by him in volumes. We congratulate our friend and correspondent upon finding a liberal and appreciative publisher, who will give to his spirited sketches a wide circulation. . . . AN old and esteemed friend, 'J. T. S.,' sometimes amuses himself by sending letters to his friends through the post-office with long poetical superscriptions. He read us several which were capital. Perhaps he may 'take the hint,' and *send* us some specimens. We remember one that was despatched years ago to a young lady 'down east' which has always struck us as a model in this sort of thing:

'SWIFT as the dove your course pursue,
Let nought your speed restrain,
Until you reach Miss LUCY DREW,
In Newfield, state of Maine.'

A welcome correspondent, from whom our readers will hear more at large hereafter, sends us the subjoined lines, as an address on a letter which he recently despatched through the post-office to a well-known virtuoso:

'IN a very good house, not far from 'the Swamp,'
Lives a merry old gentleman, funny and frank,
JOHN A his name, Vandewater the street,
Seventeen is the number, and there you will meet
The prince of good fellows. He 's buckish and bookish,
Though some of his '*guns*' may be called rather 'rookish;'
He 's good at a joke, and none loves one better,
So find him out quick, and deliver this letter.
If *he 's* not at home, then give it his daughter.
And 'tell her I love her' — I wish I had caught her!
No lady is sweeter, or better or brighter,
But more I won't say, for fear I should fright her.
Then presto! away! — fly quick as a whistle,
And deliver to either this funny epistle.'

It may be well to explain, in reference to the foregoing, that a highly-illustrated book is called a 'great gun,' and an indifferent one a 'rook.' . . . WE have omitted until now to announce the recent purchase, by WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq., of the '*Albion*' weekly journal; a gazette which for more than a quarter of a century has been published in this city, with JOHN S. BARTLETT, Esq. as its editor and proprietor. The late editor takes leave of his readers in an address replete with deep feeling; indeed parts of it seem almost to sob with the emotion of the editor at resigning duties so long, so ably, and so acceptably sustained. His relations with the American press have always been amicable, while he has upheld, as was incumbent upon him, the interests of his country and countrymen. We receive his graceful farewell with unfeigned regret. He retires however with an ample fortune, and the best wishes of his contemporaries, and the public at large. Mr. YOUNG, who is a gentleman of fine education and emi-

nent literary capabilities, sustains the duties of his new position in a manner that must leave little to be desired by the readers of his journal, who, we are glad to learn, were never more numerous than at present. The '*Albion*' has our cordial good wishes for the continued success which it is evident it will not fail to deserve, and which therefore it must needs command. . . . A SIX-FOOT yankee, who was suddenly smitten with a love of learning, and determined 'to get him an education,' applied to a collegian so far to aid him in his endeavors as to hear his recitations. One day he made his appearance, and desired his instructor to remove a formidable difficulty which he had encountered. 'Here is a rule I do not understand,' said he. 'What is it?' inquired his friend.' 'Why this: '*A*, in the end of words, is long.' 'That seems plain enough, as it reads, does n't it?' 'Yes; I understand that *a* in the end of words is long; but *which* end does it mean?' . . . 'THE Pope,' says a learned and eloquent friend, 'is the key-stone of despotism; when he moves from his place, the fabric falls!' VOLTAIRE, in the life of LOUIS XIV., drily observes: 'The maxim of France is to regard him as a sacred but *enterprising* person, whose toe it is necessary to kiss, but whose hands it is sometimes proper to bind!' . . . AUDUBON, the great ornithologist, is about publishing a work entitled the '*Mammiferous Quadrupeds of America*,' in a style similar to his celebrated 'Birds of America.' It is a pleasure to reflect that these splendid volumes — scientific, artistic, and highly creditable in their literary department — are the productions of *an American*, and have not been equalled in the world. '*Apropos*' of birds: We heard recently a good story of an Irishman who had never seen any of the birds of America. 'The first feathered fowl,' said he, 'that ever I see, when I kem to Ameriky, was a forkintine, (porcupine.) I treed him under a haystack, and shot him with a barn-shovel. The first time I shot him, I missed him; the second time I shot him, I hit him in the same place where I missed him before!' . . . DR. CLARK, of Lansingburgh, favorably known to many of our citizens, has entered upon the occupancy of '*The Oceanic-House*' at Coney-Island, a first-class establishment, of great capacity, and possessing architectural attractions of no mean order. Nothing can exceed the extent and beauty of the ocean-view to be commanded from the hotel, while the sea-bathing, it is well known, cannot be matched in quality and safety on the Atlantic coast. With a table supplied with all that our markets can afford, wines of the best description, courteous attention, and invigorating sea-breezes, we can scarcely imagine a pleasanter spot wherein to defy the fervors of the summer solstice than the easily-accessible 'Oceanic-House' at Coney-Island. . . . WE have been favored with an account undeniably authentic, of the individual who, some years since, in the town of Boston, Massachusetts, smote Mr. WILLIAM PATTERSON, an Irish person, engaged at the time in a local *émeute*, arising out of circumstances connected with an extensive conflagration at that time raging in the metropolis of 'the Pilgrim Fathers.' So that in our next number we shall be enabled to solve a question of much importance, which has for a long time agitated the public mind! . . . WE are glad to be able to announce, that GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., late of 'WILEY AND PUTNAM,' will shortly commence the publication of a *New Uniform and Complete Edition of the Works of Washington Irving*, in twelve elegant duodecimo volumes, beautifully printed with new type, and on fine white linen paper, made expressly for the purpose. Each volume, neatly bound in cloth, will be sold at the low price of ten shillings. On the first of September the 'Sketch-Book' will appear; on the first of October, 'KNICKERBOCKER'S History of New-York,' and on the first of November, the 'Life and Voyages of COLUMBUS;' the succeeding works following on the first day of each month, until the whole shall be completed. '*The Il-*

lustrated Sketch-Book,' containing a series of highly-finished engravings on wood, from designs by DARLEY (who is without any superior in his line in this country, and whom we welcome cordially to Gotham) and others, engraved in the first style of art, by CHILDS, HERRICK, etc. It is to be an elegant volume in all respects; and what a gift-book it will be! The '*Illustrated Knickerbocker*,' with a series of original designs, is also in preparation. Mr. PUTNAM will likewise publish at intervals, in connection and uniform with Mr. IRVING's collected writings, his new works, now nearly ready for the press, including the 'Life of MOHAMMED,' 'Life of WASHINGTON,' with new volumes of Miscellanies, Biographies, etc. This complete edition of Mr. IRVING's works has long been demanded, and we rejoice that their speedy publication is at length a 'fixed fact.' . . . WE made a pleasant trip with the deservedly popular corps of '*Light Guards*,' the other day, to Bridgeport and Fairfield, Connecticut. The sail up the Sound was delightful, the company agreeable, the day matchless; as was also the dinner at the new and superb hotel of Mr. STEINBERGER and Captain BLACK, at Fairfield. Indeed, in all the appointments of a first-class hotel, we know not its equal in the neighborhood of the city; nor could the viands and imbibatory fluids of its table be surpassed 'here or elsewhere.' On their way up, the 'Light Guards' and their guests called by invitation at the country villa of Mr. BARNUM, where they were received, and shown through the different apartments of that unique and costly mansion. What with riding a high-vaulting Bucephalus some eight or nine miles, having an eye meanwhile to the caracoling steeds of the fair maidens who accompanied us, to say nothing of dancing on board, on our return, until far into the morning moonlight, (acts only to be palliated by the attractions of the ladies, and the inspiring music of LOTHIAN's Band,) after doing all this, being landed in town at the farthest jumping-off place, and walking some three miles to our home, at which we arrived at half-past two in the morning; after all this, probability slightly favors the conclusion that we were tired, and that we re-tired. Truth to say, we 'did n't do any thing else.' But 'Ioinboyld' the virtue of temperance! We write this at seven the same morning, with a head clear as a bell, the appetite of an anaconda, and the digestion of an ostrich. 'MARGERY, breakfast!' . . . THE '*Lines written on visiting Girard-College*' are unequal. Not a few of them however possess decided merit. Attest the following, touching the ages that will roll by, and the changes that will take place, while the vast structure of GIRARD shall stand firm in all its grand and graceful proportions:

'ALONG Palmyra's shades, where serpents hiss,
Or midst the ruins of Persepolis;
By Memphian tombs, where untold sovereigns lie,
By Zion's mount, with Siloa murmuring by;
By rolling Tiber, where the Roman car
With mimic splendor wrought the avenging war;
On the proud spot where genius loves to dwell,
Where TULLY triumphed and where CÆSAR fell;
Or where the pilgrim-feet of nations rove,
By Grecia's classic mounts and sacred grove;
I look for *one* proud temple that was reared,
And served the gods, the monstrous gods they feared!
Time shook their columns! one by one they fell,
And ruin only of their pride can tell.'

One who can write such verse as this should take time carefully to revise his effusions; the only thing which he requires to constitute him a clever poet. . . . A FRIEND at Cambridge, speaking of Dr. GILMAN's 'Dudleian Lecture on the Evidences of Revealed Religion,' delivered not long since at Harvard, says: 'It was a splendid, cogent, scholarly discourse. In it the speaker alluded to the 'Vestiges of Creation,' and doubted the alleged production of winged insects from pulverized flint-stone by electricity, on the ground that the experiment had never been successfully repeated.

A witty law-friend instantly whispered a 'demurrer;' 'for,' said he, 'the experiment has been made from time immemorial. Winged insects not produced from silicious stone! Why, the Doctor's beside himself! Always, when the flint is struck by steel, it makes the Fire-Fly!' The gentleman has since left Harvard!' . . . It was our intention to have spoken more at large of the *Pictures in the National Academy of Design;* but the lateness of the season and our crowded pages render this consummation perhaps unadvisable, certainly inconvenient. There were truthful pictures by Edmonds, a superb effort by Gray, one by Ingham, a capital sketch by Mount, another by Huntington, and pictures by several other artists, of which we desired especially to speak. Of the miniatures too we should have had something to say; those of Officer particularly, who is without a rival in his line of art. By-the-by, he has recently painted a picture which is as fine a thing as we ever saw on ivory. It is called '*Holy Eyes;*' and represents a beautiful female, unconscious of observation, seated, and looking upward with a most heavenly expression of countenance. There are no accessories; the artist having, with great good taste, permitted the picture to express its own sentiment. Miss Wagener and Mrs. Steele exhibit some excellent miniatures; and one by Mr. Hite of himself has been much praised (not as a likeness, for likeness it is none, but for its position and coloring) by persons who were not aware that it is a copy of Sir Martin Arthur Shea's portrait of Thomas Moore, which was copied by Mr. Saunders, the eminent miniature-painter, while in London, and which is now in this city. Of the male portraits in the exhibition, Elliott carries away the palm by acclamation. But Elliott paints female heads with equal delicacy and truth. He has two or three at present upon his easel, which will bear honorable comparison with any similar portraits ever produced in this city. . . . We shall publish, we think, the '*Reminiscence of Lorenzo Dow;*' certainly, if the same thing has not before appeared in print. A Shaker friend at Hancock told us recently that he saw Lorenzo Dow 'walking among the tombs,' alone, and muttering to himself, early one morning, in the principal grave-yard of a village in Connecticut. He soon collected a great number of lookers-on, when he mounted the stone-wall and exclaimed in his peculiar voice: 'One year from this day I shall preach on this spot at six o'clock in the morning. And I want you to know that when I *say* six, I *mean* six; I don't mean seven, nor eight.' Of course, the news of this appointment soon spread through all the region of country round about.' Just twelve months from that day, at precisely six in the morning, and in presence of more than twenty thousand people, Lorenzo rose from the long rank grass of the grave-yard, where he had been sleeping, mounted the wall, and preached a fantastic, quaint, yet eloquent discourse, 'which will never be forgotten,' said our informant, 'by any who heard it.' . . . '*The Orators of the American Revolution,*' by Rev. E. L. Magoon, of Cincinnati, is in the press of Messrs. Baker and Scribner. It will contain, beside the eloquent initial paper of the present number, kindred sketches, entitled as follows: 'James Otis, Orator of Intrepid Passion; Samuel Adams, last of the Puritans; Josiah Quincy, Orator of Refined Enthusiasm; John Hancock, Dignified Cavalier of Liberty; Joseph Warren, Type of our Martial Eloquence; John Adams, Orator of blended Enthusiasm and Sobriety; Patrick Henry, the Incarnation of Revolutionary Zeal; Richard Henry Lee, the Polished Statesman; Fisher Ames, Orator of Genius and Elaborate Beauty; William Pinckney, the accomplished Counsellor; William Wirt, the Elegant Advocate; Thomas Addis Emmet, the Orator of Deep Feeling; and John Randolph, the Impersonation of Sarcasm.' We shall have occasion to speak more at large of this volume when it is

given to the public.' . . . The 'yarn' entitled '*A Tale of the Sea*' we suspect to be the production of what the sailors call a 'land-lubber.' 'What a fall was *there*, my countrymen!' when the man, in cutting away the rigging, 'dropped from the mast-head upon the deck, while the ship was lying on her *beam-ends!*' . . . If our town-readers wish to take a look at '*Old Rough-and-Ready*,' they should step into Messrs. Williams and Stevens's, in Broadway, near Leonard-street, and peruse Beard's picture of that distinguished general. . . . Peace!—We hail at last with gratitude the advent of the white-winged messenger. Long may her pinions be outspread over a happy people! The sword hangs against the wall as a memento of *the Past;* the glittering sword, but now wet with human blood, reposes harmlessly in its scabbard. The heavy cloud of war has rolled from the bosom of the fair earth, and again the landscape smiles in the serene atmosphere. Fathers, brothers, husbands once more seek their peaceful fire-sides:

'O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed; and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats! Home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plunderings of the field;
The city-gates fly open of themselves;
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onward
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O, happy man! O, fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open—
The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing!'

Our next number will be enriched by an article from the pen of an esteemed contributor, containing among other matters of rare interest and value, an original letter, with poetry, addressed by Robert Burns to Mr. Peter Hill, bookseller, Edinburgh. Hill appears to have been 'a clever fellow,' and one of the better order of 'the trade.' Allan Cunningham has given several letters of Burns to him, but none of them possess the interest of the one to which we have alluded. Burns sometimes exhibited a little pedantry in his letters, but there is nothing of the sort in this. There is a characteristic of Burns which strikes one in reading his letters; and that is, the cordial courtesy of his language in addressing his friends. How much they err who attribute true gentility only to the silver-spoon-fed sons and daughters of affluence! Nature's nobility needs no such 'guinea-stamp' to give it dignity and value. By-the-by, a friend and correspondent, on reading the letter in question, took from a well-guarded receptacle a pair of silver-mounted sleeve-buttons, of Scotch agate, which had been worn for several years by Burns, and which were given by him at Dumfries to John Roberts, engraver, who is named in Burns's published letters as the illustrator of several of his songs. He left with the father of our informant, previous to making a tour into the interior, from which he never returned, a small trunk, enjoining, in case of his death, (an event which, being in ill-health, he had some reason to anticipate,) the destruction of the letters which, among other things, it contained. Among these letters were some twenty from Robert Burns, all of which were unfortunately committed to the flames! Time had not then sanctified his great genius; and beside, good faith in fulfilling the last request of his friend was held paramount to all other considerations. . . . Messrs. Taber and Bagley, the former from Boston and the

latter from Philadelphia, with GEORGE A. THOMAS for their superintendent, have taken the *American Hotel*, which has recently been completely renovated from top to bottom, and furnished with entirely new and elegant furniture throughout. The excellent manner in which this hotel is kept and its admirable location must always make it a favorite house with the public. . . . WE see in some of the journals an advertisement of an '*Œconomical Health Institute.*' It promises 'cheap food; inmates combed, kept clear of vermin, and bathed twice a month in the summer season.' Luxurious 'Institute!' . . . THE best edition of '*Dombey and Son*' that has appeared in America is that published by Mr. JOHN WILEY. The printing is good, the paper is good, the binding is good; and the illustrations are good fac-similes of the English engravings. . . . How the 'kindly fruits of the earth' are advancing to perfection, 'so that in due time we may enjoy them!' And if

> —'any one knows
> Where oats, peas, beans and barley 'grows'!'

more luxuriously than in the counties of this State bordering on Massachusetts, 'let them now declare it, or hereafter forever hold their peace.' The same wind which

> 'LIFTS the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
> Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven,'

rolls long, undulating, deep-green waves over fields 'thick with heavy grains.' Beautiful sight! . . . THANKS for 'P.'s epistle. The 'private anecdote' was *not* new to us, although almost 'as good as new.' It was first told us by our friend F——, of the Buffalo '*Daily Commercial Advertiser*;' and its recital awakened the echoes of Main-street with a guffaw such as we hope does not often 'undignify' that great thoroughfare. . . . WE deeply regret to learn the recent death at Manilla, Philippine Islands, of JOSIAH MOORE, Esq., of the eminent mercantile house of RUSSELL AND COMPANY, of which, at the time of his death, he was principal partner. Mr. MOORE, beside being distinguished as a merchant, was a man of fine literary talents. Several of his productions, admirable in all respects, have heretofore enlivened these pages. It seems but yesterday since we bade him farewell, as he was about to return home by the way of Boston. Mr. MOORE was an accomplished American gentleman, possessed of the noblest qualities. Two sisters survive him in this country; the gifted MRS. JAMES L. HEWITT, of this city, and MRS. OSGOOD, of Boston, who has recently sailed for Manilla with the motherless little daughter of the deceased. It will be a sad, sad termination to her long and tedious voyage. We offer to the bereaved relatives of the departed our warmest sympathy; indeed, to us it well-nigh seems, brief as was our intimacy, a personal loss. IF there be any reader who would test the justice of the praise heretofore awarded in these pages to the tasteful furniture and upholstery of the Messrs. MEEKS, let them step on board that most magnificent of American steamers, '*The Connecticut*,' and they will see such specimens of handiwork from that popular establishment as will put an end alike to doubt and argument. . . . THE death of Mr. THOMAS SNOWDEN, so long connected as part proprietor and cashier of the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' is an event deeply lamented by his numerous friends. He was a man of strict integrity, of great kindness of heart; a good citizen, a good husband, a tender parent, an unswerving friend. His funeral was attended by a very large concourse of citizens and friends. . . . WE must still claim the indulgence of publishers, authors, and correspondents. Late absence from town, and other causes, prevent the notice of several new books, pamphlets, etc., promised references to certain local matters, the acknowledgment of the receipt of many new communications, and the answering of not a few private letters. 'All and sundry' shall receive present attention.

'We regard it as the very best work of its kind in the Union.' — *St. Albans (Vt.) Journal.*

'The Knickerbocker was received with unfailing punctuality on the first of the month, which however is the least merit of this agreeable miscellany; for its contents are as invariably good as its appearance is punctual.' — William Cullen Bryant, in *the New-York Evening Post.*

'The last Knickerbocker is exceedingly good. There are no less than twenty-four original articles, and all of the *right sort*; some of them worthy of Blackwood's palmiest days. The *Editor's Table* is in Mr. Clark's happiest vein; varied and racy in a remarkable degree.'
New-York Commercial Advertiser.

'The Knickerbocker seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions unsurpassed in number or ability.' — *National Intelligencer.*

'The Knickerbocker is one of the most valuable Magazines of the day, and outstrips all competition in the higher walks of literature.' — *Albany Argus.*

'We have here an old and general favorite; one among the pioneers of the American periodical press; the venerable Knickerbocker. The 'Editor's Table' is always the most attractive portion of 'Old Knick.'s' monthly bill of fare — to us at least; and in the present number we have found it — more so!' — *New-York 'Gaz. and Times.'*

President Everett, of Harvard College, late Minister to England. — 'I peruse the Knickerbocker with high gratification. It seems to me of an order of merit quite above the average of the periodicals of this class, English or American.'

Hon. J. K. Paulding, late Secretary of the Navy. — 'The manner in which the Knickerbocker is conducted, and the great merit of its contributors, place it in the highest rank of periodicals.'

Prof. Longfellow, Cambridge University. — 'The Knickerbocker stands high in this quarter. It is superior to most of the English magazines, and well deserves its large list of subscribers.'

Hon. Robert M. Charlton, Georgia. — The Knickerbocker is a work which requires no puffing; and I shall always feel that I am conferring a favor on those to whom I recommend it.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. — 'I have long regarded the Knickerbocker as the best periodical in America, and it really seems second to none abroad.'

The London 'Times.' — 'The London '*Times*' commends the Knickerbocker in cordial terms, and speaks of several articles from which it had selected liberal extracts for subsequent publication.' — London Cor. N. 'Ev. Star.'

The London Examiner. — 'This very clever Magazine is the pleasantest periodical in the United States. Its articles, which are numerous and short, various and interesting, are well worthy of imitation by our Magazines on this side of the Atlantic.'

London 'Morning Chronicle. — 'Judging from the numbers before us, we are inclined to consider this the best of all the American literary periodicals. Its contents are highly interesting, instructive and amusing.'

The London Literary Gazette. — 'The taste and talent which the Knickerbocker displays are highly creditable to American writers, and very agreeable for English readers.'

London Metropolitan Monthly Magazine. — 'We have read several numbers of this talented periodical, and rejoiced in them. They would do credit to any country, or to any state of civilization to which humanity has yet arrived.'

London 'Athenæum.' — From a very clever Monthly Magazine, '*The Knickerbocker*' of New-York, we copy the following spirited story,' etc.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. — 'The Knickerbocker is the best American periodical I have yet seen. I take pleasure in enclosing you an article which was penned expressly for your work.'

Charles Dickens, Esq. — I read the Knickerbocker with very great pleasure: it is indeed a most various and entertaining periodical. It affords me pleasure to contribute to the pages of a work which numbers among its regular correspondents such writers as Mr. Irving.'

Rev. Dr. Dick, Scotland. — 'I have read a good many of the articles in the few numbers of the Knickerbocker which you sent me, and find them to possess great merit. Some of its papers, it is true, were too light for my serious turn of mind; yet the whole appears well calculated to gratify the tastes of the mass of readers.'

Capt. F. Marryat. — 'You make an excellent Magazine — spirited, various, and original. I hope my '*Monsshine*' will reflect no discredit upon the good company in which it will find itself.'

Terms — $5 per annum in advance. All remittances must be made to
JOHN ALLEN, Publisher.

The following persons are authorized to receive subscribers and collect subscriptions on account of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

Mr. Henry M. Lewis is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. Israel E. James, for the Southern and South-western States, assisted by James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry and John Collins.

Mr. C. W. James, for the Western States, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by J. Rose Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, T. Gardner Smith, and Frederick J. Hawer.

THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE Thirty-second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE commenced on the first of July, 1848. The work has been so long before the public, that it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon its claims to general favor. The annexed List of Contributors to the Magazine, and a few notices of the work, (up to and including the last number) will sufficiently attest its character and its popularity:

WASHINGTON IRVING,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
J. FENIMORE COOPER,
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,
PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW,
J. K. PAULDING,
MISS C. M. SEDGWICK,
REV. WM. WARE,
HON. LEWIS CASS,
CAPT. F. MARRYAT,
J. H. STEPHENS,
SIR E. L. BULWER,
REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,
J. H. PRESCOTT, ESQ.,
HON. R. M. CHARLTON,
JAMES G. PERCIVAL,
GOV. W. H. SEWARD,
HON. R. H. WILDE,
JARED SPARKS,
'HARRY FRANCO,'
NATH. HAWTHORNE,
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,
REV. DR. BETHUNE,
MRS. KIRKLAND, (Mary Clavers)
MISS LESLIE,
W. D. GALLAGHER,
HON. JUDGE CONRAD,
DR. O. W. HOLMES,
JOSEPH C. NEAL,
THOS. W. PARSONS,
PROF. HITCHCOCK,
MRS. E. C. EMBURY,
HON. D. D. BARNARD,
J. P. BROWN, Constantinople.
F. W. EDMONDS,
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.
MRS. GILMAN, (S. C.)
E. T. T. MARTIN,
H. W. ELLSWORTH,
H. J. RAYMOND, ESQ.
H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT,
REV. J. PIERPONT,
COL. T. S. McKENNY,
PHILIP HONE, ESQ.
JOHN T. IRVING,
ALBERT PIKE, ESQ.
REV. HENRY BASCOM,
CHARLES SPRAGUE,
RICHARD B. KIMBALL, ESQ.
PARK BENJAMIN,
THEODORE S. FAY,
MRS. FANNY K. BUTLER,
MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN
HON. JAS. KENT,
REV. WALTER COLTON,
PRESIDENT DUER,
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MISS H. F. GOULD,
HON. JUDGE HALL. (ILL.)
ALEXANDER WATSON, ESQ.
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JAMES BROOKS,
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CHARLES M. LEUPP,
HON. G. C. VERPLANCK
J. N. BELLOWS,
REV. MR. GANNETT, (MASS.)
PROFESSOR FELTON,
STACY G. POTTS,
J. G. WHITTIER,
H. W. ROCKWELL,
WILLIAM PITT PALMER,
ROBERT S. CHILTON, ESQ.
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FREDERICK W. SHELTON,
EDWARD S. GOULD,
CHARLES F. HOFFMAN,
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JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, (VT.)
J. F. JACKSON, ALABAMA,
MR. F. PARKMAN, (BOSTON,)
JAS. RUSSELL LOWELL, ESQ.
'PETER SCHEMIL.'

THE foregoing list included also ROBERT SOUTHEY, Rev. TIMOTHY FLINT, Miss LANDON, CH. JUSTICE MELLEN, TYRONE POWER, ROBERT C. SANDS, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, B. B. THATCHER, Dr. CALEB TICKNOR, WM. H. SIMMONS, JOHN SANDERSON, the 'American in Paris,' NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Miss MARY-ANNE BROWNE, (Mrs. GRAY,) Eng'and, Rev. Dr. BRANTLEY, South-Carolina, WILLIAM L. STONE, Rev. Dr. BEASLEY, New-Jersey, J. H. HILLHOUSE, and other distinguished writers who have 'paid the debt of nature.' The following notices of the KNICKERBOCKER are from the American and English press, and from American and British writers of distinction.

'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK'S supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'—*New-York Daily Tribune.*

'NOTHING is more remarkable than the unfailing promptitude of this old Monthly, except perhaps its constant and constantly increasing excellence. Mathematicians tell us of certain curves called *asymptotes*, whose peculiarity is always to approach each other, and yet, even when infinitely extended, never to intersect. The KNICKERBOCKER, which has reached an age for a Magazine much greater than a hundred years for a man, and only to be attained by a more marvellous miracle, has perpetually approached the highest possible point of interest and excellence; and yet it seems to have an *excelsior*, for each number seems better than that which went before. How it is done our friend CLARK may understand—but it is a sealed mystery to us. There is no publication in the United States that has so attractive or popular a feature as the *Editor's Table* of the KNICKERBOCKER.'—*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*

☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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NOTICE.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY F. PARKMAN, JR.

THE PUEBLO AND BENT'S FORT.

'It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain land,
Combined marauders half-way barred egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand.' CHILDE HAROLD.

We approached the gate of the Pueblo. It was a wretched species of fort, of most primitive construction, being nothing more than a large square enclosure, surrounded by a wall of mud, miserably cracked and dilapidated. The slender pickets that surmounted it were half broken down, and the gate dangled on its wooden hinges so loosely, that to open or shut it seemed likely to fling it down altogether. Two or three squalid Mexicans, with their broad hats, and their vile faces overgrown with hair, were lounging about the bank of the river in front of it. They disappeared as they saw us approach; and as we rode up to the gate, a light active little figure came out to meet us. It was our old friend Richard. He had come from Fort Laramie on a trading expedition to Taos; but finding when he reached the Pueblo that the war would prevent his going farther, he was quietly waiting till the conquest of the country should allow him to proceed. He seemed to consider himself bound to do the honors of the place. Shaking us warmly by the hand, he led the way into the area.

Here we saw his large Santa Fé wagons standing together. A few squaws and Spanish women, and a few Mexicans, as mean and miserable as the place itself, were lazily sauntering about. Richard conducted us to the state apartment of the Pueblo. A small mud room, very neatly finished, considering the material, and garnished with a crucifix, a looking-glass, a picture of the Virgin and a rusty horse-

pistol. There were no chairs, but instead of them a number of chests and boxes were ranged about the room. There was another room beyond, less sumptuously decorated, and here three or four Spanish girls, one of them very pretty, were baking cakes at a mud fire-place in the corner. One of them brought out a poncho, which she spread upon the floor by way of table-cloth. A supper, which seemed to us luxurious, was soon laid out upon it, and folded buffalo-robes were placed around it to receive the guests. Two or three Americans, beside ourselves, were present. We sat down Turkish fashion, and began to inquire the news. Richard told us that, about three weeks before, General Kearney's army had left Bent's Fort to march against Santa Fé; that when last heard from they were approaching the mountainous defiles that led to the city. One of the Americans produced a dingy newspaper, containing an account of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. While we were discussing these matters, the doorway was darkened by a tall, slouching fellow, who stood with his hands in his pockets taking a leisurely survey of the premises before he entered. He wore brown home-spun pantaloons, much too short for his legs, and a pistol and Bowie knife stuck in his belt. His head and one eye were enveloped in a huge bandage of white linen. Having completed his observations, he came slouching in, and sat down on a chest. Eight or ten more of the same stamp followed, and very coolly arranging themselves about the room, began to stare at the company. Shaw and I looked at each other. We were forcibly reminded of the Oregon emigrants, though these unwelcome visitors had a certain glitter of the eye and a compression of the lips which distinguished them from our old acquaintances of the prairie. They began to catechize us at once, inquiring whence we had come, what we meant to do next, and what were our future prospects in life.

The man with the bandaged head had met with an untoward accident a few days before. He was going down to the river to bring water, and was pushing through the young willows which covered the low ground, when he came unawares upon a grizzly bear, which, having just eaten a buffalo-bull, had lain down to sleep off the meal. The bear rose on his hind-legs, and gave the intruder such a blow with his paw that he laid his forehead entirely bare, clawed off the front of his scalp, and narrowly missed one of his eyes. Fortunately he was not in a very pugnacious mood, being surfeited with his late meal. The man's companions, who were close behind, raised a shout, and the bear walked away, crushing down the willows in his leisurely retreat.

These men belonged to a party of Mormons, who, out of a well-grounded fear of the other emigrants, had postponed leaving the settlements until all the rest were gone. On account of this delay they did not reach Fort Laramie until it was too late to continue their journey to California. Hearing that there was good land at the head of the Arkansas, they crossed over under the guidance of Richard, and were now preparing to spend the winter at a spot about half a mile from the Pueblo.

When we took leave of Richard, it was near sunset. Passing out of the gate, we could look down the little valley of the Arkansas; a beautiful scene, and doubly so to our eyes, so long accustomed to arid deserts and savage mountains. Tall woods and groves lined the river, with green meadows on either hand, and high sterile bluffs, quietly basking in the sunlight, flanked the narrow valley. A Mexican on horse-back was driving a herd of cattle toward the gate, and our little white tent, which the men had pitched under a noble tree in the meadow, made a very pleasing feature in the scene. When we reached it, we found that Richard had sent a Mexican to bring us an abundant supply of green corn and vegetables and invite us to help ourselves to whatever we wished from the fields around the Pueblo.

The inhabitants were in daily apprehension of an inroad from more formidable consumers than ourselves. Every year, at the time when the corn begins to ripen, the Arapahoes, to the number of several thousands, come and encamp around the Pueblo. The handful of white men, who are entirely at the mercy of this swarm of barbarians, choose to make a merit of necessity; they come forward very cordially, shake them by the hand, and intimate that the harvest is entirely at their disposal. The Arapahoes take them at their word, help themselves most liberally, and usually turn their horses into the corn-fields afterward. They have the foresight however to leave enough of the crops untouched to serve as an inducement for planting the fields again for their benefit in the next spring.

The human race in this part of the world is separated into three divisions, arranged in the order of their merits: white men, Indians, and Mexicans; to the latter of whom the honorable title of 'whites' is by no means conceded.

In spite of the warm sunset of that evening the next morning was a dreary and cheerless one. It rained steadily, clouds resting upon the very tree-tops. We crossed the river to visit the Mormon settlement. As we passed through the water, half a dozen trappers on horse-back entered it from the other side. Their buck-skin frocks were soaked through by the rain, and clung fast to their stalwart limbs with a most clammy and uncomfortable look. The water was trickling down their faces, and dropping from the ends of their rifles and from the traps which each carried hung at the pommel of his saddle. Horses and all, they had a most disconsolate and wo-begone appearance, which we could not help laughing at, forgetting how often we ourselves had been in a similar plight.

After half an hour's riding, we saw the white wagons of the Mormons drawn up among the trees. Axes were sounding, trees were falling, and log-huts going up along the edge of the woods and upon the adjoining meadow. As we came up the Mormons left their work and seated themselves on the timber around us, when they began earnestly to discuss points of theology, complain of the ill-usage they had received from the 'Gentiles,' and sound a lamentation over the loss of their great temple of Nauvoo. After remaining with them an hour we rode back to our camp, happy that the settlements had

been delivered from the presence of such blind and desperate fanatics.

On the morning after this we left the Pueblo for Bent's Fort. The conduct of Raymond had lately been less satisfactory than before, and we had discharged him as soon as we arrived at the former place; so that the party, ourselves included, was now reduced to four. There was some uncertainty as to our future course. The trail between Bent's Fort and the settlements, a distance computed at six hundred miles, was at this time in a dangerous state; for since the passage of General Kearney's army, great numbers of hostile Indians, chiefly Pawnees and Camanches, had gathered about some parts of it. A little after this time they became so numerous and audacious, that scarcely a single party, however large, passed between the fort and the frontier without some token of their hostility. The newspapers of the time sufficiently display this state of things. Many men were killed, and great numbers of horses and mules carried off. Not long since I met with a gentleman, who, during the autumn, came from Santa Fé to Bent's Fort, where he found a party of seventy men, who thought themselves too weak to go down to the settlements alone, and were waiting there for a reinforcement. Though this excessive timidity fully proves the ignorance and credulity of the men, it may also evince the state of alarm which prevailed in the country. When we were there, in the month of August, the danger had not become so great. There was nothing very attractive in the neighborhood. We supposed moreover that we might wait there half the winter without finding any party to go down with us; for Mr. Sublette and the others whom we had relied upon, had, as Richard told us, already left Bent's Fort. Thus far on our journey Fortune had kindly befriended us. We resolved therefore to take advantage of her gracious mood, and trusting for a continuance of her favors, to set out with Henry and Delorier, and run the gauntlet of the Indians in the best way we could.

Bent's Fort stands on the river, about seventy-five miles below the Pueblo. At noon of the third day we arrived within three or four miles of it, pitched our tent under a tree, hung our looking-glasses against its trunk, and having made our primitive toilet, rode toward the fort. We soon came in sight of it, for it is visible from a considerable distance, standing with its high clay walls in the midst of the scorching plains. It seemed as if a swarm of locusts had invaded the country. The grass for miles around was cropped close by the horses of General Kearney's soldiery. When we came to the fort, we found that not only had the horses eaten up the grass, but their owners had made way with the stores of the little trading post; so that we had great difficulty in procuring the few articles which we required for our homeward journey. The army was gone, the life and bustle passed away, and the fort was a scene of dull and lazy tranquillity. A few invalid officers and soldiers sauntered about the area, which was oppressively hot; for the glaring sun was reflected down upon it from the high white walls around. The proprietors were absent, and we were received by Mr. Holt, who had been left

in charge of the fort. He invited us to dinner, where, to our admiration, we found a table laid with a white cloth, with castors in the centre and chairs placed around it. This unwonted repast concluded, we rode back to our camp.

Here, as we lay smoking round the fire after supper, we saw through the dusk three men approaching from the direction of the fort. They rode up and seated themselves near us on the ground. The foremost was a tall, well-formed man, with a face and manner such as inspire confidence at once. He wore a broad hat of felt, slouching and tattered, and the rest of his attire consisted of a frock and leggings of buck-skin, rubbed with the yellow clay found among the mountains. At the heel of one of his moccasins was buckled a huge iron spur, with a rowel five or six inches in diameter. His horse, who stood quietly looking over his head, had a rude Mexican saddle, covered with a shaggy bear skin, and furnished with a pair of wooden stirrups of most preposterous size. The next man was a sprightly, active little fellow, about five feet and a quarter high, but very strong and compact. His face was as swarthy as a Mexican's, and covered with a close, curly, black beard. An old, greasy, calico handkerchief was tied round his head, and his close buck-skin dress was blackened and polished by grease and hard service. The last who came up was a large, strong man, dressed in the coarse home-spun of the frontiers, who dragged his long limbs over the ground as if he were too lazy for the effort. He had a sleepy gray eye, a retreating chin, an open mouth and a protruding upper lip, which gave him an air of exquisite indolence and helplessness. He was armed with an old United States yager, which redoubtable weapon, though he could never hit his mark with it, he was accustomed to cherish as the very sovereign of fire-arms.

The first two men belonged to a party who had just come from California, with a large band of horses, which they had disposed of at Bent's Fort. Munroe, the taller of the two, was from Iowa. He was an excellent fellow, open, warm-hearted and intelligent. Jim Gurney, the short man, was a Boston sailor, who had come in a trading vessel to California, and taken the fancy to return across the continent. The journey had already made him an expert 'mountain man,' and he presented the extraordinary phenomenon of a sailor who understood how to manage a horse. The third of our visiters who was named Ellis, was a Missourian who had come out with a party of Oregon emigrants, but having got as far as Bridge's Fort, he had fallen home-sick, or as Jim averred, love-sick; and Ellis was just the man to be balked in a love adventure. He thought proper therefore to join the California men and return homeward in their company.

They now requested that they might join our party and make the journey to the settlements in company with us. We readily assented, for we liked the appearance of the first two men and were very glad to gain so efficient a reïnforcement. We told them to meet us on the next evening at a spot on the river side, about six miles below the Fort. Having smoked a pipe together, our new allies left us and we lay down to sleep.

TÊTE ROUGE, THE VOLUNTEER.

'Ah me! what evils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.' HUDIBRAS.

THE next morning having directed Delorier to repair with his cart to the place of meeting, we came again to the Fort to make some arrangements for the journey. After completing these we sat down under a sort of porch to smoke with some Shienne Indians whom we found there. In a few minutes we saw an extraordinary little figure approaching us in a military dress. He had a small, round countenance, garnished about the eyes with the kind of wrinkles commonly known as crow's feet, and surmounted by an abundant crop of red curls, with a little cap resting on the top of them. Altogether, he had the look of a man more conversant with mint juleps and oyster suppers than with the hardships of prairie-service. He came up to us and entreated that we would take him home to the settlements, saying that unless he went with us he should have to stay all winter at the Fort. We liked our petitioner's appearance so little, that we excused ourselves from complying with his request. At this he begged us so hard to take pity on him, looked so disconsolate and told so lamentable a story, that at last we consented, though not without many misgivings.

The rugged Anglo-Saxon of our new recruit's real name proved utterly unmanageable on the lips of our French attendants, and Henry Chatillon, after various abortive attempts to pronounce it, one day coolly christened him Tête Rouge, in honor of his red curls. He had at different times been clerk of a Mississippi steam-boat, and agent in a trading establishment at Nauvoo, besides filling various other capacities, in all of which he had seen much more of 'life' than was good for him. In the spring, thinking that a summer's campaign would be an agreeable recreation, he had joined a company of St. Louis volunteers.

'There were three of us,' said Tête Rouge, 'me and Bill Stephens and John Hopkins. We thought we would just go out with the army, and when we had conquered the country, we would get discharged and take our pay, you know, and go down to Mexico. They say there is plenty of fun going on there. Then we could go back to New-Orleans by way of Vera Cruz.'

But Tête Rouge, like many a stouter volunteer, had reckoned without his host. Fighting Mexicans was a less amusing occupation than he had supposed, and his pleasure trip was disagreeably interrupted by brain fever which attacked him when about half way to Bent's Fort. He jolted along through the rest of the journey in a baggage wagon. When they came to the Fort he was taken out and left there, together with the rest of the sick. Bent's Fort does not supply the best accommodations for an invalid. Tête Rouge's sick chamber was a little mud room where he and a companion, attacked by the same disease, were laid together with nothing but a buffalo-robe between them and the ground. The assistant surgeon's deputy visited them

once a day and brought them each a huge dose of calomel, the only medicine, according to his surviving victim, which he was acquainted with.

Tête Rouge woke one morning, and turning to his companion he saw his eyes fixed upon the beams above with the glassy stare of a dead man. At this the unfortunate volunteer lost his senses outright. In spite of the doctor however, he eventually recovered; though between the brain-fever and the calomel, his mind, originally none of the strongest, was so much shaken that it had not quite recovered its balance when we came to the Fort. In spite of the poor fellow's tragic story, there was something so ludicrous in his appearance and the whimsical contrast between his military dress and his most unmilitary demeanor, that we could not help smiling at them. We asked him if he had a gun. He said they had taken it from him during his illness and he had not seen it since, but perhaps, he observed, looking at me with a beseeching air, you will lend me one of your big pistols if we should meet with any Indians. I next inquired if he had a horse, he declared he had a magnificent one, and at Shaw's request, a Mexican led him in for inspection. He exhibited the outline of a good horse, but his eyes were sunk in the sockets, and every one of his ribs could be counted. There were certain marks too about his shoulders which could be accounted for by the circumstance, that during Tête Rouge's illness, his companions had seized upon the insulted charger and harnessed him to a cannon along with the draft horses. To Tête Rouge's astonishment we recommended him by all means to exchange the horse, if he could for a mule. Fortunately the people at the Fort were so anxious to get rid of him that they were willing to make some sacrifice to effect the object, and he succeeded in getting a tolerable mule in exchange for the broken down steed.

A man soon appeared at the gate, leading in the mule by a cord which he placed in the hands of Tête Rouge, who being somewhat afraid of his new acquisition tried various flatteries and blandishments to induce her to come forward. The mule, knowing that she was expected to advance, stopped short in consequence, and stood fast as a rock, looking straight forward with immoveable composure. Being stimulated by a blow from behind she consented to move, and walked nearly to the other side of the Fort before she stopped again. Hearing the by-standers laugh, Tête Rouge plucked up spirit and tugged hard at the rope. The mule jerked backward, spun herself round and made a dash for the gate. Tête Rouge, who clung manfully to the rope, went whisking through the air for a few rods, when he let go and stood with his mouth open staring after the mule, who galloped away over the prairie. She was soon caught and brought back by a Mexican, who mounted a horse and went in pursuit of her with his lasso.

Having thus displayed his capacities for prairie travelling, Tête Rouge proceeded to supply himself with provisions for the journey, and with this view he applied to a quarter-master's assistant who was in the Fort. This official had a face as sour as vinegar, being in a

state of chronic indignation because he had been left behind the army. He was as anxious however as the rest were to get rid of Tête Rouge. So producing a rusty key, he opened a low door which led to a half subterranean apartment, into which the two disappeared together. After some time they came out again, Tête Rouge greatly embarrassed by a multiplicity of paper parcels containing the different articles of his forty days' rations. They were consigned to the care of Delorier, who about that time passed by with the cart on his way to the appointed place of meeting with Munroe and his companions.

We next urged Tête Rouge to provide himself if he could, with a gun. He accordingly made earnest appeals to the charity of various persons in the Fort, but totally without success, a circumstance which did not greatly disturb us, since in the event of a skirmish, he would be much more apt to do mischief to himself or his friends than to the enemy. When all these arrangements were completed, we saddled our horses, and were preparing to leave the Fort, when looking round we discovered that our new associate was in fresh trouble. A man was holding the mule for him in the middle of the Fort, while he tried to put the saddle on her back, but she kept stepping side-ways and moving round and round in a circle until he was almost in despair. It required some assistance before all his difficulties could be overcome. At length he clambered into the black war-saddle on which he was to have carried terror into the ranks of the Mexicans.

'Get up,' said Tête Rouge, 'come now, go along, will you?'

The mule walked deliberately forward out of the gate. Her recent conduct had inspired him with so much awe, that he never dared to touch her with his whip. We trotted forward toward the place of meeting, but before we had gone far, we saw that Tête Rouge's mule, who perfectly understood her rider, had stopped and was quietly grazing in spite of his protestations, at some distance behind. So getting behind him, we drove him and the contumacious mule before us, until we could see through the twilight the gleaming of a distant fire. Munroe, Jim and Ellis were lying around it, their saddles, packs and weapons were scattered about and their horses picketted near them. Delorier was there too with his little cart. Another fire was soon soaring high, and scattering against the darkened sky a swarm of wandering sparks. We invited our new allies to take a cup of coffee with us. When both the others had gone over to their side of the camp, Jim Gurney still stood by the blaze, puffing hard at his little black pipe as short and weather beaten as himself.

'Well!' he said, 'here are eight of us; we 'll call it six — for them two boobies, Ellis over yonder and that new man of your's won't count for any thing. We 'll get through well enough never fear for that, unless the Camanches happen to get foul of us.'

DEATH OF THE YOUNG: A FRAGMENT.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's early beauty hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.

MARY'S DIRGE.

'Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts.' Moir.

A low and gentle strain! for she was gentle
Whose lips have breathed farewell to life and light,
Consigned to rest beneath the summer mantle
That earth is wearing on her bosom bright.
But yesterday her voice was heard in singing,
And kindly smiles her sweet face overspread;
And now, the minstrel tearfully is stringing
His yew-wreathed lute in honor of the dead.
When skies were fairest, and young roses giving
Elysian odor to the passing air;
When even age found luxury in living,
She heard a whispered warning to prepare!

In yellow mould a grave was never hollowed
For one more dear to those who knew her well,
And young and old, in deep dejection followed
The white-robed sleeper to her narrow cell;
All in the long and dark procession walking,
Felt knocking at their hearts no common grief,
While many in sad under-tone were talking
Of ills endured until she brought relief:
And one poor father a remembrance cherished
That on the pall, obscuring with its shade,
The coffin of his child all pale and perished,
A wreath of emblematic flowers she laid.

He little thought ere many moons had vanished
The turf would open for that gentle friend;
The rose of beauty from her cheek be banished,
The blight from skies without a cloud descend.
The heart that mourns a consolation borrows
In knowing that *her* triumph is *our* loss;
A glorious crown the Man of many Sorrows
Gives to the lowly bearer of His cross;
For a wise purpose are we here delaying
Our upward march to realms more rich and vast,
Like weary sea-birds for a moment staying,
Far from the land, upon some rocking mast.

Our pulses here are numbered in their beating,
And death stands ever watching at the gate;
The morning pearl drop, and the shadow fleeting,
Are emblems of our transitory state.
The forest eagle ere he furls forever
His iron wing a century completes,
And on the moss-fringed oak, in vain endeavor,
While kingdoms rise and fall, the tempest beats;

But man, the boasted ruler of creation,
Floats a few days upon a troubled sea,
Then sinks from view, exceeded in duration
By the wild wandering bird and senseless tree.

Why cling then to the fleeting, false and fading,
Oh, man! with lofty faculties endowed?
Thy future lot a mystic veil is shading,
But light eternal beams behind the cloud.
Cords of affection, in this rude world broken,
Will knit, at last, to part no more in twain,
And ashy lips that farewell words have spoken
In a long kiss of love unite again.
Be reconciled with GOD, devoted mother!
And hope for blest reünion with your child;
And thou, her o'er-fond father, try to smother
The wo wherewith your brain is waxing wild.

Death laid cold finger on her eyes terrestrial
Those of the soul enfranchised to unseal,
And would ye call her back from joys celestial
The pangs that vex ye here again to feel?
Your daughter dear is now a glad partaker
Of aliment divine, we 're well assured,
For pure in heart, she looks upon her MAKER;
Hushed every moan, her mortal anguish cured:
Looks where no cloud around HIS throne is rolling,
Not darkly through a glass, but face to face,
Beyond this orb where bells are ever tolling
The bitter knells of loveliness and grace.

Though painful and unlooked-for was the closing
In this dark valley, of her mortal day,
Be reconciled! a holy trust reposing
In Power Supreme who gives and takes away.
I know that darkness rests upon your dwelling,
And cold the hearth of home, so bright before,
While bird and breeze and rustling leaf seem telling
A tale of her who will come back no more.
In dreams of night I know that she is present,
With her mild look and unobtrusive air,
And that ye hear her accents low and pleasant,
Her light, familiar footstep on the stair.

Turn from the house of flesh, in ruin lying,
And with the steady eye of faith behold
Its bright inhabitants released, undying
In Heaven's full concert waken harps of gold;
Pray that, in watches of the midnight dreary
A note of that sweet music reach your ears,
Healing the heart with sorrow bruised and weary,
Drying the fount of unavailing tears;
A low, sad, gentle strain! for she was gentle
Whose lips have breathed farewell to life and light,
Consigned to rest beneath the summer mantle
That earth is wearing on her bosom bright.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

Avon, (N. Y.) June, 1848.

THE SCIENCE OF 'DIDDLING.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

LABORIOUS have been the researches made to learn the etymology of the verb '*to diddle*,' yet the origin of this phrase, now become popular, remains a mystery. Webster, learned as he was, says nothing about the matter, and Walker and Johnson are silent on the subject. The signification of the term, however, is generally understood. Ask any gentleman who is in the practice of appropriating the property of others to his own necessities the meaning of the term, and unless he be decidedly of the vulgar class, he will give you the definition of the word as he has been taught to understand it. 'To diddle,' he will observe, 'means simply to cozen; to cheat; to obtain the necessaries of life in a skilful and gentlemanlike manner, without regard to that imaginary quality, *honesty*.'

There are many species of diddling, each of which might form the subject of a quarto volume. We find diddlers in all stages of society. They are like so many planets of different sizes revolving around that great luminary, Gold. The banker and the land-speculator are considered very respectable 'diddlers' in their way; the pick-pocket and horse-jockey are held in little esteem. The former are the Jupiter and Venus of the system; the latter are the insignificant planets—Ceres, Juno and Vesta. There are also secondary planets revolving around the primary; for instance, the speculator's advocate and the banker's clerk. In short, society is made up of 'diddlers,' and government itself is but one stupendous 'diddle.'

I shall not have room in this paper to attend to every department of this science, but shall content myself with making a few remarks on one particular branch. There is in every quarter of the globe a class of men who live by extorting money from their brethren by promises and threats. This is by no means the most respectable species of diddling, nor is it the lowest department of the science. This class of individuals, notwithstanding their praiseworthy practices, are by the mass of mankind looked upon as gentlemen. They have dealings with the rich and influential, and have intimate acquaintances belonging to the 'upper classes' of society. Thus they have a broad field to work upon; they have a numerous flock from which to choose their victims. But few suspect their real character. They have no visible means of support, it is true; but what of that? Perhaps they are novel-writers *incog.*, or gentlemen of fortune living upon their rents; who knows? They often find themselves obliged to borrow money of their friends; not because they have not a fund to draw upon, but because they have 'forgotten their purse;' but the loans they require are so insignificant, that nobody can expect them to trouble themselves about remembering the sum.

The faculty most required by this class of diddlers is *brassiness*. Their politeness must however be equal to their assurance. They must have that indescribable air about them which bespeaks high quality of blood, independence and unconcern. Nobody must be permitted to put in question their right to the position they occupy, and nobody must doubt the uprightness of their intentions.

A scientific diddler never loses his coolness, his self-control. With an experienced eye he surveys his ground, and calmly considers the obstacles in the way of his success. It is seldom necessary for him to employ great energy in the accomplishment of his object, for the weakness and timidity of those with whom he has to deal assures him an easy triumph. *Fear* is one of his most powerful auxiliaries. Understanding perfectly the weak point of his victims, and aware of all the risks he may run, he never adventures unless he is sure of success. Having once set his mind upon an enterprise, he goes to work to accomplish it with coolness, audacity and contempt.

As an example of the diddler's consummate skill and his manner of procedure, we will relate a circumstance which took place not long since in the fashionable circles of this our town of Gotham.

One of these gentlemen called one morning upon a young and beautiful woman in Bleecker-street, whose husband, one of the rich aristocracy of Gotham, happened at that moment to be away from home. Mrs. M—— was somewhat indisposed, and had given orders to her attendant to admit no one to her apartment. Our young gentleman, however, after having pressed the urgency of his visit in vain, at last wrote half a dozen words upon a slip of paper, and told the maid to hand it to her mistress. The door was immediately opened to him; he had doubtless written some magic word, which, like the *sesame* of which we read in the 'Arabian Nights,' was irresistible. With a polite bow he presented himself to the astonished lady, and with the most charming air possible helped himself to a seat.

'I beg your pardon, Madam,' he said, with a graceful, winning smile, 'for intruding upon your retirement, and I trust you will excuse me when you know the importance of my visit.'

'Indeed, Sir, I am greatly surprised. The few words you wrote upon this slip of paper have fairly frightened me! What can bring you here?'

'Madam,' said the diddler, coolly, 'I am one of the friends of Mr. Edgar F——.'

'Well, Sir,' replied the lady, not a little impatient, 'what is that to *me?* I do not know Mr. F——; I have only met him once or twice in society. I have never received a visit from him.'

'Certainly not, Madam; but he has had the pleasure of receiving more than one visit *from you.*'

'Sir!——'

'Do not be hasty, Madam, I beg of you. I do not come to reproach you for your conduct; I merely desire to have a few minutes calm conversation with you.'

'Go on, Sir; I will hear you.'

'Well, then, you know that last week Mr. Edgar F—— set out on an excursion into the country. He left the key of his apartments in the hands of one of his friends, who, prompted by curiosity, indiscreetly made a discovery which I have no doubt will be very interesting to you.'

'A discovery?' echoed the lady, turning pale.

'A secret correspondence between yourself and Mr. Edgar F——,' replied the diddler, perfectly cool.

'Well, Sir, what is to be done with this correspondence?'

'Fear nothing, Madam. Your letters are now in the hands of an individual who can appreciate their value, and who will take particular care that they are not destroyed.'

'But it is an infamous robbery!—an abuse of confidence!'

'Be calm, my dear Madam! It is not too late to make reparation for the carelessness of Mr. Edgar F——. Thanks to the cupidity of the possessor of those letters, you can easily get them into your own hands.'

'Now I understand you, Sir!' exclaimed the lady, indignantly; 'I am the victim of a horrible plot! You are then a villain, Sir—a miserable thief! Begone, or I will ring for assistance!'

'Anger,' returned the diddler, in a low voice, and with perfect self-command, 'is quite unseasonable on such an occasion as this. You should consider, my dear Madam, that there is a certain person who would pay almost any sum to get these letters into his own power.'

'Whom do you mean, Sir?'

'Your husband, Madam. It appears that this individual, fondly trusting to your fidelity, has become the victim of a shameful treachery. There is no doubt that if he knew of this correspondence, and had the proofs of your indiscretion, he would immediately commence a suit for a divorce.'

'You will then inform him——'

'That depends upon yourself, Madam. We thought it best to address ourselves first to you.'

'So it is money you are after? Contemptible wretch! But how much do you require?'

'To be frank with you, Madam, and to come to the point at once, I set the price of the letters at one thousand dollars.'

'One thousand dollars!—impossible! How can I obtain this sum?'

'I know, Madam,' said the diddler, with an encouraging smile, 'that it is rare that we find one thousand dollars in the purse of a pretty woman like yourself; but you have jewels in your possession which you can put in pawn. Your beauty is such that you can do without these trinkets for a season.'

'Indeed!' said the lady, bitterly; 'I suppose I must submit to the infamous imposition. When must you have that sum?'

'If I did not fear putting you to an inconvenience, I would say, this evening.'

'Well, Sir,' said the lady, her indignation equalled only by her fear and shame, 'this evening let it be. Bring the letters; you shall have the money. I need not ask that you will never divulge the secret?'

'Do not fear, my dear Madam; I am always conscientious in my dealings. I am a man of honor—a man of my word. I promise to keep your affair a secret, and you can rely implicitly upon my discretion. This evening I shall have the pleasure of calling upon you again. I wish you a very good morning!'

Such the means the diddler makes use of to avenge the husband's wrongs and to replenish his own purse. Having reaped the reward of his treachery, he begins to look around for another victim; and as the world is full of sinners who fear exposure, that victim is easily found. Sometimes diddlers attack one another; not content with uniting against a common enemy, these social pirates quarrel among themselves. An anecdote came to my ears not long since concerning a diddler, who so far forgot the honor of 'the trade' as to put 'the leech' to the purse of a member of the brotherhood.

Charles A——, an old diddler, an old rake, and an old sinner, had taken it into his head to reform, and had through necessity, not through weakness, resolved to marry. He stopped drinking, because he had nothing to drink; stopped diddling, because he had never been a successful diddler; and began to *appear* respectable. He won the heart of the daughter of the rich Mr. B——, and was in a fair way to win the old gentleman's purse; when on a pleasant morning one of his old acquaintances and fellow-laborers presented himself before him.

'Charley! dear Charley!' exclaimed the visitor, earnestly, 'you are asleep while a thunder-cloud is ready to burst over your head; an earthquake yawning to swallow you up!'

'How!—what 's the matter?' said Charley, turning pale.

'The matter?—why, Eliza, that angelic creature whom you seduced two years ago, is no longer the timid, harmless girl she once appeared. She has heard that you are about to be married, and, mad with jealousy and despair, she thinks of nothing but revenge; she swears that she will expose you to your intended; that she will place her child before you, on your wedding-day, upon the altar! It was with difficulty that I could restrain her from going at once——'

'But you *did* restrain her?'

'Yes, by promising her in your name five hundred dollars to keep silent on the subject. Advance her this, through me, and I will answer for her secrecy.'

It frequently happens that the diddler, encouraged by a series of brilliant successes, resolves to abandon the field to which he formerly confined his skill, and try his fortunes in a higher sphere. It is only the most enterprising and sagacious of the trade that are able to maintain themselves upon more elevated and consequently more dangerous ground. Many fall in their attempts to climb; for great fame in diddling, as well as great fame in other things, is difficult to be obtained. It requires a clear eye to see distinctly when one has reached an elevated station; for fame, as saith the poet, is like a hill,

'Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor.'

The attempts of these young Napoleons and their fate are some-

times very interesting. Three of the brotherhood, during the last great political campaign, became possessed of a letter, signed by the Hon. Mr. L——, which promised a rich and ample harvest. It was of a private nature, and one that Mr. L—— would have given much to get into his possession again. The diddlers read it over and over again, commented upon it, and formed their plans according to the established rules of the art. Each line was a fortune, and each word a treasure. The value of the document was put down as low as five thousand dollars, and the most skilful of the trio was chosen as minister plenipotentiary to the honorable gentleman.

On the appointed day the representative of the diddlers called upon the Hon. Mr. L—— at his residence, and presented him with a letter, accompanied with the following remarks:

'The original of this paper, Sir, is in the hands of a person who might make a bad use of it. It was in order to prevent this unpleasant circumstance that I have taken the liberty of calling upon you.'

'And what use could he make of it?' demanded the other, after having coolly ran his eye over the letter.

'It seems to me, Sir,' replied the diddler, 'that if the sentiments expressed here were known to the other party, your hopes of political preferment would be destroyed. Even those of your own party would despise you for your underhand operations. Now there is but one way of preventing your secret correspondence from going before the world. Five thousand dollars will restore to you the original, which is in your hand-writing.'

'Are you sure it is in my hand-writing?' asked the statesman, carelessly.

'If you doubt my veracity, in an hour you shall see the original.'

'Well, return in an hour, and I will see what can be done for you. You seem to me to be possessed of sufficient intelligence for a more honorable trade. Perhaps some lucrative situation might be procured for you.'

Enchanted with his success, the diddler hastened to procure the original letter, dreaming on the way of future greatness in the political world. Within the appointed time he returned, and with a self-satisfied air placed the letter in the statesman's hands. Mr. L—— looked first at the paper, then at the diddler, and finally exclaimed indignantly:

'Well, Sir, I see that you have put your fingers in hot water for once! To your other fine qualities you join that of forger, it seems! This letter is a forgery, and I retain it in my hands as testimony against you!'

'But, Sir,' stammered the diddler, thunder-struck at the turn affairs had taken, 'but, Sir——'

'Not a word! You may think yourself lucky in not being arrested on the spot! In future your actions shall be watched. Waiter, show this fellow to the door!'

We cannot close this paper without saying a word of a class of gentlemen called 'literary diddlers.' For instance, a writer, having

possessed himself of a secret of importance, sends the following note to the person whom it concerns:

'Sir: We are about to make public your affair with Mrs. G——. Call at No. —, —— street, at nine o'clock, to-morrow morning, and perhaps arrangements can be made for the suppression of the article, which is already prepared for the press,' etc., etc.

Again: an editor publishes an infamous report, and promises in his next paper to furnish his readers with the names of the parties concerned. This is a very clever diddle, by which the editor obtains five hundred dollars from some unknown quarter, which hushes up the affair.

J. D.

THE PILGRIM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY CHARLES EDWARD ANTHON.

On Gallicia's rocky sea-coast
 Stands aloft a holy place,
Where God's blessed spotless Mother
 Showers the riches of her grace;
There for lost ones in the forest
 Shines a golden pole-star's ray,
To the weather-beaten seaman
 Opens there a quiet bay.

There, when tolls the bell of evening,
 'Mid the cliffs with echoes rife,
In the cities, in the cloisters,
 Ev'ry bell awakes to life.
And the ocean-wave is silent,
 Which but now in fury rose;
At the helm kneels the rough sailor
 Till the murmured Ave's close.

On the day when the Assumption
 Of the Glorified is kept,
When was manifested to her
 He that on her bosom slept,
There within her holy dwelling
 Many a wonder worketh she;
In her image her pure presence
 Then is felt substantially.

Party-colored banners wander
 Through the meadows tow'rd the steep,
And with painted streamers greets her
 Ev'ry bark upon the deep:
Up the stony foot-path clamber
 Pilgrims, festally arrayed;
A crowded ladder up to Heaven
 The rough mountain-side seems made.

But behind the cheerful pilgrims
Others press in shirts of hair.
Travel-worn and bare-foot are they,
Ashes on their heads they bear:
These are they whom pious Christians
Have from their communion thrust,
Only by the Church permitted
At her doors to kneel in dust.

And behind them all comes panting
One with eye forlorn and seared,
Matted hair shades his wild visage,
Long and tangled is his beard,
And a ring of rusty iron,
Closely welded, girds him round,
On his limbs at ev'ry motion
Jarringly the fetters sound.

His own brother has he murdered
In his headlong anger's haste;
Fashioned from the mortal weapon
Is the ring that girds his waist.
Far from home, far from his palace,
Wanders he, and tastes no rest,
Till, by heav'nly grace—a wonder!
Burst the chains that gall his breast.

Had thick soles of iron even
Guarded once those shoeless feet,
Into dust long since he'd worn them,
Yet can nowhere comfort meet:
Never finds a saint with power
From his woes to grant release,
Ne'er a wonder-working image
To bestow the sign of peace.

Hardly has he gained the summit,
Hardly on the threshold bowed,
When the evening-bell peals sweetly,
And in worship stills the crowd.
The pure place he may not enter
Where the Virgin-image shines,
Gaily colored by the sunbeams
As he 'mid the waves declines.

What a glorious light is showered
Over ocean, earth and sky!
Are the golden heavens open
As the blest one soars on high?
Are her radiant foot-steps dying
Those bright clouds with rosy hue?
Is she calmly looking downward
From that deep unsullied blue?

All the pilgrims go with comfort,
Only one still keeps his place;
Still he lies upon the threshold,
With his pale and care-worn face.
Firmly yet round limbs and body
Wind his chains their heavy load,
But his soul, released from fetters,
Mounts to yonder bright abode.

HISTORY OF THE VILLAGE OF BABYLON.

BY RICHARD HAYWARD.

'Success is wisdom:
If the result is happy we have been wise.' MRS. MIRA MASON.

IN all great actions two elements are indispensable. *First*, the task must be exceedingly difficult in order to develope those heroic qualities — fortitude and perseverance. *Secondly*, the result must be an equivalent for the labor; a consideration which appears to have been overlooked by all legislators, or it might have prevented most of the battles, massacres, burnings and bloodshed since the beginning of the world. Whether or no I have succeeded in gaining the latter, posterity shall judge, and as regards the former, I can only ask of those who have any knowledge of the Babylonii, if any thing in the shape of information is not exceedingly difficult to get at among that sage and taciturn people? In fact, a genuine Long-Islander, like one of his native oysters, is held to be of little value unless he can keep his mouth shut. Judge then of the labor it has cost to bring into the world this true and impartial history; to search the mis-spelt records of the township; to dive into numberless authorities; to collect the waifs and floating straws of tradition; to collate, examine, sift, weigh, accept, refuse and discriminate among these heterogenous materials, has been to me a labor of love; and for the benefit of posterity fearing that no other person will ever undertake the arduous task, with much brain-work and wasting of the midnight camphene, I have at last perfected this invaluable work. Unfortunately there are no *authentic* antediluvian records of Babylon. Neither do we find a distinct and reliable account of such a place among the travels of those ancient navigators, the Phœnicians, but from the known habits of that mighty hunter, Nimrod, it is but reasonable to suppose that after the dispersion of the builders of the tower of Babel he would be likely to look out some such place to gratify his peculiar tastes, and the South Side affording him every facility, he might naturally settle there for the remainder of his days. Nor is this merely a matter of conjecture, for there is a vague tradition floating around the village to that effect, the most powerful argument in its favor being this:

'If Nimrod did not go to Babylon, where did he go?'

Until this question is satisfactorily answered, I shall claim the great Assyrian as the founder of the ancient village of Babylon.

Having thus settled the post-diluvian era of the discovery of this ancient and renowned village there still remains in mysterious obscurity a vast interval. I shall not, after the manner of many historians, attempt to bridge over this dark period with idle conjecture, but rather let it remain a shadowy and fathomless sea in its silent sub-

limity, adding beauty by contrast to the life-like picture of a later and more eventful age. Babylon is bounded north by the rail-road, south by the great south-bay, east by Coquam or Skoquam Creek, and west by Sunkwam or Great-Creek: whether these fertilizing streams ever received the names of the Euphrates and Tigris is not known. Yet it is but reasonable to suppose that the Chaldean monarch gave them their titles in honor of the ancient City of Confusion. For several thousand years the descendants of the great hunter occupied the territory bequeathed to them in peaceful security. The Syrian merged in the red man; their very language was unknown, their origin forgotten; the beautiful oriental Chaldaic was changed into the barbarous dialect of the Massapequas, and a rude tribe, 'a mere handful of men,' was all that remained of a nation whose greatness had o'ershadowed the earth.

But the lapse of centuries had not altered the natural beauties of the land. The primitive forest still extended to the verge of the green meadows that bordered the bay. The antlered deer stooped to drink from the clear streams that wound their sinuous way through the shadowy woods. The patient beaver 'built his little Venice' upon their banks, while the elk upheaved his proud neck like a monarch, and bounded away at the scream of the wild cat or the cry of the rapacious wolf. The swan rippled with her snowy bosom the placid waters of the bay; the pelican, reared its rude nest amid the pines, and the plumed and painted Indian in his slender canoe floated like a dream upon the transparent bosom of the waters. The Massapequas, a peaceful pisciverous nation, had but a faint idea of the glories of war; a night excursion to steal some trifle from the neighboring Secatouges or the Shinecocks, (a tribe noted for anointing their bodies with the fat of the opossum,) or the laughter-loving Merrikokes, was the extent of their predatory forays.

Even these night rambles were unsuited to the genius of a quiet people; retaliation soon quenched this warlike spirit; and like the Babylonii of modern days, they preferred making raids upon the peaceful inhabitants of the bay, or

> —— 'took crabs and oysters prisoners,
> And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers;
> Engaged their legions in fierce bustles
> With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
> And led their troops with furious gallops
> To charge whole regiments of scallops.'

Such was the enviable condition of the territory of Babylon or Sunkwam, as it was then denominated, and so it remained until the discovery of the island of Manhattan and the landing of the pilgrim fathers and mothers upon the famous rock at New-Plymouth. It is not my purpose to repeat these familiar portions of the history of the new world. The rise and fall of the Dutch dynasty, and the colonial government of the Puritans are well known to every man, woman and child in the country. The patient Netherlands slowly populated the peaceful city of the Manhattoes. The Pilgrims took possession successively of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. But

Sunkwam was reserved for greater things, and therefore her day came later than the rest. It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the first irruption of the white men into the territory of the Massapequas took place. The western end of the island nearest New-Amsterdam had been deliberately settled by the phlegmatic Dutchmen, while their more mercurial brethren had extended themselves over the largest portion of the island, from Montauk Point to the present western boundaries of Suffolk county. At the latter place an imaginary line had been drawn defining the limits of the respective settlements, but in 1642 a party of orientals started from the town of Lynn, and with true Yankee audacity, squatted themselves at Cow Bay, directly within the boundaries of the Dutch territory. Now Governor Keift was a little man, and not over brave for a governor, but like many other little men he could do a great deal of fighting — at a distance. So he forthwith despatched a rascally scout, one Cornelius Van Tienhoven, with directions to capture this band of 'infamous Yankees,' who had dared to come (from Lynn) 'between the wind and his nobility.' Whereupon the said Cornelius took with him six good men and true, and after a laborious journey of three weeks, five days and twenty-three hours, arrived in sight of the embryo colony. Here he reposed for two days and a half to recover his wind, and then taking off his coat and tying his suspenders around his capacious orbiculem, he started off alone to take the settlement by storm, leaving his valiant army behind as a '*corp-de-reserve.*' As luck would have it, just as he reached the brow of the little hill which rises before Cow Bay his foot slipped in something and he rolled down the hill toward the ill-fated colony. When the Yankees beheld this huge Dutch avalanche coming down upon them, threatening to demolish the whole of them in a twinkling, they were seized with a horrible panic, and ran away as if the devil was after them.* Whereupon the aforesaid Cornelius took possession of the remainder, namely, an old woman with the fevér-and-ague, a yellow-headed baby with gooseberry eyes, together with a bag of corn meal and a huge rasher of pork, and marched back to New-Amsterdam like a modern Mexican hero fresh from the 'Halls of the Montezumas.'

But this little circumstance was productive of a great result, for one of the aforesaid Yankees, Hosea Carl by name, ran straight across the island and never drew breath until he come in sight of the pleasant waters of the Great South Bay. Here he beheld the wigwams of the renowned Massapequas, and finding them to be an indolent devil-may-care set of savages, he forthwith took them under his kindly protection. It was on this memorable day, namely, the twenty-third of May, 1642, that the first blue fish was eaten by a white man within

* Here let me caution my readers against the account given by Diedrich Knickerbocker in the History of New-York, of this memorable event. I do most heartily believe every thing that he relates except when he speaks of the Yankees, and then, methinks, his prejudice has warped his judgment. Beside, how could 'Stoffel Brinkerhoff,' as he asserts, 'trudge through Nineveh, and Babylon, and Jericho and Patchogue, and the mighty town of Quog, *on his way to Oyster Bay?*' He might as well have tried to get to Albany by the way of Coney Island!

the precincts of Sunkwam or Sunquam as it is sometimes erroneously spelt. Nor must I omit to relate that this same Hosea Carl had in his waiscoat pocket some pumpkin seeds, which he planted without delay, for the pumpkin is the mystic symbol of the Yankees, and the planting thereof gives as good a title to the soil as right of possession by flag-staff, or any other ingenious invention by which barbarous tribes are taught to respect the rights and claims of civilized nations. Being thus in a manner under the shade of his own vine and fig tree, Hosea sent a faithful copperhead, Squidko by name, to hunt up his wife, who had fled before the terrible splutter damns of Cornelius Von Tienhoven, like a stuck wild fowl at the sound of a rusty gun.

The daguerreotype painted upon the memory of Squidko was a perfect likeness, and in a few days the hapless fugitive was found. Hosea then made a 'clearing,' and before many years a small tribe of musquito-bitten, saffron-headed Hoseas, surrounded the parental clapboards. About two years after this memorable epoch, certain Indians who had been committing various depredations were attacked by the famous Captain John Underhill, in the palisado called Fort Neck, about eight miles from Babylon, and utterly routed with much slaughter. Now this said John Underhill was not only a terrible fellow among the savages, but he used to raise the devil's delight in every village where he happened to be quartered, for he was a great favorite with the fair sex, (which is always the case with warriors and other noted characters,) and although doubtless an innocent man, yet the 'viperous tongue of slander' will assail the purest and the most virtuous. Hence we find it recorded in Thompson's admirable History of Long Island, out of Hutchinson, that 'before a great assembly at Boston on a lecture day and in the court-house, he sat upon a *stool of repentance*, with a white cap on his head; and with many *deep sighs*, *a woful countenance*, and *abundance of tears*, owned his wicked way of life, and besought the church to have compassion on him, and deliver him out of the hands of Satan.' Which after all was only a general and not a specific acknowledgment of any one sin with which he had been charged, for doth he not affirm when he had been privately dealt with for incontinency — ☞ That '*the woman being very young and beautiful, and withal of a jovial spirit and behaviour, he did daily frequent her house, and was divers times found there alone with her, the door being locked on the inside, and confessed that it was ill, because it had the appearance of evil in it; but that the woman was in great trouble of mind and sore temptation, and that he resorted to her to comfort her; and that when the door was found locked upon them they were in private prayer together?*' — an explanation which ought to be perfectly satisfactory to every reasonable mind.

Moreover, doth not the following extract from his letter to his 'Worthee and Beloved friend, Hansard Knowles,' clearly show that the times, and not the man were in error?

'They propounded that I was to be examined for carnally looking after one Mistris Miriam Wilbore, at the lecture in Boston when Master Shepherd expounded.' This Mistris Wilbore hath since been dealt with for coming to that lecture with a pair of wanton open-

worked gloves, slit at the thumbs and fingers, for the purpose of taking snuff. For, as Master Cotton observed, for what end should these vain openings be, but for the intent of taking filthy snuff? and he quoted Gregory Naziazen upon good works. How the use of the good creature tobacco, can be an offence, I cannot see. Master Cotton said, 'Did you not look upon Mistris Wilbore?' I confessed that I did. Master Peters then sayd, 'Why did you not look at sister Newell, or sister Upham?' I sayd, 'Verelie, they are not desyrable women, as to temporal graces.' Then Hugh Peters and all cryed, 'It is enough, he hath confessed,' and so passed excommunication.' Now I would like to know what would become of our modern church-gallants if they were liable to be excommunicated upon such charges?

Having thus redeemed the character of this jolly bachelor from the foul aspersions of a cynical age, it but remains for me to say, that from him sprang the present race of Underhills, who are to be found by every shady hill-side on Long-Island; men celebrated all over the face of the earth for their morality and bravery. The first Yankee discoverer of Sunkwam did not remain there long without having neighbors. The Smiths, the Seamans, the Hicks, the Willetts, the Coopers and the Udells, planted themselves side by side with the primitive adventurer; and about this time the family of the Snedicors, springing up earth-born, the Lord-knows-how, began to over-run the country like a wild cucumber-vine, and finally shot up in a single night in the hitherto purely Yankee village of Sunkwam. The orientals initiated the Indians into the mysteries of rum, gunpowder, pumpkin-pies and jews-harps, and the Indians rewarded their instructors with plentiful grants of land and prodigious clambakes. On the fourth of July, 1657, Tackapansha, the sachem of the Massapequas, made a treaty with the Dutch governor, by which Sunkwam became nominally a province of the Nieuw Netherlandts; but the conquest of the latter place, in 1664, by the English, restored the settlers to that liberty which they had lost only in name. And now peace and serenity was with Sunkwam. The conical wigwams of the savages were giving place to the clap-board castles of the industrious Yankees. Here and there a snowy sail careered over the bay where erst had been seen only the bark canoe of the aborigine. Population thrived, agriculture flourished; the sportive cucumber meandered among the green corn, and the peaceful pumpkin rolled its 'fair round proportions' on the sunny slopes; while the commerce of Sunkwam spread like a battalia of white moths over the neighboring bays and inlets.

Such was the happy condition of Babylon an hundred and fifty years ago; it is a picture that I am never weary of contemplating. Let me lay aside my pen and look upon it with the delight of a father who gazes upon his first-born with those exquisite feelings known only to the parental heart!

It was toward the close of the seventeenth century that the redoubtable Captain Kidd, of pious memory, dropped anchor off the fertile shores of Long Island. The purpose of the expedition, which was to put an end to the robberies upon the high seas; the

fruit of his experience with these modern 'Vikings,' which ended in his becoming a pirate himself; and his end at Execution Dock in 1701, are well known to every one; but on board of his vessel he had many innocent persons, who were subordinate officers, seamen, and the like, shipped with no other motive than that of serving their king, the press-gang, and their country. Among those who had become pirates by compulsion was the sailing-master of the vessel, one Jacob O'Lynn; probably a lineal descendant of that famous Bryan O'Lynn, who had

> —— 'No breeches to wear,
> So he bought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair;
> With the woolly side out and the leather side in,
> 'They 'll be cool in warm weather,' says BRYAN O'LYNN.'

Be that as it may, Lynn, (for he was an Englishman, and had dropped the Hibernic 'O,') was a warm-hearted, double-fisted, square-chested sea-dog, who did not care the toss of a biscuit who he served under, so that there was plenty of fighting and the liquor was good. His chief amusement was playing on an enormous conch-shell, given him by some princess on the coast of Africa, who had taken a fancy to his broad shoulders and manly proportions; and his favorite position was to get astride of the bowsprit, blowing his enormous conch like a jolly triton playing 'Come o'er the Sea' before Queen Amphitrite; from whence he received the name of 'Conch Lynn,' since corrupted into 'Conklin.' It is necessary to be particular in these matters, because they are the stepping-stones of all true history. But this said Conch-Lynn, disliking exceedingly the customs of those sea-anti-renters, the pirates, took an opportunity while Kidd was asleep, after a hard day's drinking, strapped his beloved conch-shell around his neck, filled his pockets with doubloons and jewels, dropped overboard, swam ashore, and landed high and dry on the beach at Fire-Island. Here he blew a terrific blast upon his conch-shell in honor of his safe arrival, the sound of which killed a whole flock of snipe who were skippereering along the beach; then turning a somerset in his joy, and making telegraphic signals with his legs, whereby he lost many jewels and other valuables out of his jacket-pockets, he swam and waded across the bay, and finally landed safe and sound at Sunkwam. Here he was sumptuously entertained by the inhabitants, and royally feasted upon skillipots and snappers, beaver-tail, baked quohaugs, blue-fish, and other delicacies, washed down with copious libations of switchel and hard-cider; and being of a domestic turn of mind, he took possession of a deserted wigwam, hired a buxom-looking squaw for a house-keeper, and in the fulness of his heart kept up an infernal blarting upon his conch-shell from morning till night. This hideous concerto was more than the Sunkwamites had bargained for; accordingly, in a very eloquent remonstrance, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Babylon, they requested him 'right lovingely either to cease blowinge y^e^ aforesaid konke, whereby y^e^ peace of y^e^ community had beene much endamaged, or to take his d—— d shell and blow it without y^e^ jurisdiction of y^e^ colony.' As might be expected, the jolly sailing-master took offence at this, and shaking the dust off his shoes, departed

from the place as mad as a bear with a sore head. After trudging for two or three miles across the swamps and pine-barrens, he turned round and gave them a parting blast upon his sea-trumpet that sounded like the famous horn of Orlando at the dolorous rout of Roncesvalles; then settling himself in the interior, he married out of sheer spite, and begat the numerous race of Conklins, who are renowned for blowing their own trumpets even to this day. Nay, it is asserted that the sound of his conch-shell can be heard even now swelling upon the wind across the bay whenever there is a storm brewing to the southward. Still the little settlement thrived in spite of these untoward mishaps, and it was christened Huntington-South, in honor of the great hunter who had founded it.

It is delightful to review the manners and customs of this little colony. Every one assisted his neighbor; the laws were administered with strict impartiality, and I have quoted from the aforesaid 'History of Long Island' the following record as a specimen of what even-handed justice was in those patriarchal days:

'Town-Court, Oct. 23, 1662.—Stephen Jervice, an attorney in behalf of James Chichester, plf., *vs.* Tho. Scudder, deft., acsion of y^e^ case and of batery. Deft. says that he did his endeavor to save y^e^ pigg from y^e^ wolff, but knows no hurt his dog did it; and as for y^e^ sow, he denys y^e^ charge. Touching y^e^ batery, striking y^e^ boye, says he did strike y^e^ boye, but it was for abusing his daughter. Y^e^ verdict of y^e^ jury is, that deft.'s dog is not fitt to be cept, but y^e^ acsion fails for want of testimony; but touching y^e^ batery, y^e^ jury's verdict pass for plff., that deft. pay him ten shillings for striking y^e^ boye, and y^e^ plff. to pay five shillings for his boye's insivility.' Having thus found a verdict against the dog, the plaintiff and the defendant, the jury were allowed to proceed to their respective homes.

And now, even as a laborer after a hard day's work stretches himself and slumbers in tranquillity, did the little town of Huntington-South enjoy a long period of repose. The old settlers were gathered in the silent fold where all must slumber, the Indians melted from the land like snow before the sun in April. Piece by piece the land had been purchased by the whites; nor must I omit to mention the story of Sally Higbee, 'who didd receive a notable tracte of land from one Smackatagh, by reasonne of a kisse which he did begge of herr, and which she bestowede in consideracion of havinge the said lande given tow herr by the salvage;' and also the manner in which one Jones did out-jump an Indian for a wager, and thereby being a springy varlet, and full of quicksilver, won the same from him by a foot and a half. With the exception of such events, Huntington-South slumbered on for above a century. The war of the revolution broke out and rolled like a sea of fire around her scrub-oak barriers; but she knew it not, and even to this day, it is said, some of the inhabitants pray devoutly for the restoration of King Charles the Second, of blessed memory.

At last the nineteenth century dawned upon the world. Voluminous as are the records of this period, one important circumstance has escaped the notice of every historian. Seizing upon this event

with the joy of one who has found a treasure, and scarcely credits the evidence of his senses, I shall forthwith reveal how Sunkwam came to be christened by the name it now bears. In 1801, one Nat. Conklin (or Conkelynge) kept a store in the village, and transacted a profitable business with the inhabitants. At the same time an Irishman, Billy Callighan by name, had a similar establishment for the vending of rum, red herrings, tape, tobacco, mackerel, molasses, cod-fish and calicoes. 'Huntington-South' had always been a stumbling-block in the way of the native orthographists, (I myself have seen more than seventeen different ways of spelling it, every one of them wrong,) so this merry little Irishman, in honor of his native city, determined to name it DUBLIN! But Aunt Phœbe Conklin, the mother of Nat., and a lineal descendant of the doughty Jacob, settled her spectacles firmly upon the tip of her indefatigable nose, took a sharp pinch of snuff out of a testy-looking little box, clapped the box in her side pocket, and with her thumb and fore-finger tightly pinched together, as if she held the weasand of the presumptuous Billy Callighan squeezed between them, declared she would not have it so: 'And since the place wants a name,' said she, 'I 'll name it: I 'll call it BABYLON! — because there 's always so much '*babbling*' going on there!' And thereupon she took out a red bandanna, and sounded a terrific blast with her nose that was like unto the sound of the mighty conch-shell of her valorous ancestor. So the village became Babylon by sound of trumpet!

Now must I not omit to describe the nominatrix of this puissant village. She was a tall, spare, mathematical looking lady, with a face like a 'last will and testament,' with 'Amen!' written in every corner. Moreover, she was bedight in a crimp-cap and white short gown, with a black silk kerchief pinned crossways over her neck, and a quilted calico petticoat, that by dint of repeated washing looked like the ghost of a dead rainbow.

Meanwhile, one Thompson, who was likewise an aspirant for fame, must needs have his say in the matter; and being of a milky disposition, of wonderful good-nature, and wishing every body well in the world, would fain give Babylon a more euphonious title; so he called together all the inhabitants, had a grand 'pow-wow' at his house, and spent several dollars in the purchase of sundry gallons of corn-whiskey, apple-jack and New-England rum, with which the company became wonderfully mellow. Then, after much preliminary backing-and-filling, he proposed — in a terribly long-winded speech, which the limits of this work will not permit me to give entire — 'that the village, being a quiet, peaceful little place, where all were '*Unitas Fratrum*,' should be henceforth known and denominated as HARMONY;' which was unanimously ratified upon the spot by all present. This important ceremony over, the Harmonians proceeded to the more serious business of the night, and took unto themselves sundry juleps, slings, toddies, etc. Then, according to the records of the time, did they become bucked, boozy, bunged up, corned, cocked, sprung, swipesy, swizzled, soaked, smashed, slewed, sewed up, sick, mellow, maudlin, hot, funny, toddied, top-heavy, half snapped,

keeled up, drunken, inebriated, intoxicated; one had a load on, another a brick in his hat, one eye open, in liquor, weeping, shouting, swearing, roaring, flabbergasted, all talking at once, kicked, cuffed, torn, fisted; in a word, they made as infernal an uproar as ever had been made at the building of the veritable tower of Babel upon the plains of Shinar! But how vain are human efforts to contend with fate! The sun rose in the morning, and breaking several panes of glass in the windows of the east, looked through and smiled in peaceful serenity upon the slumbering village. And lo and behold! it was BABYLON still, and so it has remained even to the present day. Having thus brought this philosophical and philological history to the beginning of the present century, I lay aside my pen. I have passed over as apocryphal the popular rumor of Babylon having been once named 'Dogville;' but justice to the Babylonii demands that I should affirm, upon the word of an historian, that since the unfortunate issue of the 'christening,' they have continued and still remain STRICTLY TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

LINES

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER ELEVENTH BIRTH-DAY.

I.

ELEVEN years have come and gone
Since thou, my dearest child! wert born:
Nature to me appeared, that morn
Which gave thee birth,
As ADAM saw it, when he look'd
His first on earth.

II.

At such a time, what hopes and fears
Possessed my heart, that coming years
Might light with smiles, not dim with tears,
Thy sojourn here;
That Truth the guiding-star should be
Of thy career!

III.

The hopes that budded then, have grown
And blossom'd with a strength unknown
To all but me. Not one has flown,
In years now past;
May Heaven grant, that while *I* live
They too may last!

IV.

I then shall hail the annual ray
That ushers in this happy day
With soul as buoyant, heart as gay,
As when I pressed
For the first time thy little form
Unto my breast.

O. S. O.

New-York, July 4, 1848.

SONNET: TO MARY.

Fair one! thine image on my soul impressed,
And like an ever sacred presence grown,
Can never fade while reason holds its throne:
For mid the dim of toil, the world's unrest,
It hovers there, in fresh'ning beauty dressed.
Thine eyes, so full of light, like heaven's own,
Seem beaming on me in their orbits lone;
Twin suns, that flood my path and warm my breast.
Not oft I see thee, but in fancy's eye,
Not oft I hear thee but in fancy's ear;
Yet all thy smiles, so like a summer sky,
Nurse many a hope and banish every fear:
And in my soul thy tones, that ne'er may die,
Are musical as harps in yon celestial sphere. J. O.

THE IDLEBERG PAPERS.

LOVE IN THE CHOIR.

I have written of the neat and unpretending church where Mary sat at the organ and sang, years ago; but the reader must not imagine that Idleberg boasts no other edifice consecrated to the worship of the Most High. Of the entire number it is true that 'Little Trinity,' as we have entitled it, has the only church-organ in the village, but all the rest — and there are several others — have there choirs composed often of rude and unmusical materials, yet giving utterance to strains from the heart, not less acceptable, we trust, at the shrine where they are offered, than the most sublime symphonies that ever went up to Heaven.

The largest of our village sanctuaries is, *par excellence*, the aristocratic church of the town. There from week to week assemble for the most part our wealthiest burghers, our sprucest widows, our most accomplished beaux and belles; and thereabout along the broad street on which the church is erected, on any Sunday morning in the year, many of the handsomest equipages the neighborhood can boast are gathered with their prancing steeds and spruce Jehus, vieing with each other in the splendor of their respective outfits. The enclosed area immediately in front of the building answers an important purpose, well worthy of note. As the village cannot boast a public exchange, this area has been selected as a substitute therefor; and here every seventh day the principal traders of the community resort, in ample time before the ringing of the last bell, not exactly to traffic, but to discuss the news of the week, and interchange ideas on the prices of produce and the value of various descriptions of stock, until

the preliminary anthem from the choir within-doors is the signal for the adjournment of the board.

It is impossible, notwithstanding the many sacred associations which have endeared the venerable pile in my esteem, to say much in favor of the external appearance of the building of which I am writing. It was erected according to no model of ancient or modern architecture that has ever come under my observation. There are no Gothic turrets frowning down on you as you pass; no Grecian or other columns to relieve the monotony of the bare walls. The bell, years ago, was suspended in a cupola, devised by a village architect, which would have answered admirably for a dove-cote; latterly, however the empowered authorities, as an evidence of their improving taste, have accomplished the demolition of the airy structure, and the bell now hangs ingloriously from the transplanted fork of a tree, standing bolt upright near the entrance. It is a favorite recreation with mischievous urchins to let slip the rope on gusty nights, and allow the clapper to strike its own eccentric peals; and as the bell sways to and fro, the play-thing of the midnight winds, and you hear the wild and unearthly music, it is not difficult to imagine that you are listening to the chanting of disembodied ghosts risen all white and gleaming from the neighboring church-yard.

But I am to write of the choir — and such a choir — oh! shade of Melpomene! If they could only have had an organ, like that at 'Little Trinity!' how it would have pealed and echoed through the sacred edifice! Even a bass-viol or flute would have aided somewhat in harmonizing the discordant symphonies of a score or two of untrained voices; but the older and wiser heads received, with due horror, the proposition to introduce within the hallowed walls any other instrument than the 'human voice divine,' so that the choristers, male and female, exerted themselves with increased ardor, and made up in volume of tone whatever was wanting in grace of expression.

It was easy to recognise amid the vociferous effusions of the choir, when in full blast, one or two really excellent voices. The prima-donna, for one, sang like a nightingale. Added to this enviable accomplishment, she possessed considerable beauty, of the dumpling order, and was as plump as any partridge in the woods. No wonder then that as she passed along the streets of the village, or reigned as queen of the choir, she carried in her train a whole bevy of despairing lovers. The Helen of Troy never created a greater sensation among throbbing hearts than did our Helen; and I cannot blame her, if in consequence of all this adulation, she became — just a little — spoiled. It began to be the village talk, however, after a while, that Helen really had a heart, and had bestowed a small portion of it, if not its entire fee-simple, upon — whom do you suppose? No less a personage than Fred. Fisher — homely Fred.!

Now Fred. was no other than primo-basso of the choir, with lungs like a bellows and a voice like a trombone. Choristers have their weaknesses, like other people; and in view of this fact, it does not seem strange that from the close proximity into which the two chief singers were so frequently brought, they should by degrees learn to

entertain for each other some of the same tender sentiments which inspire the breasts of common mortals who cannot sing.

It was a famous place for courting, that gallery, at the rear of the church, with its red sliding curtains so happily concealing the choir from the gaze of the minister and the congregation. Little would you have suspected, as you listened to the rich bass voice that issued thence, freighted with the sublime sentiments of devotion, little would you have suspected, that at such a time the heart of the singer was throbbing with all the conflicting emotions of earthly love. Yet such was too often the fact; for, near at hand, almost within the grasp of his amorous embraces, stood the fair Helen, deigning to smile upon him, and looking so charmingly, with the fragrant breath and its melting music gushing from her lips, like perfume from the petals of of a full-blown rose.

Even if it be true that 'love is blind,' it does not necessarily follow that his presence is always a blinder; for which ingenious and original alliteration I trust the reader will give me ample credit. The eyes of third parties are ever keen to observe the shafts of the sightless divinity, and mark where they fall. Nobody doubted that Fred. Fisher was desperately in love with the fair prima-donna; while many began to suspect, that in spite of her occasional contemptuous airs and tossings of the head, she entertained at heart no slight preference for him. Fred., however, was not so sure of this, for the charming coquette kept him continually either in the rosy clouds of hope or the dark quagmires of despair, and was as capricious in the bestowal of her smiles and frowns as any April day in the calendar.

The most remarkable fact about Fred., except the possession of his really fine bass voice, was this: that with one exception he was decidedly the homeliest man in the village; and it was generally conceded that the operation of singing, especially among the low notes, did not at all improve his physiognomy. If it were true, as the reader will presently be prepared to determine, that the fair Helen did indeed entertain a decided preference for him, notwithstanding his manifest want of personal beauty, the fact only lends additional proof of the veracity of the old adage, about 'loving one's opposites.' Fred.'s competitor in point of ugliness, by the way, was no other than George Donohoo, the town-crier. This worthy pair of calibans carried alternately a huge bone-handled pocket-knife, which when they met, each successively presented to the other as a compliment to his superior gifts on the score of deformity. The fates, however, had determined to decide this long-mooted point between the two friends, as I shall proceed to show.

Fred.'s Sunday occupation, of which the reader is already informed, was to sing bass in the choir; his week-day trade was that of an upholsterer; and a fine workman he was, as many a handsomely-furnished drawing-room attests. His only fault in managing the affairs of his shop was that of procrastination. This failing had grown insensibly upon him ever since the period of his falling in love; yet the superiority of his workmanship still brought him a multitude of cus-

tomers; many more, indeed, than he could or would find leisure to accommodate.

About the period of this veritable history, Fred. had received an order from Sim. Sutton for a bedstead. Week after week the procrastinating upholsterer had disappointed his customer; until the latter, growing impatient, exacted from him a positive promise that the article should certainly be completed and sent home the next Saturday.

'If it is not brought to you on that day,' added Fred., to enforce his promise, 'you may just conclude that I am dead!'

Just at this juncture it happened that Fred. was more in love than ever before with the beautiful prima-donna. Her latest caprice had been, after repeated encouragements, to smile in derision on his impassioned suit. The lover was on the verge of despair, and as may readily be imagined, was little in the humor for attending to business; so that the week rolled around with but little accomplished toward the completion of Sim. Sutton's bedstead. The love-lorn upholsterer had not yet learned that the very best remedy for all such and nearly all other tribulations is to stare them boldly in the face, and go to work like a man.

It was unfortunate for Fred. that Sim Sutton was such a wag; always playing his pranks on the verdant and unsuspecting. When upon the advent of the appointed day the long-promised bedstead failed to come to hand, Sim. taking Fred. at his word, and concluding that the latter was corporeally dead, went to the printing-office, and ordered the following announcement to be struck off in the usual form of funeral-tickets, and distributed throughout the village:

'*Yourself and family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of the late Frederick Fisher, Esq., from his late residence, this afternoon at four o'clock.*'

The announcement of this sudden demise created a profound sensation throughout the village. Many said they had seen him only yesterday looking as well as he ever did; while some thought he had seemed a little out of spirits lately, and some others uttered dark hints of foul play, poisoning, and the like. No language however, can paint the hysterical anguish of the fair prima-donna, who reproaching herself bitterly for her past capriciousness, and discovering all at once how tenderly she had loved the deceased, took to her bed and was inconsolable. All, in short, agreed that Fred. had possessed many excellent traits, and had been a valuable member of society and the choir, only he was 'very slow-motioned and very homely.' On this latter quality of his lamented friend, George Donohoo was particularly eloquent, and declared in effect, that since Fred.'s decease he despaired of finding another to whom he might with propriety present the huge pocket-knife which he now bore as a badge of his own unapproachable ugliness.

Meantime Sim. Sutton kept his own counsel. No one regretted his deceased friend more than he; 'and friends,' said he, to a group of sorrowful loungers gathered at the corner of the street, 'as a mark

of due respect to poor Fred.'s memory, we must all attend his funeral.'

Of course they would all do that. In the course of the day, however, Sim. let a very few of the townsmen into the secret, and there was not one of all the number but did all in his power to get up for the delinquent upholsterer a magnificent funeral procession.

Meanwhile, Fred. remained happily unconscious of the calamity that had befallen the village in his own supposed demise. His shop happened to be removed from the more public thoroughfares of the village; and on this day (quite an unusual thing for him, and fortunately for the success of Sim.'s trick,) he remained at home. He had set himself early that morning to the arduous task of composing a few conciliatory stanzas to cruel, rémorseless Helen. His faculties however rebelled sternly against the unaccustomed effort. Though his heart was overflowing with the tenderest sentiments, he found it quite a Herculean endeavor to reduce them to rhyme. Never, indeed, were a lover's brains so racked; and he was forced to conclude, after innumerable appeals to the truant Muse, and countless alterations, interlineations and erasures, that he would rather undertake to manufacture a score of bedsteads than to compose a single stanza of poetry.

At the appointed hour, the melancholy hearse — whose driver had learned the secret from Sim., and with his broad ebony face glistening in the bright sunshine, was perhaps the merriest hearse-driver that ever 'officiated' — proceeded with mock solemnity toward Fred.'s dwelling. In attendance was a large company of villagers, including all who knew and many who were ignorant of the truth. Sim. Sutton and Mr. William Goodwin, of the 'Three Pollies' memory, were chief-mourners; the latter sufficiently lugubrious for a dozen funerals, and exhausting his eloquence — to the great delight of Sim., who could with difficulty restrain his merriment — on the awfulness of the sudden demise of their mutual friend. More than once during the progress of the procession George Donohoo, as he walked apart with elongated and lachrymose visage, produced from his pantaloons-pocket the homely knife, which reminded him so touchingly of 'poor Fred.,' gazed sadly on the relic, and shaking his head with sincere sorrow, replaced it as before. Sincerer and deeper than the grief of all the rest was that of the fair Helen, who from her chamber-window beheld the melancholy procession, and bursting into inconsolable tears, threw herself again on her pillow.

When the hearse drew up at Fred.'s door, the crowd that had accompanied it saw no signs of the presence of the grim tyrant Death, either about the shop or the cottage-like dwelling beside it; as the doors and windows were wide open, and the entire premises wore their usual air of cheerfulness. Sim. Sutton was the first to enter the shop, where, seated amid piles of rubbish, he found its tenant so busily engaged, with pen in hand, that he had not observed the approach of the mournful pageant.

'Why, how is this?' inquired Sim., with well-affected astonishment. 'Not yet ready to be buried, Fred.?'

'Buried!' exclaimed Fred., starting from his chair, and gazing with undissembled surprise on the motley crowd gathered without, one or two of them actually weeping, (the knowing ones, including the merry hearse-driver, smiling,) and all the rest looking quite sad; 'what do you mean? What are all these people and that hearse doing here? I am not dead!'

'Yes you are, though!' said Sim., with imperturbable gravity; 'here 's your funeral notice. You are to be buried at four o'clock, and it is now nearly half-past the hour. Come, get into the hearse out there, and go to your grave like a Christian!'

'Why, Simeon, how 's this?' inquired Mr. Goodwin, who had just entered the shop; 'is not friend Frederick dead, after all? A long life to thee, Frederick! Ah, Simeon! I suspect thou art at the bottom of all this!' And Mr. Goodwin condescended to smile.

'Ha! ha! ha!' roared George Donohoo, as he entered, finding his friend standing hale and hearty before him. 'Why, Fred.! not dead yet? Ha! ha! Give me your hand, old fellow! Here, take this—it belongs to you,' he continued, producing the famous knife: 'I 'll be hanged if you are not the ugliest man I 've seen to-day!'

'Gentlemen,' exclaimed Fred., who had received these congratulations with speechless astonishment, 'how is this?—what do you mean? I am not dead, and never was! Who the——'

'Stop, Fred.!' said Sim., with an irresistible smile. 'Do you not remember your promise about my bedstead?—and the assurance that if it were not completed to-day I should conclude that you were dead?'

'I see it all, Sim.,' said Fred. 'Give me your hand. I trust I shall never need a repetition of the lesson you have taught me to-day. Go, Sim., and tell my good friends out there all about it, and tell them, too, that I do not regret the occurrence.'

Sim. walked to the door of the shop, and proclaimed to his astonished auditory the whole story, from beginning to end. Very soon the shop was filled with Fred.'s generous friends, eager to congratulate the dead-alive. Fred. stammered and blushed his thanks, and assured them all that the melodrama of the day need never be repeated. The company soon dispersed, in a most jovial humor; the hearse was driven back by the merry driver, whose broad-visaged jollity, so long suppressed, now knew no bounds; and Fred. was left alone to his meditations.

'Zounds!' he exclaimed, after a long silence, at the same instant tearing his blotted manuscript into a thousand shreds; 'I wonder if *she* has heard it! It will be a glorious opportunity of testing her real feelings for me! I 'll go now,' he continued, taking up his hat. 'Procrastination, I eschew thee forever! I shall soon be enabled to determine whether she is indeed the heartless creature I sometimes fear she is. Perhaps she may think it was suicide! Ha! ha!—Fred. Fisher 's worth a dozen dead men yet! And now for the love-test! No, no—not yet!' he exclaimed, on reaching the door; 'the boys in the streets would mock me as I passed. I must wait until it grows dark!'

Fred. paced the floor in restless agitation. Two long hours ere night-fall! Never before did swift-winged Time pass so slowly. The only interruptions to his reverie came in the shape of visits, every few moments, on the part of his friends, who had just heard the rumor flying through the village that Fred. Fisher was still alive and hearty. At length the sun went down, and with night-fall these visits of congratulation ceased. Fred. looked out repeatedly to be sure it was quite dark before he ventured out, and then he walked with unwonted speed toward the dwelling of his fair but cruel inamorata.

'Where 's Miss Helen?' he inquired of the servant who met him at the door, wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron.

'Lord a' mercy, Mr. Fisher!' cried the girl, starting back, as from a spectre; 'is that you or your ghost? Me and Miss Helen have been crying our eyes out 'cause you were dead and buried! Boo! hoo! hoo! hoo!'

'Fool!' exclaimed Fred., striding into the hall; 'tell her I must see her at once.'

The fair Helen did not need to be called; for having heard the sound of a familiar voice from her chamber, she started to her feet and ran trippingly down stairs.

'Fred.! dear Fred.!' she cried, and with one bound sprang into his arms. 'What does all this mean? What horrible dream have I had? Now, Fred., do tell me all about it!'

'Helen, dear Helen! I suppose I must forgive you! — but I have indeed much to forgive!'

'I have been a little — that is, *a little* capricious, Fred.; but I meant no harm by it. But you men are such strange creatures; there 's none of you can take a joke! Now do you know that when I first saw your funeral-notice, having heard nothing of your illness, I could not help thinking that perhaps — perhaps you had done something dreadful to yourself! O! I should have been so miserable!' She paused, with choking utterance, and gave evident symptoms of relapsing into hysterics.

'No, thank Heaven! it was not so bad as that,' said Fred. 'Never mind it now, Helen. Let us not mar the happiness of the present by any idle recollections of the past. Be seated here, and I will tell you all about this most ludicrous tragedy.'

As the reader is already fully apprised of the facts, they need not be repeated here.

'It was a good lesson for you,' Fred.,' said Helen, at the close of the recital, which had only been interrupted on her part by many a merry laugh at her lover's expense.

'So it was, Helen, and I intend to profit by it. Zounds!' he exclaimed, rising from his seat, 'I 'll procrastinate no longer! Let 's send for the parson now!'

'Oh, no, Fred.! not now!'

'When shall it be, then? — to-morrow?'

'You are crazy, Fred.!'

'Monday, then,' suggested the lover,

'Who ever heard of any body's ever getting married on a Monday, Fred.?'

'Tuesday, then!'

'No, Fred.; you know it's the fashion——'

'Hang the fashion!' said Fred.

'For the wedding-tickets,' continued Helen, 'to be issued at least three days——'

'Previous to the happy event,' said Fred., stooping beside her, and stealing from her lips the closing words of the sentence.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself!' said Helen, tossing her head.

'Not at all,' said Fred. 'Thursday, then.'

'No, Fred. A great many things must be done first. There's pa's consent to be obtained.'

'Where is he? Send for him now,' said Fred. 'You know the old maxim, Helen: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.' Eh, Helen?'

'There's time enough for that, Fred.; but I must say I like to hear *you* repeat *that* maxim. Every body knows you have always borne it in mind!'

'Never mind,' said Fred., looking aghast; 'say no more about it, Helen. Only go on with your string of preliminaries.'

'Well, Fred.: then there's the tickets to be issued, and your new suit to be made, and my wardrobe to be replenished, and the wedding-cake to be baked, and—and—'

'Well, well, Helen; name your time and I'm your man. Only say when it shall be, and I will wait with all the patience of a man who never again means to procrastinate.'

'Thursday week,' said Helen, after some thought. 'How will that do, Fred.?'

'I must endure existence until then without you, Helen.'

Fred. could have scaled any mountain-crag or breasted any flowing torrent or soared to any height ever reached by mortal bird, so happy was he. Hours passed ere all the preliminaries were completed; and they were set down in Fred.'s calendar as the happiest of his life.

'We should have a complete understanding,' said Helen, as the clock struck eleven; 'don't you think so, Fred.?'

'Certainly, in every particular,' said Fred.; 'no after disclosures. Let's make clean breasts of it.'

'There's only one thing I regret then, Fred., if the truth must be told.'

'Why, what's the matter now?' said the astonished lover.

'I know you will make me a kind husband, Fred., and I shall try my best to make you a dutiful wife——'

'God bless you!' said Fred.

'But I can't help regretting, just a little,' Fred.,' she continued, with hesitation, 'that you are so—so—'

'Out with it!' cried Fred.

'So very uncommonly ugly, Fred.!—that's all.'

'There 's no denying that,' said the lover, shaking his head dolefully; 'but I 'm glad it 's nothing worse than that.'

'By the way, Fred.,' she continued, 'the knife; which has it now, you or George Donohoo?'

'Really, I forget,' he replied, rummaging through his pockets; 'ah! here it is!' he continued, producing it; 'George gave it to me this afternoon.'

'Put it by, Fred. Keep it until our wedding-night; then return it to the gentleman, with my compliments, and tell him that I mean to make you so happy that no one shall ever again call you homely.'

Fred., with beaming countenance, promised to obey her instructions to the letter, and soon arose to depart. She suffered him to cross the threshold before she ran to the door and recalled him.

'Dear Fred.!' she exclaimed, in a tone of mock-seriousness, 'if by any accident you should not be here on our wedding-night, shall I conclude that you are dead, and go into mourning for you?'

'Beautiful, remorseless Helen!' he began to exclaim; but before he could finish his apostrophe the door was closed playfully from within, and he retired homeward, the happiest man that night in all Idleberg; and that is saying much for any man, on any night in the year.

Fred.'s shop was open and he busily at work betimes the next Monday morning. I need scarcely say that the job in hand was Sim. Sutton's bedstead; and it may be added, that so industriously did Fred. apply himself, that by the close of the week he had not only completed that, but also another for himself.

Thursday night came, and with it the nuptials. No merrier wedding ever took place at Idleberg. How charmingly the bride appeared in her neat plump little bodice and her broad flowing skirts, looking more like a dumpling than ever! How really handsome, too, the happy groom looked; especially at the moment when he presented the knife to George Donohoo, who declared on receiving it that he had only obtained his desert, and that 'homely Fred.' was looking like a perfect Adonis.

Perhaps the very happiest of all the guests was Sim. Sutton, who seemed to think that the match was one of his own making, and repeated the story of the bedstead first to the bride and then to the bride's-maids, one after another, and then to the bride's mother, and then to 'the old man,' and then to all the groom's-men, in succession, and then to every body else; enjoying it on each recital with increasing gusto, as though it were the very best of all the practical jokes he had ever perpetrated, and embellishing the story each time with additions drawn from his own fancy; until, to hear him tell it, it was one of the most remarkable and incredible events that ever occurred, not only in the history of Idleberg, but of the world. To such a height, indeed, did the pleasures of the bridal run, and such was the exhilarating contagion of so many happy spirits, brim-full of joy, gathered all around him, that even the philosophical and lachrymose Mr. Goodwin was melted into good humor, and facetiously observed to a by-stander, 'that when he heard that friend Frederick

was no more, little did he think of living to see him so happily wedded!'

During the period that has elapsed since the occurrence of these memorable events, several primo-bassos and and prima-donnas have succeeded Fred. and Helen in the choir. Although they no longer officiate in public, they have by no means ceased their devotions to the heavenly art. As you pass by their cottage of evenings, you may often hear their voices blended in the harmonies of some favorite air; and it will not be long, if the younger members of the family do justice to his teachings, before Fred. can have a full chorus at home any evening in the year. It is fortunate, by the way, that the children in personal appearance take after the mother; except the eldest boy, with the cat-fish mouth and the bottle-nose, who is so exact a miniature of Fred. that there is no danger of any one ever mistaking his paternity.

Ever since the event which chided him so justly for his lamentable habit of procrastination, yet resulted so happily for him, Fred. has been a model of industry and punctuality. He still bears about him the improved looks he won on his wedding-night; for happiness and contentment, with the possession of a pleasant home and a charming wife, are marvellous beautifiers of feature and complexion; and George Donohoo, having never found another to dispute his own title to the homely pocket-knife, continues to carry it to this day.

Philadelphia, June, 1848.

SERENADE.

Sweet sound! in all thine eloquence
Of sadness or delight,
Go breathing music round thee, hence
Into the silent night!

Be wafted, with the scent of flowers,
Upon the evening air,
That whispers through the long still hours
And lulls the sleep of care.

Fall gently on *one* slumbering ear!
Yet wake her not, but tell
The love of him who watches here,
Which thou can'st speak so well!

Let the scent of flowers, the night-wind's sigh,
The star-light's passing gleam,
With thine own pervading melody
Be woven with her dream.

Her heart will know thee and rejoice,
Sweet messenger of mine!
O, Music! can a better voice
Be found for love than thine?

THE INDIAN WOOD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THERE 's a wood we call the Indian Wood
Near our pleasant neighborhood;
The trees are tall, and the trunks are dark,
With crooked limbs and a seamy bark,
Studded with knots in fantastic shapes,
And covered with mosses, spotted and dun,
And hung with vines whose clustering grapes
Are ripening red in the summer sun.

Oh! many, many the trees, I ween,
Waving their plumes of leafy green;
The towering pine, with its fringéd limb,
The ash, the birch, and the poplar slim,
Laden with rods; the silvery beech,
The willow, the maple beside the spring,
And the century-oak, whose branches reach
High over the rest, the Forest King.

The wren, the robin with breast of red,
And a quaint little bird with a tufted head;
The thrush, the black-bird and the jay
Build their nests in the wind-tossed spray;
The tap o' the wood-pecker rings like a flail,
And crickets and locusts chirp around;
And the frisking squirrel, with bushy tail,
Drops his filbert-shells on the ground.

Here and there are brooks and springs,
And pathways wide, and openings,
Like aisles in an old cathedral grand,
And trees like pillars on every hand,
And over all a dome of green,
With spots of sky where the boughs are bare,
Azure and white, and the noontide sheen
Streams in like a tress of angel-hair.

The day is bright and the heavens are clear;
I 'll spend an hour in idleness here,
And weave a sweet and simple rhyme,
A song of the Indian Wood in its prime:
And living over in thought the past,
And stories and legends stern and bold;
Fancy peoples the scene at last,
As in the barbarous days of old.

I see the Indian hunter creep
From tree to tree in the forest deep,
Stealing with noiseless footsteps near
A timid troop of browsing deer:

Startling the antlered sentinel,
That scents him e'er a leaf is stirred;
But in vain! for his arrow speedeth well,
And slays the finest buck of the herd.

And yonder, the sachem's lodge of skin,
And a troop of his dusky braves within,
With knives and scalps at their girdles hung,
And blankets over their shoulders flung;
And a tribe from a distant hunting-ground,
Painted grotesque, in council met,
Passing the wampum-belt around,
Smoking the ancient calumet:

A group of Indian girls in a ring
Huddle around the crystal spring,
Bending over its mirror fair,
Braiding buds in their long black hair;
Singing fantastic songs of yore,
Tripping with light and nimble feet;
And others are telling their secrets o'er,
Easing their hearts of burthens sweet.

Hist! a noise in the bushes near;
They 're up and away like startled deer;
But one remains, a maiden fair,
And lo! her dusky wooer is there:
Flying to him like a frighted dove,
Pressed to his heart in a fond embrace,
She meets a moment his glance of love,
And hides in his robe her blushing face.

Side by side, his strong arms thrown
Around her slender waist like a zone,
They sit on a sloping bank of flowers,
Smiling away the Eden-hours;
And lulled at last by the swaying pines,
And the drowsy flow of the forest stream,
Her nodding head on his breast reclines,
And she sleeps and sighs in a pleasant dream.

The men are gone to the hunting-ground,
And the black-eyed squaws are flitting round
In front of the wigwams here and there,
Like altars wreathing their smoke in the air,
Hushing the while their infants young,
Slung to their backs in the bark papoose,
Singing hymns in the Indian tongue,
And the nursery ditties that mothers use.

The larger children are busy at play,
Scampering into the woods away,
Climbing the slender birchen trees,
Rocking about in the summer breeze,
Dropping out of their coverts green,
Gathering berries and setting snares,
And shooting with little arrows keen
The speckled quails and the timid hares.

A grave in the woods!—a new-made mound,
And a band of tearless mourners round,
Chanting solemnly while the dead
Is laid in his cold and narrow bed;
His weapons are buried by his side,
His bow and quiver and scalping-knife,
And a steed is slain for his soul to ride
In the hunting-grounds of eternal life.

All has vanished, all has flown;
I stand in the solemn woods alone:
The noon is past, and the sun declines,
Shining slant on the sombre pines:
The robin's song has a merry tone,
The brooklet laughs like a child at play,
But the wind in the tree-tops seems to moan
And sigh for the nations passed away.

Hampden, (Ill.) July, 1847.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

'WHY had I come to Germany?' It was singular enough that Theresa and Wolfgang Hegewisch should severally ask me the question; should severally deprecate, although in different terms, my present course.

What was that to Theresa or to Hegewisch? Why should either presume to dictate to me? A moment's consideration served to put at rest this movement of weak pride. I became calm. I determined to subject myself to the most rigorous discipline; what friend or enemy, sycophant or scoffer said, should be weighed carefully, and the result passed to my benefit. Such, and many more resolves of similar import, were made, while with renewed courage I girded myself for the trial. But oh! words, words! how they troubled me! how I tried to disencumber myself from the terms of the schoolmen! how I tried to translate them into a plain language! At first I could not imagine wherein I was baffled; and when I came to discover that it was by sounds merely, I took courage.

Whatever I did, wherever I went, the tall meagre form of Hegewisch haunted me like a spectre. Go where I would—in the lecture-room, among the students, in my walks, awake, asleep, or in reverie—*there* were those glittering black eyes and that scornful face and that gaunt figure! Sometimes the countenance would present itself in the softened melancholy light in which for a moment I beheld it when in his apartment; and then it appeared so softened and so melancholy, that I could hardly contain myself. In one situation only was I free from the illusion. In the society of Theresa

nothing could abstract me from the influence of her presence. No apparition nor image nor spectre haunted me then. I breathed the pure atmosphere which surrounded her, and felt that a new life was beginning within me. If ever lived a sinless being upon this earth, save only the ONE in whom we trust, it seems to me that Theresa was sinless! So it was that in her company I found peace of mind ever after the day in which I gave her my confidence. But away from her, and Hegewisch appeared! What could be the reason? Why was I so beset?

I expected at the appointed time to see Kauffmann. Strange to say, he had absented himself from Leipsic, and had not been seen since the day we had our last conversation. Hegewisch I often encountered. This was a relief, for the real spectre drove away the imaginary one. He always greeted me whenever we met; sometimes cordially, sometimes abruptly. Once in a while I would find him discoursing to a group of students, attentive listeners seemingly, who, though fascinated by the spell which his presence produced, were evidently terror-stricken by what he was saying. On such occasions I invariably joined the company, and Hegewisch would as invariably bring his harangue to a sudden conclusion, turn and leave us. In this way some two weeks ran on, when all at once Hegewisch disappeared from among us. I felt my interest still more excited by the circumstance; and after a lapse of a few days, being unable longer to restrain myself—for his shadow haunted me more than ever—I determined to go to his apartments and inquire there. I was warranted in so doing, in consequence of his request that I should come again and see him. I no longer hesitated, but proceeded at once to his rooms. I found him within. He was seated in a chair at his old secretary, attentively reading a manuscript which lay before him. He started suddenly upon my entrance, thrust the manuscript hastily into a drawer, and then, without rising, exclaimed: 'You are welcome. I am glad that you have come.'

I looked at him attentively, and was struck with the change that had taken place. His eye was more sunken, his face more sallow, his cheek more emaciated than ever.

'You have been ill—you *are* ill,' I said, quite abruptly.

'I have been—I am,' was the reply.

'Why did you not send for me?' I inquired; 'for something told me that my sympathy would scarcely be repulsed.'

'You have come in good time,' replied Hegewisch. 'Sooner I could not have seen you. I am better.'

'Indeed? Have you been so sick?'

'Yes; and how this cowardly frame of ours shrinks and trembles and grows puny, under the attack of the Destroyer. Death I would meet and not tremble, but it is his advance-guard, with their Parthian warfare, cutting one off by piecemeal, that disturbs me.'

'And is that *all* that disturbs you, Wolfgang Hegewisch.' I demanded, in a tone which gave evidence that I felt deeply for the sufferer.

'I am no longer disturbed by any thing. Mind and body a wreck—a ruin.'

'Oh! say not so!' I cried; 'Oh! say not so! Only rouse yourself; invoke the slumbering faculties of your being, make Memory do her part; Hope her part; Faith her part; Patience her part, and you are saved.'

'Memory — memory!' muttered the student to himself. 'GREAT FATHER, does he speak of *memory!* — does he commend me to the poison ——'

'Not without the antidote.'

'St. Leger?' said Hegewisch, recovering himself at the sound of my voice, and rising with dignity from his seat and coming toward me; 'St. Leger, comfort me not. My spirit is tossed upon a stormy sea, where winds howl and tempests rage continually, and where there is no hope of a calmer season, but rather an apprehension of a deeper and more terrible gloom! Comfort me not.'

'I will comfort you; I came to comfort you; you shall be comforted!' I exclaimed, repressing with difficulty the emotions which overflowed in my bosom.

The eyes of Hegewisch grew moist, but he struggled to prevent any evidence of feeling. It would not do. The moisture increased, and in spite of every effort a large tear-drop formed in each of those strange eyes, and overflowed the eyelids and rolled down his cheek.

'Weak, weak, weak!' whispered he, wiping the drops from his face. 'Let the hour hasten; let death come before I am quite an imbecile.'

'Will you not be calm and hear me? Will you not say what distresses you? Speak to me, your friend?'

'It is written *here*,' said Hegewisch, laying his hand upon his heart. 'It is written *here* with a pen of iron and graven with the point of a diamond.'

'*What* is graven? Why speak in riddles? Why will you not heed my request?'

'Listen to me then,' said the student. Perhaps it will relieve me to probe the wound. You are the first human being that my heart has warmed toward, since — since — it became stone. Will you hearken? Do you care to hear the story of one who has cursed the day wherein he was born?'

'I expressed an eager assent, and without farther hesitation the student, after drawing his chair nearer to mine, commenced.

THE STORY OF WOLFGANG HEGEWISCH.

'I WAS born on the Rhine; it is of no consequence to mention the place; the events I narrate are of too recent occurrence to give them their locality; I am the elder of two brothers. My father was the Baron ——. I no longer use the name or title, but have taken instead my second name Hegewisch, which was that of my maternal ancestor.

My childhood and youth were joyous — very joyous. My disposition was trustful and sanguine; my nature open and confiding, and my temper not unamiable.

'Singular to say, no two were ever more unlike than my brother and myself. He was cunning and stealthy; he was shrewd and vindictive; he was full of malice and of treachery. In our childhood even, he envied me the privilege of the first-born, and as we grew older, his envy merged into a subtle and revengeful hatred which became more and more dangerous as it was manifested the less openly. All this however took but little from my happiness. My heart overflowed with a warm benevolence toward all; and I regarded the conduct of my brother only as the result of childish ill-humor or of youthful caprice. I little knew his real character, or the depth of depravity it had already reached.

'I was the favorite both of my father and my mother. On the other hand, Caspar, my brother, gave them continual cause of uneasiness by the early manifestation of many unhappy traits of character.

'My days ran pleasantly away. I had a fondness for manly exercises and a love for books. My education was attended to with great care, and it was so admirably planned that I cannot look back upon a single day of study with an unpleasant reminiscence.

'How could I help being happy? My brother as we grew up took more pains to conceal his feelings. He practised a ready dissimulation and affected a strong regard for me. This served to convince me that his former conduct was but a boyish ebullition, and we got on pleasantly enough together. Only I could not love him. I had never thoughtfully reflected upon his character. I had never seriously condemned him, yet instantly I shrunk from his society. My greatest defect was a neglect (not want) of my reflective powers. I had much to excuse me for this; and I have fearfully reaped the reward of this sin of omission; but the future was all so bright, the present was all so happy, that it will not appear strange that I took every thing upon trust and allowed nothing to detract from the joyous and the pleasing. Not that I did not think; on the contrary, I was devotedly fond of study. I delighted in the acquisition of learning. I applied myself even severely, and took pleasure in the toil.

'But I reflected not practically. I did not apply the lessons of wisdom which I daily gleaned from books to my own case. Indeed, I thought not of myself. To be sure, I loved to be happy; but it was an impulsive natural desire which involved no selfishness. For I sought always to make those near me happy, and herein was my great pleasure. Can you imagine a more desirable state of being? Had it not some resemblance to the innocence of Eden?

'Caspar, this brother of mine, for I must make my story brief. Caspar the while was not idle — not he. He read and he studied, he was up early and late. He set to work not with the zeal of one who loved his labor, but with the assiduousness of a slave under the eye of his task-master. The more he learned, the kinder was his bearing toward every one, until even the Baron and my mother began to hope that Caspar was indeed redeeming his good name. Still, while his manner was becoming so amiable, his eye became more full of craft and his step more stealthy.

'With the servants and retainers of the Baron, Caspar could gain

no popularity whatever. In spite of his constant and persevering endeavors to win their favor, he was regarded with abhorrence. For this, Caspar hated me, but he smothered every thing like dislike, and affected to look up to me as the elder brother.

'There was one person only with whom Caspar appeared to hold confidential intercourse. This was a priest belonging to a monastery a few miles distant, named Father Hegel. He was not of the severe and self-denying class who are crafty and remorseless from principle, and who fortify themselves in deeds of darkness by apt quotations from Scripture; yet who reject with scorn the claims of sensualism and crush with an iron step the promptings of the appetite, proving their right to be very fiends. This Father Hegel knew nothing of privation or self-denial. He was in appearance just the priest that has been described so often; fat, rosy and rubicund. But here the ordinary similarity ended. He was apparently good-natured, but at heart he was arbitrary and cruel: too indolent to be ambitious, he contented himself with being a tyrant wherever he could tyrannize. He had a great deal of low cunning, of low malice, of low vindictiveness. He administered to his passions whenever he could do so with safety, and when he could not, he turned them into some other quarter for indulgence.

'With this monk Caspar was very intimate. He brought him often to his room in the castle, and many and long were their secret conferences. This intimacy commenced when Caspar was about sixteen and I, of course, nearly eighteen. The Baron regarded it with strong distaste, for he had been educated a Protestant, and his good sense would have condemned it under any circumstances. But somehow, the more intimate Caspar and Father Hegel became, the more amiable became Caspar. The monk took every occasion to ingratiate himself with the Baron and my mother, and sought especially to propitiate me. His words were full of Christian charity. He spoke of Caspar as a youth whose morbid feelings had made him moody and discontented. He admitted that he had taken pains to gain my brother's confidence, in order, if possible, to influence him by the strong force of Christian precept and example, and he was happy to find that his labor was not altogether in vain. Caspar had improved; his feelings were becoming natural; he regarded his former unhappy state of mind with abhorrence; he firmly believed he was no longer under the influence of the 'Prince of the Power of the Air.' Not that he sought to proselyte him; oh, no!—he only wished to withdraw him for a season from himself, and the rest he would leave to the 'Good Shepherd of Souls.'

'Such was the tenor of Father Hegel's discourse to my mother and the Baron and to me. Who could help being influenced by it when the evidence of amendment could be seen from day to day? Caspar grew more kind and amiable, the monk more saint-like and devoted.

I say not that my father was satisfied. Quite the contrary. For he was a man of ready intellect, who had seen much of the world, and knew what faith to put in the professions of such men as Father

Hegel; but balancing the apparent improvement in Caspar against the danger to arise from the means used, he doubtless thought it best not to interfere. My mother felt still greater hope; and for myself, I was pleased at the change, although I could not overcome the instinctive repugnance which I felt when my brother in apparent kindness put his arm within mine, or laid his hand with seeming affection upon my shoulder. By all the other inmates of the castle the monk was held in utter abomination. Notwithstanding all his efforts to gain favor, he was absolutely detested. There is a singular straightforwardness in the capacities of many of the humble class in life, which, like the peculiar appreciation of children, recognizes at once the pretender and the hypocrite. It was so here; and Caspar and the monk found themselves foiled where they had doubtless expected the least opposition.'

Hegewisch paused. He remained silent several minutes. At last he said: 'Why do I hesitate? Why linger on the threshold? Why dread to approach the subject? Do my thoughts ever wander from it? Is there a moment when it can be said, 'See, this is no longer in remembrance?' My right hand has forgot its cunning, but *I* shall forget—*never!*'

THE CHILDREN.

I.

See how they flutter to and fro,
Like swallows o'er the ground;
Their garments floating to the breeze,
Their tresses all unbound!
Their every foot-fall like a song
Sent forth to gladden them along,
And they, the bright, 'wee things,' themselves
Like just so many woodland elves.

II.

Here are the very locks wherein
The sunbeams always lie,
And faces, such as painters love
To sketch their cherubs by;
Eyes dove-like, saint-like eyes, and eyes
Lit up with light from Paradise.

III.

A kind of halo like a beam
From Eden realms set free,
Surrounds them with its viewless folds,
A robe of sanctity.
And even we half seem to share
The childhood's sunshine where they are;
E'en we can feel the living spring
Its ministering angels bring.

A. P.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY D. W. BELISLE.

I.

The world was hushed; deep silence reigned
Among the dun-clad hills,
And nought was heard save o'er the plains
The music of the rills;
And nought above the earth was seen,
Save here and there, with glittering sheen,
A peerless star revealed
Its gem upon the brow of night,
And sparkled far in heaven's bright
Illimitable field.

II.

Night's stately queen, just risen, appeared
A ball of fiery red,
And myriad hosts of brilliant lamps
Were burning overhead;
But soon, bedimm'd with a gath'ring cloud,
As wrapped in death's untimely shroud,
Each starry light expired,
And hid behind the folds of night,
The queenly orb withdrew her light,
And modestly retired.

III.

The Storm-god in his mad career
Led on the howling blast,
And rustling through the birchen boughs,
The snow fell thick and fast:
Till o'er the mountain's hoary head
Stern Winter's icy robes were spread,
And lost was every path,
Till spirit-voices in the wild
Abstracted from the wand'ring child
The courage childhood hath.

IV.

She drew her mantle to her breast,
And dared the beating storm,
Till, overcome, she sunk to rest,
A pale and helpless form.
She dreamed! — and in her dream, behold!
The scenes of childhood backward rolled
To that fair, sunny spot,
Where she had roamed, a wary child,
By crystal stream and leafy wild,
Beside her mountain cot.

v.

Again the flowers of spring had come,
Sweet voices filled the air,
The music of the insect's hum,
She deemed was every where:
To her the chiming spheres were rife,
All nature seemed replete with life;
But how illusive were
The scenes to which that dream had led
Her fancy, and how soon they fled
And left her lifeless there!

vi.

The storm subsided; winter passed
Within yon forest glen;
The child's remains were found at last,
Far from the haunts of men.
As touched by Spring's ITHURIEL wand,
Sweet violets sprang through all the land,
And from her place of rest
A flower had reared its crimson head,
Blossomed and grew above the dead,
Then faded on her breast.

Philadelphia, May, 1848.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

BY W. B. REDFIELD.

But little has been known concerning the history of Georgia till within a few years, and perhaps there has been no portion of our Union more indefinitely described than this State. Former histories have thrown but little light upon the subject; and it is only within a short period of time that there has been any research concerning its old colonial history. A society however has been organized, under the name of 'The Georgia Historical Society,' and through the energies of its members sufficient material has been collected to authorize the writing of a State history, which work is now in progress under the labors of her appointed historian and scholar, the Rev. Dr. Stevens, of the University of Georgia, which from its accuracy and definiteness will probably exceed all former histories of the State.

In looking over the old colonial records of the country, let us see what Sir Robert Montgomery says of Georgia, then in her infancy. Speaking of this colony, which he describes as lying to the south of Carolina, he says that 'Nature has not blessed the world with any tract which can be preferable to it;' and Oglethorpe, whose name is so often associated with Georgia as its founder, says: 'Such an air and soil can only be fitly described by a poetical pen, because there is but little danger of exceeding the truth.' But expressions like

these are in a manner too enthusiastic and extravagant. However, a good idea of this happy clime will be given to the reader by taking the old English poet and historian Waller's description of an island bordering upon the coast of the Carolinas:

> 'THERE the kinde springe, which but salutes us here,
> Inhabits there, and courtes them all the year;
> Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live,
> At once they promise what at once they give;
> So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
> None sickly lives or dies before his time.
> Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst
> To show how all things were created first.'

Among her sister States, in point of importance, Georgia combines within herself greater and more natural advantages than any other section of the Union. Located most advantageously, and knitting together as it were the East and the West; bordered on one side by a sea, and watered by many rivers; diversified with hills and valleys; embracing every variety of climate, from the heat of the tropics to the cold of high northern latitudes; blessed with a soil proper for any culture, bearing within its bosom mineral treasures of the rarest kind and the richest profusion; and above all, a land inhabited by a people celebrated for their kindness and hospitality, Georgia promises to become a land of plenty, riches, beauty and of glory.

We will now turn to the cause which led to the rise and progress of the colony of Georgia.

It is a singular fact in the history of the colonies that Georgia was settled by insolvent debtors fleeing from English persecution. Grahame, an English historian, has justly said: 'No nation of modern times has ever enacted or inflicted greater legal severities upon insolvent debtors than England. We find that early in the year 1729 many accounts were in circulation among the people concerning the cruelties practised upon the prisoners confined in the prisons of the metropolis, and many insolvent debtors who were thus incarcerated complained bitterly of the grievances they were subjected to. These cruelties becoming evident to Oglethorpe, then a member of Parliament, on a casual visit he made to the Fleet-Prison, he drew the attention of Parliament to the subject, and through his instrumentality a committee of ninety-six was appointed, of which he was chairman, to inquire into the state of the jails of the kingdom, and report the same and their opinion thereon to the House.* This committee embraced some of the first men in England. Ninety-eight noblemen enrolled their names, among whom Admiral Vernon, Field-Marshal Wade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Master of the Rolls were conspicuous. Upon their examination, which was productive of reform in the debtor laws of England, it suggested to the minds of Oglethorpe and his associates the necessity of seeking in some distant country an asylum for these distressed people, where they could support themselves by their own labor.

A committee was appointed to make out a list of these insolvent debtors for whom a discharge from their creditors could be effected,

* JOURNAL of the House of Commons, 1729.

for the purpose of obtaining their release, paying their debts and settling them with the persecuted Saltzburgers from Germany in the trustee's colony of Georgia, and in 1732 a charter was granted to incorporate the same; and soon after, Oglethorpe, with a hundred and sixteen persons, embarked from Gravesend for the wilds of the new world.

Parliament granted funds, which, together with the benevolence of private individuals, aided this little band of emigrants in the establishment of their colony; and crossing the ocean, Oglethorpe guided them to their new settlement, and planting this infant colony on the bluff of Yamacraw, built up the ancient city of Savannah. Six times did this noble man cross the Atlantic to settle and protect his colony. The persecuted of Europe sought the asylum thus offered for the unfortunate. Embarkation succeeded embarkation.* Britons from England, Hibernians from Ireland, Jews from Germany, Highlanders from Scotland, Italians from Piedmont, Lutherans from Saltzburg, Moravians from Bohemia, and Puritans from New-England, followed in quick succession; and from the little settlement at Yamacraw, villages extended on one side of the Savannah river to Augusta, and along the seaboard to Darien; the whole growing up in strength and beauty until it became a royal province, under a royal government.

While New-England was planted by Puritans fleeing from high-church tyranny,† Virginia by Cavaliers, fugitives from the triumphs of Cromwell, Carolina by Huguenots escaping from papal persecution, and Maryland by Catholics retiring before Protestant intolerance, New-York by Dutch merchants in search of gain, Pennsylvania by Quakers in the pursuit of peace, and Florida by Spanish hidalgos trafficking for gold and seeking for adventure; Georgia, unlike all these, was the offspring of benevolence, nurtured in the lap of humanity, and reared into being by disinterested charity. Never before appeared such a colony, flourishing from such a source, and tending to such an end; and well might the mother-country, turning to her numerous colonies, say: 'Well done! Many colonies have done wisely; but thou, the youngest of them, bearing a king's name‡ and a nation's charity, thou Georgia excellest them all!'

Let us turn to the character of Georgia's illustrious founder, for every state delights to cherish the virtues of some one individual who was prominent in its origin and settlement. Virginia glories in her Raleigh, Massachusetts in her Bradford; Pennsylvania magnifies the name of Penn;§ Maryland of Calvert; Rhode-Island of Roger Williams; Connecticut of John Winthrop. New-York will never forget her old Dutch governor, Wouter Van Twiller, and South-Carolina will never forget the name of Sir Ashley Cooper,‖ as long as the

* Georgia Historical Discourses.

† Dr. Stevens' Thanksgiving Sermon, February 13, 1843.

‡ This colony was named in honor of George the Second, King of England, Scotland and Ireland.

§ Steven's Historical Discourse upon the Settlement of Georgia.

‖ Sir Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which bear his name, roll on their course to the Atlantic. But no colony can point to a founder and leader in whose character meet more eminent qualities than in the character of James Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. The Oglethorpe family was of noble origin. James was educated in the University of Oxford, and received the highest encomiums from its professors. He was trained in the art of war by the celebrated Prince Eugene: passing through the different commissions in the army, he rose from the humble grade of ensign to the oldest general in the King's staff, passing through some of the most stirring scenes in camp, court and field; and for many years was a member of parliament. He was a man of inflexible courage, having a firmness of character undisturbed by flattery; a patriotism unquenched by neglect of duty; a humanity untainted by the carnage of war; and above all, he was blest with a benevolence which benefitted and blessed the suffering and distressed of either hemisphere. As a general he gained laurels on the battle-field, as a statesman he won praise for his ability in the affairs of the nation; yet it is not for these that he is remembered, but for his benevolence, his disinterested charity for the amelioration of the suffering, and devotion to the cause of human misery; for his perseverance under the neglect and scorn of others, in carrying out this benevolence.* These laurels, gained in the cause of benevolence and philanthropy, are more worthy than laurels gained by military glory. These — these, are the laurels which made him the first of chiefs. Georgia should ever hail Oglethorpe for this benevolence, which gave birth to her, as her illustrious founder and preserver.

One so distinguished; one who was eulogized by the poets, Pope and Thomson, who was praised in the House of Lords by a peer of the realm, who was applauded by the great statesman Burke, who was honored and esteemed by all the nobility, needs no panegyric from our feeble tongue. In the language of a distinguished divine and historian,† 'his sepulchre was indeed with his fathers', but his monument is Georgia.'

Thus is but feebly displayed the character of Georgia's illustrious founder, General James Oglethorpe.

During her colonial state, Georgia underwent many difficulties, and several times was on the brink of ruin, and was only saved by a signal interposition of Divine Providence. There is a providence, a God in history, who though veiled from our sight, though we see him not, works all things after the council of His own will; and while we revere the memory of the illustrious founder of this state, we should not forget the providence of God displayed in its settlement and protection.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

An Album! — prithee what is that?
A book like this I 'm shown?
Kept to be filled with others' wit
By people who have none!

* Life of Oglethorpe. † Rev. Dr. Stevens of the University of Georgia.

PONCE DE LEON.

'The veteran soldier whose cheeks had been furrowed by hard service, as well as by years, had heard and had believed the tale of a fountain which possessed virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its stream, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters.' BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

'OH! who shall guide us to thy verdant brink,
Sweet fount of youth! whose waters pure and clear
Can bid the weary one who stoops to drink,
Arrayed in new-born life and bloom appear?

II.

Oh, who shall guide us! — do thy waters lave
The green savannah or the trackless wild,
Bathing the flowers that cluster o'er the wave?
Say, art thou known to him, the forest child?

III.

To thee we fain would come ere life has fled,
The furrowed brow and care-worn frame to bring;
Then haste away, while lo! when time has spread
The frosts of winter, blooms the joyous spring.'

IV.

So said the wanderer, as with eager haste
He sought the phantom of his fevered brain,
Unwearied still he roamed the desert waste,
The wilderness exploring but in vain.

V.

Onward he pressed undaunted, whereso'er
His wayward fancy unresisted led,
Alas! for him no fountain sparkled near,
Gone is the vision, and the dreamer dead.

VI.

Yet scorn him not, though visions vain and wild
Obscured the light of Reason's calmer ray,
How oft for us has some fair fountain smiled,
Some *ignus fatuus* lured us by the way?

VII.

Fame, honor, wealth, still fix the ardent gaze;
Each secret hope the heart hath fondly nursed,
Lures through life's desert path and flowery ways,
Till all too late we find each bubble burst.

E. M.

ADELE BARRON.

A NARRATIVE OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN REAL LIFE.

BY 'VIATOR.'

The custom of depositing the dead in tombs, however sanctioned by the precedent of Macpelah, has always appeared to me unnatural and inexpedient. There is a seeming attempt to make death comfortable, to enlarge the bounds of our last house, and evade, for a little time at least, the inevitable law of 'dust to dust.' In some countries it is necessary, as in Egypt, where the sandy soil exposes the corpse to the liability of disinterment by wild animals or the force of the winds, and where there seems to be, in the caverns and rocky hills, a sort of natural provision for the purpose; but where no such difficulty exists, the grave in a rural cemetery seems to present far more pleasing associations than the whitened sepulchre or the vault concealed from view by a grassy covering. Either of the last two presents to the mind the idea of a gloomy cellar, full of dead men's bones, or rows of dingy coffins bursting open with pestiferous odors. The thought of decay is in itself bad enough; but when that association is accompanied with the 'horrible conceit of death and night' which belongs to the charnel-house, 'to whose foul mouth no wholesome air breathes in,' we feel somewhat the same horror and dread which possessed Juliet at the thought of awaking in such a place. Who would wish to look upon the dead? How much more satisfactory the thought, that as the work of decomposition advances, the earth will close around and conceal forever from exposure, or at least from recognition, the remains of those we love, until at last, mingling with the dust around, they may nourish the turf and flowers which we plant above.

Nor is the tomb as secure from invasion as we are apt to suppose, especially in this country, where families so frequently change their residence to a point far distant from the burial-place of their ancestors. We have seen doors rusted off from their hinges; vaults which have caved in, in consequence of the sinking of the earth around, the crumbling of one or two imperfect key-stones, or the loosening of perhaps a bad cement from the constant dampness occasioned by a heavy overgrowth of moss and creepers. Truthfully does the clown in Hamlet say, that the houses made by the gravemaker last till doomsday!

I never shall forget the emotions with which I listened some time since to the details given by the sexton of one of our New-York churches. He had visited the tenements of the dead at almost all hours and seasons, and seen corpses in almost every state of decom-

position, and spoke of it all with as much professional coolness as does the grave-digger in Hamlet. Although to the philosopher it can matter but little what becomes of his useless and soon-to-be-forgotten dust, a thrill passes through every sensitive mind at the thought that a stranger may lift the coffin-lid and rudely toss about his bones; and especially must this feeling prevail in a populous city. I remember to have read somewhere a dialogue supposed to have taken place between the spirits of the departed whose bones are piled up in the catacombs of Paris. The idea of utter oblivion and desolation is thus conveyed by one of the speakers:

> 'Though o'er our heads there is one constant tread,
> Little the living think they walk upon the dead;'

a couplet which always recurs to my mind when I enter the post-office at New-York, formerly the Dutch Church, and glance at the time-worn tablets in the yard. There was recently disinterred from under the old Grace Church, in that city, a silver coffin, containing the body of a child preserved in spirits. Some persons remember that the same coffin was disinterred forty years ago, when they were pulling down a Lutheran church which formerly stood on the same site; and it is supposed that it is more than eighty years since some fond parents resorted to this method of testifying their love for all that remained of their offspring. The comments which were made in the newspapers on the occurrence have brought to my mind a visit made some years since to the burial-place of a family once well known, but now nearly extinct, the story connected with which may be worth relating.

Mr. Barron was an Irish gentleman, of a family of some distinction, who about the year 1788 removed to the United States, and having settled in the city of New-York, conducted an extensive commercial business with England and France. His high character as a merchant and his superior attainments secured him the esteem and confidence of the public. No one entertained with more hospitality, or used wealth with more reference to the real refinements of life. New-York was at that time the political as well as commercial metropolis of the Union, and under the administration of Washington, with the eminent men in his cabinet and in Congress, there was more of the polish and gayety of a court than has been exhibited at any time since. In the circle of fashion Mr. Barron's only daughter Adele, just blooming into womanhood, was the reigning belle; her exquisite beauty of person and sound good sense attracting the admiration of all the gentlemen, while her perfect simplicity of manners, unaffected modesty and obliging disposition disarmed all envy on the part of her own sex. Two gentlemen had been universally regarded as rivals for her hand; the one an English gentleman, who had been acting as a diplomatic agent of his government, the other a young merchant in New-York, and one of her father's partners; the former of whom we shall designate as Mr. Welden, the latter as Mr. Carleton. For a long time their attentions were unremitting, and it was considered doubtful which would secure the lady's preference.

Carleton, by reason of kindred pursuits, as well as the fact that he would reside in this country, was thought to be more favored by the father and mother; while the Englishman, more polished and intellectual, was regarded as the lady's choice. Meanwhile, the two were constant visitors at the house, and while Mr. Carleton was received with all the politeness due to a friend of her father's, she strove to avoid in any way giving what might be construed into encouragement. But Carleton was not one to be rebuffed by trifles; and with that astonishing blindness to all ideas of dignity and self-respect which so often characterizes the passion of love, still cherished hopes; although it soon came to be known that the fair one had pledged her hand to his rival, and that he was about to return to England to attend to some family matters and endeavor to complete arrangements for thereafter making the United States his home.

Mr. Barron had enjoyed the pleasure of a personal intercourse with WASHINGTON, during which he had become warmly interested in the President's favorite scheme for the establishment of a seat of government on the Potomac; and in his contemplated retirement from active business, had thought of the future capital as a place for pleasant residence and society, and safe investment of his funds in city lots; the highest expectations having been at that time formed of the rapid rise of a magnificent city on the waste fields of Carrollsburgh and Hamburgh. He had accordingly purchased, at considerable cost, a large tract, and put a part of it under cultivation, taking up his residence in Georgetown until his plans could be completed and a suitable residence built on the capitol hill.

Himself and his family being Roman Catholics, and there being as yet no Catholic church there, he had commenced a small edifice for worship by himself and the few of that persuasion who were then living in that part of the paper city.

The intelligence of his daughter's betrothal had been first generally whispered about at a grand ball given at Mr. Barron's house in New-York a short time previous to Welden's departure, and within a month or two previous to the removal of the family to Georgetown. Adele never looked more lovely than when, arrayed in a simple dress of white, she stood by the side of her mother to receive the company. A group of companions and admirers formed around her, and ever and anon her cheeks were suffused with blushes as some one whispered congratulations into her ear. Similar expressions of approval were tendered to Major Welden, and by none more heartily than by Carleton, who seemed most anxious to conceal any mortification or envy of his rival which he might feel, by assuming a countenance of unwonted cheerfulness. 'And so,' said he, for want of other topics of conversation, 'this gentleman is to meet you in the federal city on his return?'

'He will meet me in the chapel, then!' said Adele, jestingly; 'for that is the only house we are likely to have for some time to come.'

'The very place of all others where he should prefer to meet you, provided the priest were present.'

The compliment was gracefully acknowledged by Adele, who blushed at the literal construction put upon her words.

Welden sailed for England, and wrote a letter announcing his arrival, but stated that he should be detained longer than he had supposed, in consequence of unexpected difficulties relative to his property, and affliction in his family. It was full of the most endearing expressions and avowals of his earnest desire to hasten the period of his return. But now a long silence ensued. Letters in those days were much longer in crossing the water than at present, but there were two or three arrivals without any missive for Adele. The silence was of course soon construed into neglect, and the most unpleasant surmises arose. He had formed new associations, which had driven her from his mind; he had other society, and opposition from his family. These and a thousand other similar conjectures found much to support them in this ominous silence, and her parents began to think that their daughter had been made the victim of a cold-hearted trifler. Carleton shook his head, and intimated that he had always suspected the diplomat of being fickle-minded, and seemed to derive a satisfaction from the consideration that Miss Adele would now know who was to be appreciated. But little attention did she pay to any of these surmises concerning the far-off one, for whom she tried to imagine all sorts of excuses. Her wounded spirit found no relief, save in her own bosom, which alternately swayed with hope and despondency in the agitation of conflicting conjectures.

The family soon removed to Georgetown, and the change seemed to be grateful to Adele's feelings, as she was no longer disturbed by the reflection that all around were commenting on the treatment she had received. She rode over daily, and watched the progress of the chapel, superintended the setting out of trees around it, and planned improvements in the ground, finding in this employment a diversion from her anxiety of mind.

But another and more serious cause of apprehension awaited her, and had already been observed by her parents. They had several years before lost a daughter by consumption; and the unnatural flush which had for some time appeared on Adele's cheek could not be mistaken; especially when accompanied by a short hacking cough. They had hoped that the air of the Potomac might be more congenial to her health; but were soon satisfied that if any good was to be derived from a milder climate, she must go still farther south. No time was lost, but as Mr. Barron's engagements detained him, the eldest son acted as an escort to his mother and sister, and the three embarked at New-York, and after a rapid and pleasant voyage, arrived at the Havana. As usual in such cases her health seemed at first to improve, and the most sanguine expectations for her recovery were indulged in by her fond parents.

They had been accompanied to the vessel by a crowd of friends, and Adele had leaned upon the arm of Carleton. As her father's friend and partner, she could not do otherwise than treat him with that civility which she would bestow on any friend of the family. The

world however settled the matter, in the usual off-hand way, and it was generally believed that should Adele recover, she would become Mrs. Carleton.

While these things were going on in the United States, Welden, whose silence had occasioned such deep anxiety, was himself no less perplexed and annoyed at receiving no tidings from his betrothed. With the exception of two letters, in the last of which she gently rebuked him for not writing, and expressed herself throughout in the cautious terms of one who distrusted the feelings of him she addressed, he had received no tidings from her. As he had regularly written by every vessel which took its departure, this intimation filled him with the most intense anxiety and suspense. He immediately wrote a long letter stating the facts, renewing his expressions of affection, and announcing that, although he had not yet accomplished his object, it was his intention to sail for the United States by a trusty English ship which was to leave in a few weeks. This letter he directed to Georgetown, to which place she had stated that the family were about to remove. No allusion had been made in her letter to her ill health.

In pursuance of his determination, he embarked about a month after the letter had been forwarded. For a time the ship made rapid progress, but about midway on her course was detained for nearly a week by a succession of calms. At length a northerly breeze set in, when she was espied and chased by a French frigate. The pursuit was long and the danger imminent, when a violent storm separated them, but not without inflicting severe damage on the English vessel. She had been driven far out of her course, and the captain found it necessary to put into the nearest port for repairs. This chanced to be Matanzas, or arriving at which port, it was found that the ship had sustained much greater injury than was at first supposed, and that it would be necessary to remain there a week or two. Impatient at the delay, Welden inquired for some other more speedy conveyance to the United States, and learned that a schooner from the Havana had just arrived, having touched at this port to take in some additional freight, before sailing for Alexandria.

He went down to look at her accommodations; and to secure a passage. All was bustle on board, and the deck was covered with boxes and barrels, some of which had been taken from the hold in order to lower some hogsheads and other heavier articles to the bottom of the vessel. The master of the schooner was engaged in superintending these operations, and Welden, while waiting an opportunity to speak to him, seated himself on a box and watched with a careless air the descent of the last hogshead into the hold. Being soon obliged to remove, by the approach of the crew toward the box upon which he was seated, he observed for the first time that it was a long and narrow chest, rather neatly made, with the letters 'A. B,' marked on the top, and enclosed in deep black lines. He also remarked that the crew conducted this proceeding in comparative silence, not accompanying their work with the 'Yo-heave-ho!' which

had beguiled their previous pulls upon the block and tackle. The rope slipped through their hands somewhat suddenly toward the last, causing the chest to come down with a sudden impetus. When it was stowed away, the captain exclaimed to himself:

'Thank heaven that it is over, and they know nothing about it!'

The cause of this exclamation, with the concluding incidents of this narrative, will be given in the ensuing number.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

BY 'THE AUTHOR.'

I.

Eternal God, thy children here,
With gushing heart and bended knee,
And holy joy and holier fear,
Devote this temple unto thee.

II.

Up from the altar raised within,
May there a flame unceasing go;
And from its foot, to cleanse from sin,
A sweet and healing fountain flow.

III.

Here may the rich find rest from care,
The weary poor forget to sigh;
The mourning heart find strength to bear
The sorrows that it cannot fly.

IV.

May we, the followers of thy Son,
Here light the altars of our hearts;
And cheerfully life's journey run,
As year with changing year departs.

V.

And when at last the grave is near,
The goal that ends our earthly race,
May we yield up without a fear
Our bodies to Death's cold embrace:

VI.

And in a temple where the light
Pours ever from thy burning throne,
Where never comes the timid Night,
Worship thine awful name alone!

FALSE DOCTRINES OF THE DAY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I HAVE often asked myself how it happens that so many fanciful doctrines are propagated under the blaze of light and knowledge? The nineteenth century shows a spirit of inquiry which has never before appeared. Matters, for the most part, are sifted and sifted, until the truth is elicited, and a correct understanding formed. But certain subjects seem to be excepted from the general accuracy of investigation; those which concern man's moral and religious duties, and look to the improvement of society. These subjects give birth to the most idle theories, and multitudes are found credulous enough to believe and propagate them.

Propagandists of this character exhibit a remarkable feature in the reform of the day. They may be compared to a counter-current creeping along the margin, while the tide of human improvement is dashing down the main channel, sweeping away inveterate errors and abuses. We do not however think that they furnish a very serious obstacle to the progress of truth, and certainly they exhibit one encouraging symptom. Their enthusiasm, though misdirected, shows plainly that the spirit of inquiry is aroused from its long lethargy. In fact, every thing to which attention is directed is brought to examination, and men are led into errors only when the subject is one that cannot be readily understood.

Thus investigation in the physical world leads, in the main, to a right understanding and to correct theories, for the objects of inquiry are palpable to the senses; but false conclusions follow in those departments where there is nothing definite to guide the inquirer, or where the land-marks are easily misapprehended. Hence the thousand religious creeds conflicting, and some standing on the most shallow foundations. A Mahomet, a Smith, and more recently a Noyes, found willing advocates of the merest phantasms.

These misguided beings for the most part belong to the lower orders of society. Civilization has not yet a strong hold upon their minds, but in its near approach infuses into them the spirit of inquiry which without the guidance of learning, leads them into error. Such inquietude is however more favorable than that dull lethargy which rested on the dark ages. It is hoped that the extension of the press and the dissemination of knowledge will check this tendency to error, and guide philosophic minds to the acquisition and enjoyment of true principles.

Numerous as are the '*Ists* and *Isms*' of the present day, they invariably fall to the ground when grappled by an enlightened community, unless resting for their support on immutable truths. Joe Smith and his compeers found their only success beyond the demarkation of

civilized life, and as soon as the torch of knowledge blazed in the western wilderness their allegations became a laughing stock, and their boasted wisdom wrought them a speedy downfall. Millerism crazed few brains among the enlightened population. Old women, who in their younger days had been denied a liberal education, were its chief victims. And lately, among the mountains of Vermont, where no intellectual light enters except by distant reflection, a sect transcending all others in folly has sprung up, who claim, among other absurdities, that the soul is a fluid, (probably from the equivocalness of the term spirit,) and already the band of followers is quite numerous. Noyes, the leader of this sect, recently promulgated his views to the world; and as might be expected they are every where, among well-advised people, looked upon with the utmost astonishment and contempt.

False doctrines it is plain then will decrease rather than multiply as the sun of knowledge ascends higher and higher. It is however wrong to suppose that they are confined, as a whole, to the ignorant. Aside from that class of men who for the sake of self-aggrandizement give willing but hypocritical advocacy to 'new-fangled notions,' there are men of talent and learning, who in their zeal for improvement unwittingly encourage false doctrines which savor of it, and while they are in pursuit of a laudable end, defeat their purpose by suffering their wishes to usurp the place of reason. Reform! reform! is the watch-word of the day. The progressive spirit is awake and active, as well as the conservative; and there is a strong demand for the latter, to serve as a check and a balance on the former.

It is worth while to notice this difference between the pernicious creeds which thrive among the lower and the higher orders of society; that the former are not only more numerous than the latter, but in general more shallow and subversive of good order. An intelligent community will not be led astray by impostors unless they present very plausible claims to confidence, and it is difficult to find such claims unless they are based, ultimately at least, on some real foundation. A chimera will remain a chimera, and will pass as such, in spite of the most subtle reasoning. Fourierism, as it has been advocated, might perhaps prove disastrous. But no one will deny that some such a system, if rightly planned, rightly carried into practice, and rightly sustained by intelligent members, would furnish a great alleviation of human suffering, and a great blessing to society. The system has a sound ultimate if not approximate basis, and hence it is advocated by so many men of intelligence. It may perhaps result in good.

Men of learning, we think, so far from being too credulous are more apt to be sceptical. They are persuaded solely by arguments. Facts must be presented and forced upon their attention, and strong proof of the advantage of a measure afforded, or they are loth to adopt it.

Hence a series of years may be necessary to bring about a change. But whenever that change is effected there is the consolation that society has advanced. The case is different with the illiterate. They have no fund of knowledge to give them stability. In consequence they are blown about as the breeze happens to carry them; almost as apt to retrograde as to advance. They are governed more by im-

passioned excitement than by calm judgment; and as such an excitement spreads from mind to mind, like prairie fire, great things are accomplished in a day. The eloquence of a single man inflamed all Europe, then scarcely emerging from barbarism, to the rescue of the Holy Land. Passions were aroused, and the excitement spread like a fierce contagion, until the light of reason was extinguished, and the grand procession rushed madly on its fatal mission. Europe with her present civilization could not fall into such an infatuation. Her movements will now be characterized by reason and prudence, and though she may sometimes be the subject of bad innovations, such will be the case only when reason is not allowed its legitimate power.

Recent occurrences in Europe are not the work of impassioned minds. Though blazing forth so suddenly, they are really the result of years. Underneath the surface of society elements were a long time in action. There was no appeal to the passions, but instead of it was exhibited the firm and majestic movement of minds guided by correct principles, and adding another instance to the many on record, that the spread of knowledge tends to the recognition and furtherance of truth.

We see then that most of the erroneous doctrines of the present day are confined to anxious but ill-advised men, and that the few which meet the countenance of the learned, are founded, if not ultimately on truth, at least on a close approximation to it, so as to work society little harm.

Our effort then should be to extend general knowledge. If this be done, man's various relations and the pure principles of Christianity becoming at the same time more apparent, the most beneficial results may be expected to follow. ODIN.

LINES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF RICHARD HAYWARDE.

AWAY condemning thoughts that spring
From hearts with heavy cares depress,
And give my buoyant fancy wing,
My weary spirit rest.
Let the unclouded sun be mine,
The freshening breeze, the azure sky;
Let the bright stars in glory shine,
And joy and mirth with love combine
To make dull sorrow fly.

Why do we live? to sigh and moan,
To rise with pain and rest with care?
Better to sleep beneath the stone
That marks the bed all men must share:
No, while we live let life be gay;
Act as we should the better part,
And as the moments flee away
Let them, like sparkling motes, display
The sunshine of the heart.

THE SAILOR AND HIS CHILD.

BY GRETTA.

It was a night of gloom and dread
In the icy northern seas,
And the strong ship shuddered at the storm,
And battled with the breeze.

Each sturdy heart then quailed with fear,
As Death came sweeping by,
And terror whitened every cheek
And raised each suppliant eye.

'T was then, amid the tempests roar,
The lightning's vivid flash;
The groaning planks, the heaving seas,
And thunder's sudden crash:

A sailor sadly bowed his head,
All wet with splashing foam,
And thought upon the gentle ones
In his far distant home.

'Ye are slumbering now, my darling wife,
My only child,' he said;
'Ye are slumbering now, where vernal blooms
Around are softly spread.

'Ye little dream my cherished ones
That he, so loved, so dear,
Is waging now a strife with Death
In these wild billows here.

'Sleep, softly sleep, my prattling babe,
My blessing on thee rest;
My rosy cherub, resting now
Upon her faithful breast.

'Ah! fearful is the howling storm,
And dark the doom I see;
But oh 't is joy, mid all, to think
That Death is far from thee!'

But was it so? The night wore on,
And far in southern bowers
Bright starry eyes were peeping out
Above the sleeping flowers.

Were peeping out above the cot
Where slept the sailor's joy,
The gentle wife he blessed afar,
And her fond blue-eyed boy.

Close clasped within her fostering arms,
And rock'd upon her breast;
Oh what was there, 'neath those calm skies,
To break his smiling rest!

A summer night, a night of stars,
A night of dreams of joy;
Yet there — mysterious power — came Death,
And touched the sleeping boy.

Yes, passing by that struggling bark,
And through that lurid air,
He sought the sailor's far-off cot,
His folded flower there!

The father, rescued from the storm,
Came back in buoyant life;
Harmless to him the fiery bolts,
The tempest and the strife.

The son had slept where zephyr's sigh
Scarce stirred his floating hair,
Close cradled on his mother's heart,
Yet Death had found him *there*.

Baltimore, July, 1848.

A MEMORY OF LIFE.

BY KIT. KELVIN.

My Dear Young Friend: I am no story-writer. Ordinarily I throw aside tales, as of a surface-like nature — worthless; but as you have requested this chapter of my life, I o'erstep my fanciful obstacles, and any natural obdurateness, to extort from one human being a cargo of thanks; appreciated, because I know, coming from you, Pierre, they *are* of the heart.

What a fearful thing a 'Good-bye' is, spoken upon the threshold of a long absence! It savors more of eternity than of life! Years past, I wandered much. My home was the ocean; and although frequent was the parting scene, still there is one I can never forget. Wearied with a long cruise, I had returned with a furlough of three months; cause, indisposition. The spot that welcomed me was choice with nature's beauties as well as those of the soul. Kindness of heart, pure feelings of affection and devotedness of spirit, on the one hand, and the sweet fields, running brooks and cool woodlands on the other, brought a contented mind and a beating heart. Here I had tarried; and you can imagine my entire happiness, for with such an Elysium came my health and former gayety. Beside all these general attractions, there was an individual one; a young maiden of some eighteen summers; and as we were inclined to

reading and light amusement, we were much together. This undoubtedly looks strange to you, as coming direct from my lips, for you imagine I eschew all tenderness; but time and its changes, disappointment and cares, corrode the heart—God preserve you from the experience!—and although I can look upon the young, and love to know of their enjoyment, still these scenes of my earlier days arise like Banquo's ghost to dispel all imagined or real happiness by them evinced.

My Mary was not romantic enough for the nomenclature of 'heroine.' She was possessed of true common sense, a pure mind, elevated ideas, and a gracefulness sufficient to captivate. I had seen the noble maid of Castile, the sunny smile of the fair Italian; but Mary had eclipsed all; she was my compass, my talisman. But my heart aches!

The bugle of the approaching coach started me from a reverie I had fallen into upon my couch, and accustomed to instant preparation, I exchanged my *robe de chambre* for a coat, had kissed my Mary, and with valise in hand, encased myself inside, before the echo of the horn had fairly died away. It was the commencement of another cruise; a cruise upon which I never reflect without a shudder. Would that I too had gone down among the sea-weeds!

Upon the way I fell in with an assistant-surgeon, despatched to join the same vessel to which I was then proceeding; and before we had arrived, we had become firm friends; drawn together, as it were, by those mysterious chains which always attract congenial souls. We had talked of our boyhood's days, our youthful hopes, (many already crushed,) and I had willingly made him my confidant of my love for Mary. He appreciated my feelings, and entered warmly into my future hopes; but always, at these times, could I detect a shade of melancholy upon his brow, the cause of which I could never discover, though I rallied him often, and importuned him to unbosom the secret. Forever endeavoring to rally my spirits, I found his heart surcharged with that peculiar self-sacrificing spirit which seems embodied in clay for a short time only; earth, seemingly, not being the place for the maturing of such fruit.

After the usual 'note of preparation,' which was 'long drawn out,' we stood out to sea; a period of my life the happiest, to be closed with the pall of death, saddening, heart-sickening. In the doctor I found the accomplished scholar and the well-bred gentleman; he combined qualities of mind rarely equalled. In all the fearful changes through which it was our destiny to pass, he bore himself with the dignity, calmness and resignation of a good man and brave officer. Of mankind he was my beau-ideal. He had travelled much, and of human nature knew full well. For fame he was seeking, but not linking his ennobled mind to meanness thereby. He had struggled long and heartily; had denied himself pleasure and comfort for his profession; had obtained it, and had just commenced to reap his harvest. Upon him looked a father and a mother; and justly were they proud of such a representative. With a flushed face and moistened eye has he often told me of the parental anguish it was his to

witness when he left his quiet valley-home; but he was going under the stars-and-stripes of his dear fatherland, and the hope that with his return he should witness a far different scene, his heart was buoyed up, and he spoke the adieu heartily and cheerily.

Through the monotony of a voyage in tropical climes, through tempests dire, sunny days and favoring gales, together with strolls ashore at different ports, the doctor was ever my companion, and many times did the hearty laugh, with his 'infinite humor and variety of jest,' recall me to hope and cheerfulness. Fully beloved by officers and men, it was gratifying to see with what earnestness the old salts tugged at their matted fore-locks when he made his appearance on deck. He had the hearty respect of true men-of-war's men.

Thus wore our cruise away, and we were homeward-bound, when that fearful scourge, called 'Yellow Jack' by sailors, or in land phrase, yellow fever, made its presence among us. We had lost one man at our last port, and had stood out, hoping through breezes free from the malaria to escape the threatened sweep; but it was of no avail. The contagion was on board, and was daily diminishing our ship's strength by a fearful increment upon the sick-list. It was then the season to test the manliness of each heart; and in no case was it better illustrated than in that of the doctor. Crowding 'twixt hammocks where lay poor victims writhing in agony, he was seen at all hours administering comfort by his profession and cheerfulness by his smiles and ready tongue. Although his arduous labors were fast pulling him down, he often told me he was placed there to do his duty, and it was the part of a coward to refuse. 'I love my profession,' were his words; 'it is a noble one. If I live, I shall never be sorry that I have done my duty; if I die,' he added, with firmness, compressing his lips, ''t is well!'

To witness the haggard looks and blanched cheeks among us was frightful!—and then the thinning of our men! The vacant seats around the mess-table in the ward-room told a shuddering tale! Already had the silent burial become fearfully often, mingled at times with the booming gun, which sounded the death-knell of some brave officer going down to his last hammock amid the waves. I had felt ill for several hours; but unwilling to relinquish my post in this trying time, I had kept about, inspired no doubt by the conduct of my friend, who still braved the deadly contagion and laughed away the fears of the dying sailor. Many have told me since, that had it not been for his assiduity they would have been food for sharks.

At length, feeling the certainty of the symptoms, and unable longer to stand, I gave up, and was reported accordingly. My friend was instantly by, with his usual cheerfulness. 'Well, Kelvin, you are to run your chance now, eh? I had thought better of you! A stout heart will carry you through.'

For days he fought the malady with vigor, and smiled as he told me I was safe; the last smile I ever saw him wear! I found him on his back two days after, undergoing the consequences of the foul inhalations and physical exhaustion. He told me calmly he was going to die. The probability fell upon me like a thunderbolt. His

calmness was fearful; it was the calmness of 'that sleep that knows no waking.' 'It is hard,' he said, with feeling, 'for one so young to die, after all my exertions! But I am composed—very composed.' My own life would have been nothing, could I have saved him thereby!

But, my young friend, I will not dwell upon this sad, true tale. We buried that noble heart in the ocean a few days after. He died composedly, sending to his cherished home a message of peace; the home he had so often spoken of with eloquence and love. God grant that your heart may never experience such suffering as was mine! Nor was this all: I found the green turf covering my Mary! Do you wonder that I am often sad?

May the short time I have spent in detailing an early anguish, whose memory still haunts my later years, prove beneficial to your heart, and teach you that it is not '*all* of life to *live!*'

Yours, in friendship, KIT. KELVIN.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

I.

O, God of infinite power, to-night
Humbly before thy throne I bow,
For all my weakness and my sins
Rise up in fearful judgment now!

II.

And feeling how my feet have turned
Aside from righteousness and THEE,
I tremble lest I may not reach
The palace where THY angels be!

III.

I feel I have not yet subdued
The power of my rebellious will,
And that my stubborn heart resists
The pleading of THY spirit still!

IV.

O, open up to these blind eyes
The way through darkness to the light,
Before the power that strives with me
Shall take its everlasting flight!

V.

To-night, to-night, O gracious God!
Let the reviving work begin,
And let my heart before the cross
Be broken with its weight of sin!

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER ONE.

THE HISTORY OF AN ACORN.

I DWELT upon the lofty branch of an oak for a long while; but one day a sudden gust of wind bore me to the ground, from which situation I was taken up by a beautiful boy, returning from school with his companions. A shade of thought passed over his brow as he gazed at me, and his eye assumed so serious a look that his schoolmates paused in their sports to learn the results of his meditations; which were, that lofty as was the tree from which I fell, it was once a simple acorn. His story not being believed by all of his *wise* friends, it was resolved that I should be planted, and thus prove the truth or falsity of what he said.

It was indeed a sad moment for me when the damp earth hid from my sight the bright world above, and for many days I gave myself up to despair; but finally I grew impatient of my restraint, and could no longer live under ground; so I timidly peeped through the earth, and inhaled the fresh air. My joy could not have been greater than that of the little boy, who, on visiting the spot where I was planted, found me quite above the ground. His assertion being proved, no more was thought about me, and I was left to myself.

Time hastened on. Summer and winter quickly succeeded each other, and every year found me increasing in size and beauty. And the boy — had he not changed too? He had been away from his native home, and had now returned with a manly step and haughty mien. Oh! how unlike the laughing boy who, twenty years before, bounded over the fields so light and free of heart! But notwithstanding the gay and dissipated world in which he dwelt, the thousand cares and pursuits of life, the associations of early days were not entirely obliterated from his mind. He wandered over the grounds, marking each change that had taken place, and he started in surprise when he saw me and remembered me as the little shrub he had tended with so much care many years before. It was easy to imagine, from the expression of his countenance, what thoughts were passing through his mind. The wind, rain, sun and air had all conduced to make me what I then was, and I had daily increased in that which was good. He too had had advantages showered upon him; but had he improved them as he ought? I felt grateful that I was thus happily made the means of teaching him a lesson not soon to be forgotten.

Again I would pass over years of my monotonous existence, and introduce myself in all the pride and grandeur of the monarch of the forest; my massive trunk supported branches that towered far above any competitors around. Truly, I was fair to look upon, might I

judge from the admiration and awe with which an aged man regarded me. There was little in him to remind me of the joyous boy or the haughty man of days gone by, yet there was seen the same thoughtful look that ever characterized him.

It was indeed pleasant for me to have the bowed form of that old man repose under my spreading branches, and to hear his words of wisdom imparted to light-hearted children around! But such happiness could not last long. He passed away from the earth, weighed down by his infirmities, while I was yet in my prime.

'Vain boaster!' said Time to me one day, as I was congratulating myself on account of my beauty, strength and long life, 'be silent, nor pride thyself on thy length of days; for surely thou shalt soon be like the aged one gone to his long home!'

I laughed his prophecy to scorn; but it was too true. My form is now bowed low when compared to what it once was. My branches are bare and lifeless; a few scattered leaves alone remain to me, lamenting as it were my doom. Light-hearted children shun me; for what is there in a withered tree to promote the happiness of the young? Yet would I teach them a lesson, as I mourn from day to day in my loneliness. I would tell them of the short race of man; of the fickleness of friendship; the bright hopes and pride of youth dashed to the ground; the folly, the madness of living without a thought of another state of existence. Yes, many a truth might they learn from me, would they but hear; but perversely they turn their eyes away, and I must leave them to learn from experience, as *I* have done.

S. R. I.

A RAMBLE IN AUGUST.

'Among low farms, sheep-cotes and mills.'—Shakspeare: King Lear.

Come, let us leave the city's din,
The dry and dusty town,
And wander forth to pastures fresh,
And meadows newly mown.

We 'll gather many a flowering shrub
Along the old stone-wall,
The speckled lily in the swamp,
And snowy button-ball:

Where interlacing boughs conceal
The entrance of the wood,
And mystic shadows tempt to trace
The sylvan solitude;

We 'll rest beneath the spreading oak,
Among its gnarled roots;
The blackberry clambers o'er the rock,
And proffers us its fruits.

The blackberry clambers o'er the rock,
And many a flowering wreath
Hangs o'er the alders by the brook
That darkly glides beneath.

The hardhack springs beside the road,
The fern beside the stream,
Where cool, beneath the rustic bridge,
The limpid waters gleam.

We 'll wander round the ruined mill,
Far down the quiet vale,
Where many a farm and sheep-cote lone
Lie scattered o'er the dale.

Till twilight gray the rural scene
In tranquil beauty blends,
And slowly o'er the eastern hill
The August moon ascends.

A. M. P.

Providence, (R. I.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse De Lamartine, Member of the Provisional Government of France, etc. In two volumes. pp. 638. New-York: D. Appleton and Company.

The History of the Girondists. By Alphonse De Lamartine. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

Poet, orator, historian, statesmen — rarely if ever before have these high vocations been centred upon one man, and never in times more eventful, or when their exercise has been attended with more immediate or marked results. Lamartine is indeed among the foremost of the remarkable men who have flourished within this half century; and with his pen, his living words, and also his actions, he has engraven for himself a name on the historic tablet which time will not readily efface. It is all too soon as yet to form a full and fair estimate of his varied intellectual powers, and to judge conclusively of what enduring benefit they have conferred upon mankind. Indeed, he is at this moment passing through an ordeal that must put them to the severest trial, and out of which he will come with a reputation shining with the splendor of the purest gold, or else in some respects sadly alloyed. The metal then must have been poured from the crucible, and have cooled down into a uniform and consistent mass before the touchstone can be successfully applied to it. At this moment the sweet songs of the poet have been silenced by the thunders of the orator, and the calm meditations of the historian have been broken in upon by the anxious and exhausting labors of the statesman. To his two works mentioned at the head of this article it is our design to call attention in the few remarks for which we have present space or the opportunity for preparation. And we do this principally because they seem to let us into his character, and to indicate in some degree the preparation he has undergone for those two of the above-mentioned vocations in which the world is now most intently contemplating him. In this account we feel obliged to the Messrs. Appleton for their enterprise in reproducing a work which had in a measure passed away, and would otherwise have been hardly known to the present generation of readers. As a book of travels merely, or as throwing any new light upon the scenery, the manners, customs or political condition of the East, the pilgrimage to the Holy Land has no special merit. Indeed, the author himself makes no such claim; on the contrary, in his advertisement he states explicitly to the reader that he offered him neither 'an elaborate work nor a book of travels, it being never his intention to write either the one or the other.' But at the present time these volumes are of far deeper interest than if they had been most elaborately prepared as a journal of travels, for they unveil to us the

man as he then stood in his native sentiments and moral proportions, and we believe that in these respects he is unchanged. We have travels in the East more recent, and containing far more full and more reliable information than those of LAMARTINE; but there is no where to be found a more striking or more interesting portraiture of himself, or a more faithful record of his opinions and sentiments, and this is what we now want. The publishers then, with no little tact, have altered the original title, and announce the work as by LAMARTINE, *member of the Provincial Government of France.* They readily forsaw that it was this new and important position of the author which would impart its peculiar interest to a work which but for this circumstance would not probably have been reproduced, or if it had been, would have found but few readers compared with the numbers whom curiosity in relation to the man will now cause to take it up. And amply will they who do so be repaid. The thoughts, opinions, feelings, reflections of the man who is filling such a *rôle* on the theatre of the world are well worth becoming privy to, and he has here thrown them out in the most natural and unreserved manner. Especially does he make known to us the origin and development of that religious sentiment which pervades all he writes, and by which all his actions seem to have been directed. He imbibed it at his mother's knee, that living altar, before which the purest and most acceptable oblations of prayer and praise are offered up, and from which those holy influences proceed that sanctify the affections and elevate the moral principles of man during a whole life-time, and pass with him into eternity. How beautifully and affectingly is this declared in the opening paragraph of the Pilgrimage:

'MY mother had received from hers, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of ROYAUMONT, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page; they depicted SARAH, TOBIT and his angel, JOSEPH and SAMUEL; and above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the arts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open on her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense. She was endowed, by nature, with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination; all her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble, and benign countenance reflected in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her heart, all that was painted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn and impassioned tone of her voice added to all that she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence. The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for biblical lore.'

The abiding influence of such a training is seen in the following reflection suggested by the pleasing incident of a woman of Marseilles who, on the morning of the departure of the vessel which carried LAMARTINE and his family from that port, went with her children to a mountain chapel that overlooked the sea to pray for them:

'WHAT a world is the world of prayer! — what an invisible but all-powerful tie is that of beings mutually known or unknown, praying together or separately for each other! It has always seemed to me that prayer, that instinct so true of our powerless nature, was the only real force, or at least the greatest force of man! Man cannot conceive its effects; but what does he conceive? The want which drives man to breathe proves alone to him that air is necessary to his life! The instinct of prayer proves also to the soul the efficacy of prayer; let us pray then! And thou, O GOD, who hast inspired this marvellous communication with thyself, with beings and with worlds invisible, thou, O GOD, hear us favorably! — let thy benignity surpass our desires!'

Passages similar to this, exhibiting the fixed habit of his soul to seek high and holy communion with his GOD upon every change of scene, and prosperous or adverse event of life might be multiplied to almost any extent, and they will not fail to excite the delighted attention of every devout reader. But these volumes are even more striking, and to many will seem more interesting, as giving intimations of that political career

which was in preparation for him, and of which a voice within, almost prophetical, was constantly speaking to him:

'POLITICS have assailed us even here. It is delightful to view France in its approaching destinies; a generation is growing up which will, in virtue of its age, be entirely detached from our hatred and our recriminations of forty years. To this generation it matters little whether a person has belonged to such or such hateful denomination of our old parties; it has nothing to do with quarrels; it has no prejudices to conquer, no vengeance to assuage; it presents itself pure and full of enthusiastic vigor at the entrance of a new career; but we have not yet thrown off our hatreds, our passions, and our old disputes. Let us give place to the rising generation. How I should have liked to commence life in its name, to mingle my voice with its voice at that tribune which still resounds only with the past, without an echo in the future! The hour is at hand when the light of the pharos of reason and morality will pierce through our political tempests, and we shall frame the ever-social code which the world begins to foresee and to understand; the symbol of love and charity among men — the charity of the gospel. I do not at least reproach myself with any egotism in this respect. I would have sacrificed to this duty even my travels — the dream of my imagination at the age of sixteen! May Heaven regenerate men, for our politics are a disgrace to us, and make angels weep! Destiny gives an hour in a century to humanity to renew itself; this hour is a revolution, and men venerate it by tearing each other in pieces; they give to vengeance the hour assigned by GOD for regeneration and advancement!'

If prophetic intimations arose within him as to his own connection with the political regeneration of his native land, they were perhaps sustained and encouraged in the interview with which he was favored by that celebrated and inexplicable personage, Lady HESTER STANHOPE. What occurred during that interview is in the highest degree remarkable, and baffles all our attempts to account for it upon any known psychological principles. Did these volumes make their appearance now for the first time, we should almost be tempted to suspect some collusion. We recommend the whole narrative to the reader's attention; but probably the extract we are about to give will preclude the necessity for this recommendation. No one who takes up the book will skip over this portion of it. In the course of their conversation, Lady HESTER thus announces to LAMARTINE his future destiny: 'I see evidently that you are born under the influence of three good, powerful, and potent stars; that you are endowed with corresponding qualities. These will lead you to an end which, if you desired it, I would at present point out to you. It is GOD who brings you here, to enlighten your soul. You are one of those hopeful and benevolent men whom HE needs as instruments for the wonderful works which he will soon accomplish among mankind.' And again: ''Believe as you think proper,' she said; 'you are not the less one of those men whom I expected; whom Providence sends to me, and who have a great part to play in the drama which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe, but it is all over with Europe. France alone has a great mission still to accomplish, in which you will participate. I do not yet know how, but I can tell you to-night, if you wish it, when I have consulted your stars. I do not know the names of all; I at present see more than three — I perceive four, perhaps five; and who knows? perhaps still more. One of them is certainly Mercury, which gives clearness and color to intelligence and speech. You must be a poet: I read it in your eyes and in the upper part of your countenance; lower down you are under the empire of wholly different and almost opposite stars; there is the power apparent of energy and action. The sun, also,' said she, suddenly, 'has its influence upon you. I see it by the position of your head, and the manner in which it is thrown on your left shoulder. Return thanks to GOD! There are few men born under more than one star; few of whom that one is fortunate; fewer still, whose star, even when favorable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite planet. You, however, have several; they all combine to serve you, and all aid each other in your favor. What is your name?' I told her. 'I never heard it before,' she re-

plied, with the accent of truth.' How the prognostication has been fulfilled we need not say; but whether it was a mere guess, or a sagacious insight into character, we cannot decide; that it was any thing more supernatural we are not prepared to believe. Perhaps LAMARTINE may not have remembered or recorded the whole of his conversation with Lady HESTER, but in his ardent way might have poured forth his thoughts and reflections upon the probable destiny of Europe, and especially his native land, and thus have created the impression upon a mind constantly meditating upon future events, that the eloquent discourser concerning them might also be the destined actor among them. That the mind of LAMARTINE was constantly agitating within itself, even at that distant period, and in those remote regions, the great social interests with which he has since been brought into such active and responsible connection, there can be no doubt. We have not space to exhibit this by extracts, but must refer the reader, among other passages, to the reflections which he pens on the twenty-fourth of May, 1833, volume second, page 202 — 206.

We had intended to say something in relation to the 'History of the Girondists,' which the HARPERS, with their usual enterprise, have re-printed, at a time when all such works will be read with avidity, but we have already more than occupied our allotted space. We must conclude, then, in a single sentence, by expressing our opinion that this history has been written with a scrupulous and conscientious care for the truth, with powerful discrimination in the drawing of the characters of the men of that remarkable period, and with a power in describing scenes, and an eloquence of thought and language in making reflections, that must secure for it a wide and we doubt not a permanent popularity.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF MISS LUCY HOOPER. In one volume. pp. 404. New-York: D. FANSHAW, Broadway.

THIS large and carefully-prepared volume will be widely and warmly welcomed by the many admirers of the lovely and gifted being whose pure thoughts it enshrines, and who was early called to take up her abode in Heaven. It is not necessary, indeed it would be an adscititious labor at this time, to dwell at any great length upon the characteristics of Miss HOOPER'S writings. The feminine delicacy, the innate purity, the religious fervor which they breathed, are well known and uniformly acknowledged. There are however several of the writer's early productions in the work before us which have never been published; and these, with several unfinished pieces and fragments, all speaking the natural language of her heart, add interest and value to the volume. We cannot better convey to our readers the impression which they themselves would retain after a perusal of Miss HOOPER'S writings, than in the words of her biographer: 'One cannot help being struck with the melody of her versification as well as the precocious strength and nervousness of her expression. The love of the gentle and beautiful; a true poetic sympathy with all the cravings and weaknesses of humanity; an earnest longing for that state of perfect being which dwells ever in the heart of the poet; an irrepressible aversion to wrong and oppression in every form; and a strong aspiration toward the good, the free, the beautiful, the just; these run through all the earlier efforts of her muse, and stamp them with a peculiar character of unity, directness and simplicity.' The prose writings of the same gifted author, we are glad to learn, are in preparation for the press.

POEMS BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN. In one volume. pp. 208. Montpelier, Vermont: EASTMAN AND DANFORTH.

IT is a pleasant thing, we always think, in sitting down to pen a notice of a new volume of poems, that in so many quarters of our happy republic there are constantly hearts that find it impossible to resist the impulse to 'burst forth into song.' Alike in the crowded city mart and the retired country nook are the wooers of the divine sisters found. The noise and turmoil of the town cannot seduce the one from his 'utterances,' nor the toil which brings the beads of sweat upon the brow of the other, prevent the expression of thoughts which *will* have vent somehow and somewhere. The neatly-executed little volume before us contains many poems, unobtrusive in pretension, but replete with simple domestic pictures, which will make for the author a most creditable reputation. MR. EASTMAN has an observant eye, both of nature and of character; and possessing beside, facility of versification and evidently unaffected feeling, he has within him the elements of success in an already well-occupied field. We remark in some instances the interpolation of eking-out words, which we could wish had been omitted. 'You know,' 'I wis,' 'you see,' etc., are simply make-weights to the verse, mechanical adjuncts merely, which are 'from the purpose' of the author. These are negative defects, however, while the excellencies are positive. The first poem in the book is a very clear 'Picture:'

'THE farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

'The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
'Don't smoke!' said the child, 'how it makes you cry!'

'The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor
Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three:

'Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay —
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!'

'The Old Pine Tree,' a school-boy land-mark, has several pleasing 'bits' interspersed among its stanzas, but many of them are open to objection on the score of the expletives to which we have alluded. Here are two graphic stanzas. One can *see* those school-boys 'turning to mirth all things of earth, as only boyhood can:'

'IN the winter time, when the snow was deep,
Through the drifts by the old slash-fence they'd leap,
And tumble each other in;
Then all hands hold they would 'snap the snake!'
How the old 'Red Lion' his mane would shake,
When his prey he chanced to win!
And then, with the old Pine Tree for a '*goal*'
They 'd play 'I-spy!' till 't was time for the school
In the afternoon to begin.

'In the spring when the winter had gone to the north,
And the weeds on the knoll came peeping forth,
And the little wild flowers between,
When the buds swelled out in the April sky,
And the farmer saw that his winter rye
Came up on the hill-side, green,
From the three-months' school and the ferule free,
Flocking around the old Pine Tree
The boys were again to be seen.'

The old pine tree and its neighborhood have changed since 'the days of long ago;' the merry boys whose glad voices stirred the branches are distant or dead; and

> 'The swamp is ditched: where the leaves used to float,
> A Frenchman has raised some 'vary fine oat,'
> The frogs have all hopped off,
> And the little green knoll, where the boys used to play
> Through the spring and the fall and the winter day,
> And the cares of manhood scoff,
> Is gouged by a premium Berkshire brood;
> And the old Pine Tree, by the great high road,
> Is used for a watering-trough.'

There are many fine touches in '*The Kidd-Man*,' as we had hoped to demonstrate to our readers, had our space permitted. 'Old Margaret' is a good specimen of our young poet's powers; yet of this we can but give the introduction:

> 'There is a poor old woman
> Lives down below the mill,
> Just where the turnpike-road begins
> To struggle up the hill.
>
> 'Below the mill the old woman lives,
> Below the mill, alone;
> A very strange old woman,
> The strangest ever known.
>
> 'Her hut was built of logs, ago,
> Some fifty years, they say,
> And now, since the new road is built,
> 'T is almost in the way:
>
> 'So when you rattle down the hill,
> If you 're in reckless mood,
> Be careful, or your wheel-hub hits
> The old woman's pile of wood:
>
> 'A scanty pile of mouldy bark,
> And strips of boards, and sticks,
> That from the river margin
> In heavy rains she picks:
>
> 'This poor and strange old woman,
> That lives below the mill,
> Just where the turnpike-road begins
> To struggle up the hill.'

We are as deaf to self-entreaty for farther extracts as the very dogs'-ears which tempt us; for we are at the end of our tether. We close with commending the little volume whose merits we have been considering to the hearts and minds of our readers.

What I Saw in California: Being the Journey of a Tour by the emigrant route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the great Desert Basin, and through California, in the years 1846, 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of San Francisco. In one volume. pp. 455. New-York: D. Appleton and Company.

Our readers, whose attention to a kindred order of journeying in the 'Oregon Trail' has already been keenly awakened, will need little incentive to the purchase of the volume before us. We have ourselves derived from its perusal both instruction and pleasure. The author, in a style natural, simple and picturesque, has furnished a faithful sketch of the country through which he travelled; its capabilities, scenery, and population. He has wisely avoided such embellishment as might tend to impress his reader with a false or incorrect idea of what he saw and describes. He has invented nothing to make his narrative more dramatic and amusing than the truth may render it. Indeed, he has fully carried out his design to furnish a volume entertaining and instructive to the general reader, and reliable and useful to the traveller and emigrant to the Pacific. The facts which he presents in reference to the military and naval operations in California, which did not come under his personal observation, were all derived from authentic sources. The volume is well printed, and upon good paper; but we could wish now and then to have encountered, as we turned its pages, a few engravings of the interesting scenes and objects so vividly described.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FEW MORE STRAY THOUGHTS, STATISTICS, ETC., TOUCHING THE SHAKERS. — In our last number we gave some account of a recent visit to the 'Shakers;' and as we first introduced them to our readers in a manner calculated to give no very favorable impressions respecting them, it may be deemed but an act of justice to give some farther particulars concerning this remarkable people. The subject of the discourse at the meeting-house to which we alluded was 'The Second Appearing of CHRIST, and in the Female.' The speaker read a number of passages from the Old Testament as being prophetic of it, and as applicable to the first appearing of CHRIST in JESUS, and as descriptive of the second manifestation of the same anointing power in a female person. He also assumed that ANN LEE was the chosen prepared instrument, whose mission it was to again declare the true gospel testimony of Salvation by the Cross. We have not space to present his argument, which certainly did not lack for ingenuity. He denied the commonly-received doctrine of three *male* persons in the Godhead as unreasonable, unscriptural, and having no likeness in all creation. He quoted from Romans: 'The invisible things of HIM, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being UNDERSTOOD by the things that are made, even HIS eternal power and Godhead. He contended that all vegetable and animal creation exhibited both the male and female principles; therefore, taking the given scriptural figure for a guide, the Shakers hold that DEITY is unity, but comprising the likeness of male and female.*

The speaker made some allusion to other differences between the faith of 'believers' and that of 'the world;' also to the unsettlement and turmoil, confusion and strife, that prevail in the so-called Christian world: he contrasted the peace, love and union themselves enjoyed. In concluding, he told the audience: 'The people before you have seen the travail of their souls, and are satisfied.' With respect to other religious observances, we are informed, on inquiry, that they kneel in silent prayer at

* DR. HOLLEY, in the 'Western Review,' in an article relating to the Shakers, says: 'Having read their books, and talked much with their teachers, I find that they do not appear to believe that GOD is actually and literally male and female, but that HE has the affections and performs the offices of both Father and Mother. No faith is more easily misunderstood and misrepresented than that of the Shakers. The metaphysical explanation of it is so different from popular apprehension, that great pains and some talent in conducting a moral analysis are necessary to do justice to this remarkable sect. They do not differ so much as is supposed from other followers of CHRIST, when we go beyond their *exoterical* faith and enter fully into the *esoterical*. Their CHRIST is the redeeming, anointing and consecrating operation of the Spirit of GOD upon human nature, and is not limited to either sex, nor to any age nor country.'

their bed-sides, before leaving their rooms in the morning, at table, before and after each meal, and again in their rooms, before going to bed. Previously to assembling for worship, on each occasion, they are summoned by bell to retire to their rooms very quietly, and sit in silent waiting twenty minutes, preparatory to entering upon their solemn services in a suitable frame of mind. Vocal prayer is not prohibited, nor much practised: they justify the omission of it by the instructions of JESUS not to 'use vain repetitions, as if expecting to be heard for much speaking,' but in faith that 'our FATHER knoweth what things we need before we ask HIM.' They, like DAVID in his penitential psalms, sing songs of supplication on bended knees and with closed eyes. One company of little girls, at our request, sang or rather chanted the LORD'S Prayer for us. If they do not make long prayers, or long faces, Pharisee-like, singing enters largely into their worship, and this they do with 'might and main.' They observe the Sabbath with strictness, and, like the Jews and Puritans, begin it the evening before; enjoining stillness in their houses, softly walking, speech, and shutting of doors.

As to the intercourse between the males and females, we confess our agreeable disappointment at finding it so free, cheerful and social. In visiting their apartments, we remarked that the rooms of the sisters were at one end of the house, those of the brethren at the other, and separate staircases for each sex. We heard of other regulations, intended as guards and checks to prevent too close contact and exposure to temptation; and they are counselled to shun all approaches to undue familiarity between the sexes, and to be 'watchful over each other for good.' The brethren, ungallant though it be, take the precedence of the sisters in walking, marching, etc., which they allege is according to the established order, in which 'the man is the head of the woman;' but they most readily add, with emphasis, '*The woman is the glory of the man.*' The deference of manner maintained toward the sisters raised these 'monkish men,' as CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN calls them, not a little in our esteem. They have studied to lighten the onerous labors of womanhood, and spare no pains nor expense to make washing, ironing, baking and cooking as easy as possible. A gentleman in our little company made a sideway-hint to his 'better half,' then present, of something worth her notice, that she might copy from the Shaker sisters' management; but she silenced him by replying, that when *he* should take as much pains to make every thing convenient as their brethren did, such comparisons might be admissible; whereupon a small voice issued from beneath a great hat, saying: 'We think a great deal of our kind sisters, and try to make their work as easy as possible.' We might all have responded an 'Amen!' In fact, if they do fret, scold, and find fault with each other, they were not so foolish as to expose themselves by behaving so naughty while *we* were by. One of their verse-makers says:

> 'WOMAN has been the burthen long
> Of both profane and sacred song;
> Been flattered, vilified, caress'd —
> At once man's mistress, slave and jest:'

and after drawing a picture of the evils to which the softer sex are subjected in 'the world,' contrasts the situation of the sisters as being immeasurably superior, and adds:

> 'OUR aim is to increase
> In love and comfort, joy and peace;
> Our business is, from day to day,
> To travel in this heavenly way;
> With brethren and with sisters join'd
> In unanimity of mind;
> Bound and resolved to be forever
> Good, honest, simple, kind and clever.'

The treatment that children receive among Shakers is an important matter. Some have supposed it to be so objectionable as to demand legal enactments specially against it. Not long since a grave senator brought a bill into the New-York Legislature to prohibit the indenturing of children to Shakers. Our visit was too short to see much of the boys among them, and only at a distance in the gardens and fields, where they appeared to be decently clad and moderately at work. They attend school in the winter time, the girls in summer. As a specimen of their manner of bringing up girls, we may mention that we saw at one of the smaller families (the 'West,' at Hancock,) all their girls together, five in number, from five to thirteen years old. They looked healthy and contented. It was washing-day, and the larger ones had just left the suds; but they were suitably clad. Each of these children had been deserted by one or both parents, and were received as objects of charity, and bound by the town authorities, or otherwise, until eighteen, and then they will be as free to leave, and their rights as fully guaranteed to them, as if they had been indentured to any other person. If they choose to remain, they will come into their equal enjoyment of every privilege with the other members of the family. We examined their writing-books, and heard them recite: they also, at the request of the friend who came with us, sang a welcome-song that had been composed and 'tuned' for him in that family. He had been the means of 'gathering' the most of these little forsaken ones into their 'good homes;' rescued them from the corrupting influences of New-York alleys and county poor-houses, to place them under the protecting ægis of his pains-taking sisters; and whether it was the more gratifying for them to express, or to him to hear, their grateful feelings in such affectionate, earnest language, we could not determine. These children are all taught, as they advance in years, the various branches of house-work; also knitting, sewing, spinning: some of them will learn to weave. We were told the number of 'runs' of linen yarn they had spun last winter, we forget how many; but it was said to be sufficient to make a hundred and twelve yards of diaper, twenty-two inches wide. 'Yea; these five girls, whose ages average less than ten years, spun linen yarn on single wheels sufficient, when woven, to make one hundred and twelve yards of cloth, twenty-two inches in width, beside taking their turns in the kitchen and doing their 'chores;'' and for this we have the assurance of the teacher. The little five-year-old had a napkin of good size, say three-quarters of a yard long, made from yarn of her own spinning. This was marked with her initials, and put away, to be kept as her first effort in this branch of industry. In the 'Centre Family' at Hancock there are fourteen girls, from five to fourteen, average less than eleven, who spun last winter linen yarn sufficient to weave over a hundred and twenty yards of cloth, of the usual width. The older ones helped to wash, every week, and took turns at work in the kitchen and dining-room. The girls iron all their own common clothes and all the clothes of eighteen boys; add to which, they knitted socks and performed other work, such as making beds and sweeping rooms; and beside, generally read each week-day in their lessons. Their 'care-taker' says that she does not remember to have had occasion to urge one of these girls to their work at any time during the winter, but many times has called them from their work, which they left with reluctance. We did not marvel at the confident manner with which our Shaker friend pointed to the little group, of which we have already spoken, as evidence against the reports of the abuse of the children placed among his people. We were afterward furnished with the particular amount of spinning done in another family in the same village, equally in-

dicative of the industry practised; and it is added, that it is a rare circumstance for one of these girls to be urged to spin, but a frequent one for them to ask to be permitted to do more than is thought best for them by their 'care-takers;' the examples of industry constantly before them by the older classes being a sufficient incentive to labor; and the universal longevity of the Shakers is only one proof that they are not over-worked. Labor is rendered attractive; even their meetings for worship, which they call 'laboring meetings,' are rendered, as we were informed, occasions for joy and thanksgiving. The aged, infirm and sick among the Shakers, we had good reason to infer, are waited upon, and their wants administered unto, with assiduous attention; a service which they hold as a privilege, and such as wealth cannot command; and indeed natural relationship does not always secure it in the 'outside' world.

'THE BATTLE OF RONCESVALLES.'—LEIGH HUNT, who by some wondrous transmutation converts every thing he touches into pure gold; who has redeemed from the dust of antiquity the beautiful works of the old masters, and is content to sacrifice his own originality that the present generation may become familiar with the glories of a departed age; working as it were in a forsaken mine, and extracting therefrom rare and glittering gems for the admiration of the world; planting again, like the modern husbandman, the wheat that for three thousand years has slept in the sarcophagii of the PHARAOH'S; saying to the buried literature of centuries, '*Resurgam!*' and it lives again; LEIGH HUNT, we say, the admirable essayist, the delightful poet, the accurate translator, has published a book called '*Stories from the Italian Poets,*' being prose translations of the celebrated poems of DANTE, PULCI, BOIARDO, ARIOSTO, TASSO, etc., which should be in the possession of every one who has a taste for elegant literature. We select the '*Battle of Roncesvalles*' as one of the great pictures from this beautiful gallery. It is a portion of the 'Morgante Maggiorre' by PULCI. GAN, the traitor, is sent to MARSILIUS, the infidel King of Spain, to demand the customary tribute for the Emperor CHARLEMAGNE. This is against the advice of the Paladins, who have no confidence in GAN; but the Emperor was infatuated; 'his beard and his credulity had grown together.' GAN, upon his arrival at the court of Spain, has a secret conference with MARSILIUS, and it is arranged between them that while the Emperor with his court wait at St. John Pied de Port, ORLANDO, with a small band, shall advance to receive the tribute at the pass of Roncesvalles, on the frontiers of Spain. 'You,' says GAN to MARSILIUS, 'have your army secretly at your back, and surround ORLANDO; and who receives tribute then?' GAN returns to the court of France, informs the Emperor that MARSILIUS is to pay the tribute at RONCESVALLES, and is received with tears of joy by the good old man. Then ORLANDO is sent forward to the pass with his little band and finds himself surrounded by the infidel army:

'AND now with a mighty dust, and an infinite sound of horns, and tambours, and trumpets which came filling the valley, the first army of the infidels made its appearance, horses neighing, and a thousand pennons flying in the air. King FALSERON led them on, saying to his officers. 'Now, gentlemen, recollect what I said. The first battle is for the leaders only; and above all, let nobody dare to lay a finger on ORLANDO. He belongs to myself. The revenge of my son's death is mine. I will cut the man down that comes between us.'

''NOW, friends,' said ORLANDO, 'every man for himself, and St. MICHAEL for us all. There is no one here that is not a perfect knight.'

'And he might well say it: for the flower of all France was there, except RINALDO and RICCIARDETTO; every man a picked man; all friends and constant companions of ORLANDO. There was RICHARD of Normandy, and GUOTTISUOFFI, and ULIVIERO, and Count ANSELM, and

AVOLIO, and AVINO, and the gentle BERLINGHIERI, and his brother, and SANSONETTO, and the good Duke EGIHARD, and ASTOLFO the Englishman, and ANGIOLIN of Bayona, and all the other Paladins of France, excepting those two whom I have mentioned. And so the captains of the little troop and of the great array sat looking at one another, and singling one another out, as the latter came on; and then either side began raising their war-cries, and the mob of the infidels halted, and the knights put spear in rest, and ran for a while, two and two in succession, each one egaint the other.

'ASTOLFO was the first to move. He ran against ARLOTTO of Soria; and ANGIOLIN then ran against MALDUCCO; and MAZZARIGI the Renegade came against AVINO; and ULIVIERO was borne forth by his horse Rondel, who could n't stand still, against MALPRIMO, the first of the the captains of FALSERON.

'And now lances began to be painted red without any brush but themselves; and the new color extended itself to the bucklers, and the cuishes, and the cuirasses, and the trappings of the steeds.

'ASTOLFO thrust his antagonist's body out of the saddle, and his soul into the other world; and ANGIOLIN gave and took a terrible blow with MALDUCCO; but his horse bore him onward; and AVINO had something of the like encounter with MAZZARIGI; but ULIVIERO, though he received a thrust which hurt him, sent his lance right through the heart of MALPRIMO.

'FALSERON was daunted at this blow. 'Verily,' thought he, 'this is a miracle' ULIVIERO did not press on among the Saracens, his wound was too painful; but ORLANDO now put himself and his whole band into motion, and you may guess what an uproar ensued. The sound of the rattling of the blows and helmets was as if the forge of VULCAN had been thrown open. FALSERON beheld ORLANDO coming so furiously, that he thought him a LUCIFER who had burst his chain, and was quite of another mind than when he proposed to have him all to himself. On the contrary, he recommended himself to his gods; and turning away, begged for a more auspicious season of revenge. But ORLANDO hailed and arrested him with a terrible voice, saying, 'O thou traitor! Was this the end to which old quarrels were made up? Dost thou not blush, thou and thy fellow-traitor MARSILIUS, to have kissed me on the cheek like a JUDAS, when last thou wert in France?'

'ORLANDO had never shown such anger in his countenance as he did that day. He dashed at FALSERON with a fury so swift, and at the same time a mastery of his lance so marvellous, that though he plunged it in the man's body so as instantly to kill him, the body did not move in the saddle. The hero himself, as he rushed onward, was fain to see the end of a stroke so perfect, and, turning his horse back, he touched the carcass with his sword, and it fell on the instant. They say, that it had no sooner fallen than it disappeared. People got off their horses to lift up the body, for it seemed to be there still, the armor being left; but when they came to handle the armor, it was found as empty as the shell that is cast by a lobster. O new, and strange, and portentous event! proof manifest of the anger with which GOD regards treachery.

'When the first infidel army beheld their leader dead, such fear fell upon them, that they were for leaving the field to the Paladins; but they were unable. MARSILIUS had drawn the rest of his forces round the valley like a net, so that their shoulders were turned in vain. ORLANDO rode into the thick of them, with Count ANSELM by his side. He rushed like a tempest; and wherever he went, thunderbolts fell upon helmets. The Paladins drove here and there after them, each making a whirlwind round about him and a bloody circle. ULIVIERO was again in the *mêlee*; and WALTER of Amulion threw himself into it; and BALDWIN roared like a lion; and AVINO and AVOLIO reaped the wretches' heads like a turnip-field; and blows blinded men's eyes; and Archbishop TURPIN himself had changed his crozier for a lance, and chased a new flock before him to the mountains.'

Meanwhile the good magician MALAGIGI has despatched two devils, ASHTAROTH and FOUL-MOUTH to Egypt to bring the Paladins RINALDO and RICCIARDETTO to the assistance of ORLANDO. The fiends get in the bodies of their horses, and rising in the air with the Knights, soar away over the deserts and pyramids, and with much voluble discourse, bear them to the battle-field and drop them in the midst of the astonished armies. Then leaving the knights, they assist in carrying of the souls of the slain infidels:

'THERE was a little chapel by the road-side in Roncesvalles, which had a couple of bells; and on the top of that chapel did the devils place themselves, in order that they might catch the souls of the infidels as they died, and so carry them off to the infernal regions. Guess if their wings had plenty to do that day! Guess if MINOS and RHADAMANTHUS were busy, and CHARON sung in his boat, and LUCIFER hugged himself for joy. Guess, also if the tables in heaven groaned with nectar and ambrosia, and *good old St.* PETER *had a dry hair in his beard.*'

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'AND now the fight raged beyond all it had done before; and the Paladins themselves began to fall, the enemy were driven forward in such multitudes by MARSILIUS. There was unhorsing of foes, and re-seating of friends, and great cries, and anguish, and unceasing labor; and twenty Pagans went down for one Christian; but still the Christians fell. One Paladin disappeared after another, having too much to do for mortal men. Some could not make way through the press for very fatigue of killing, and others were hampered with the falling horses and men. SANSSONETTO was thus beaten to earth by the club of GRANDONIO; and WALTER D'AMULION had his shoulders broken; and ANGIOLIN of Bayona, having lost his lance, was thrust down by MARSILIUS, and ANGIOLIN of Bellonda by SIRIONNE; and BERLINGHIERI and OTTONE are gone; and then ASTOLFO went, in revenge of whose death ORLANDO turned the spot on which he died into a gulf of Saracen blood. RINALDO met the luckless BUJAFORTE, who had just begun to explain how

he seemed to be fighting on the side which his father hated, when the impatient hero exclaimed, 'He who is not with me is against me;' and gave him a volley of such horrible cuffs about the head and ears, that BUJAFORTE died without being able to speak another word. ORLANDO cutting his way to a spot in which there was a great struggle and uproar, found the poor youth BALDWIN, the son of GAN, with two spears in his breast. 'I am no traitor now,' said BALDWIN; and so saying, fell dead to the earth; and ORLANDO lifted up his voice and wept, for he was bitterly sorry to have been the cause of his death. He then joined RINALDO in the hottest of the tumult; and all the surviving Paladins gathered about them, including TURPIN the archbishop, who fought as hardily as the rest; and the slaughter was lavish and horrible, *so that the eddies of the wind chucked the blood into the air*, and earth appeared a very seething-cauldron of hell. At length down went ULIVIERO himself. He had become blind with his own blood, and smitten ORLANDO without knowing him, who had never received such a blow in his life.

'"How now, cousin!" cried ORLANDO; 'have you too gone over to the enemy?'

'"O, my lord and master, ORLANDO,' cried the other, 'I ask your pardon, if I have struck you, I can see nothing — I am dying. The traitor ARCALIFFE has stabbed me in the back; but I killed him for it. If you love me, lead my horse into the thick of them, so that I may not die unavenged.'

'"I shall die myself before long,' said ORLANDO, 'out of very toil and grief; so we will go together. I have lost all hope, all pride, all wish to live any longer: but not my love for ULIVIERO. Come — let us give them a few blows yet; let them see what you can do with your dying hands. One faith, one death, one only wish be ours.'

'ORLANDO led his cousin's horse where the press was thickest, and dreadful was the strength of the dying man and of his half-dying companion. They made a street, through which they passed out of the battle; and ORLANDO led his cousin away to his tent, and said, 'Wait a little till I return, for I will go and sound the horn on the hill yonder.'

'"'Tis of no use,' said ULIVIERO; 'and my spirit is fast going, and desires to be with its LORD and SAVIOUR.' He would have said more, but his words came from him imperfectly like those of a man in a dream; only his cousin gathered that he meant to commend to him his sister, ORLANDO's wife, ALDA the Fair, of whom indeed the great Paladin had not thought so much in this world as he might have done. And with these imperfect words he expired.

'But ORLANDO no sooner saw him dead, than he felt as if he was left alone on the earth; and he was quite willing to leave it; only he wished that CHARLES at St. John Pied de Port should hear how the case stood before he went; and so he took up the horn, and blew it three times with such force that the blood burst out of his nose and mouth. TURPIN says that at the third blast the horn broke in two.

'In spite of all the noise of the battle, *the sound of the horn broke over it like a voice out of the other world. They say that birds fell dead at it, and that the whole Saracen army drew back in terror.* But fearfuller still was its effect at St. John Pied de Port. CHARLEMAGNE was sitting in the midst of his court when the sound reached him; and GAN was there. The emperor was the first to hear it.

'"Do you hear that?" said he to his nobles. 'Did you hear the horn, as I heard it!"

'Upon this they all listened; and GAN felt his heart misgive him.

'The horn sounded the second time.

'"What is the meaning of this?" said CHARLES.

'"ORLANDO is hunting,' observed GAN, 'and the stag is killed. He is at the old pastime that he was so fond of in Aspramonte.'

'But when the horn sounded yet a third time, and the blast was one of so dreadful a vehemence, every body looked at the other and then they all looked at GAN in fury. CHARLES rose from his seat. 'This is no hunting of the stag,' said he. 'The sound goes to my very heart, and I confess, makes me tremble. I am awakened out of a great dream. O GAN! O GAN! Not for thee do I blush, but for myself, and for nobody else. O my GOD, what is to be done! But whatever is to be done, must be done quickly. Take this villain, gentlemen, and keep him in hard prison. O foul and monstrous villain! Would to GOD I had not lived to see this day! O obstinate and enormous folly! O MALAGIGI, had I but believed thy foresight! 'Tis thou wert the wise man, and I the grey-headed fool.'

'OGIER the Dane, and NAMO and others, in the bitterness of their grief and anger, could not help reminding the emperor of all which they had foretold. But it was no time for words. They put the traitor into prison; and then CHARLES, with all his court, took his way to Roncesvalles, grieving and praying.

'It was afternoon when the horn sounded, and half an hour after it when the emperor set out; and meantime ORLANDO had returned to the fight that he might do his duty however hopeless, as long as he could sit his horse, and the Paladins were now reduced to four; and though the Saracens suffered themselves to be mowed down like grass by them and their little band, he found his end approaching for toil and fever, and so at length he withdrew out of the fight, and rode all alone to a fountain which he knew of, where he had before quenched his thirst.

'His horse was wearier still than he, and no sooner had its master alighted, than the beast, kneeling down as if to take leave, and to say, 'I have brought you to your place of rest,' fell dead at his feet. ORLANDO cast water on him from the fountain, not wishing to believe him dead; but when he found it to no purpose, he grieved for him as if he had been a human being, and addressed him by name in tears, and asked forgiveness if ever he had done him wrong. They say, that the horse at these words once more opened his eyes a little, and looked kindly at his master, and so stirred never more.

'They say also that ORLANDO then, summoning all his strength, smote a rock near him with his beautiful sword Durlindana, thinking to shiver the steel in pieces, and so prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; but though the rock split like a slate, and a deep fissure remained ever after to astonish the eyes of pilgrims, the sword remained unhurt.

'"O strong Durlindana,' cried he; 'O noble and worthy sword, had I known thee from the first as I know thee now, never would I have been brought to this pass.'

'And now RINALDO and RICCIARDETTO and TURPIN came up, having given chase to the Saracens

till they were weary, and ORLANDO gave joyful welcome to his cousin, and they told him how the battle was won, and then ORLANDO knelt before TURPIN, his face all in tears, and begged remission of his sins and confessed them, and TURPIN gave him absolution; and suddenly a light came down upon him from heaven like a rainbow, accompanied with a sound of music, and an angel stood in the air blessing him, and then disappeared; upon which ORLANDO fixed his eyes on the hilt of his sword as on a crucifix, and embraced it and said, 'LORD, vouchsafe that I may look on this poor instrument as on the symbol of the tree upon which Thou sufferedst thy unspeakable martyrdom!' and so adjusting the sword to his bosom, and embracing it closer, he raised his eyes, and appeared like a creature seraphical and transfigured; and in bowing his head he breathed out his pure soul. A thunder was then heard in the heavens, and the heavens opened and seemed to stoop to the earth and a flock of angels was seen like a white cloud ascending with his spirit, who were known to be what they were by the trembling of their wings. The white cloud shot out golden fires, so that the whole air was full of them; and the voices of the angels mingled in song with the instruments of their brethren above, which made an inexpressible harmony, at once deep and dulcet. The priestly warrior TURPIN, and the two Paladins, and the hero's squire TERIGI, who were all on their knees, forgot their own beings, in following the miracle with their eyes.'

Is n't that rather spirited description? To a man of chivalry it must have sounded in the Italian like the voice of a trumpet!

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — In passing through London recently, on his way home from Italy, Mr. LESTER, who was an invited guest at the anniversary dinner of the ROYAL LITERARY FUND ASSOCIATION, was unexpectedly called on to speak, by a toast proposed by Sir AUGUSTUS CLIFFORD: 'C. EDWARDS LESTER, *and the Literary and Scientific Men of Foreign Countries.*' He spoke, it would seem, on the spur of the moment and if we may believe the English journals, his was '*the* speech of the evening.' It appears to have been received with as much applause as any speaker of reasonable ambition could desire. The old adage says, 'What's one man's meat is another man's poison.' Some men would have been likely to 'break down' under the circumstances which called the ex-consul to his feet. The hall was filled with the literati and nobility, and the gallery with the beauty of England. HALLAM, Archbishop WHATELY, Lord CAMPBELL and THACKERAY, (the greatest wit and pleasantest writer of the day,) had spoken; it was 'past eleven o'clock, and all was well' enough to have been left alone, one would have thought. But Mr. LESTER was called out from all sides to make a speech. Off he went like a rocket, and he ran as narrow a chance of coming down 'like the stick' as a man could easily run; but he came down with 'great applause.' He doubtless made a better impromptu speech than he could have premeditated, for it was evidently out of his heart; a quarter whence such productions do not usually come. He would seem also to have carried the hearts of his auditors by storm. JOHN BULL forgot for the time the 'notably well-done drubbing' the speaker had given him a few years ago; and even '*The Times*' appears to have forgotten its animosity to the author of the '*Glory and Shame of England*,' whose back he once lashed through half a score of columns. All this was what our monarchical brethren call very 'nice.' There was great plenty of applause and Heidsich-laughter and Johannisberg; but there was something in all this 'speechifying' more significant. Mr. LESTER struck out in the heat of the moment a project which is likely to exert no little influence upon literature and literary men in both countries. We quote enough of his speech to indicate his idea. He closes thus:

'BUT before I sit down I have a request to make of your Grace. It should be your Grace's pardon for having so long abused your courtesy by my desultory remarks. But hoping this may be granted without a formal petition, (cheers,) I beg to be allowed to do something that may bring the authors of America nearer home to your hearts and your sympathies — to forward on my return — for I am on this Island only as a bird of passage flying over it — and offering — I will not say how large it will be, but it shall be a hearty one — from some of the literary men

of America for this institution (loud cheers.) I trust your Grace shall be satisfied that however I may have misrepresented the eloquence of American authors, (cheers) I have done but feeble justice to their feelings when I assure you that they feel, that in anything that is great and noble and good in England, they have a right to share as brethren (cheers.) And after all, who was SHAKSPEARE? Our ancestors were all living together then, and together they went to see his plays (cheers.) Until our history began in America, it belongs to England, and England's to us as well as you (cheers.) And no man worthy of being born in either country will ever clap the torch to that beautiful temple of harmony between the two countries that GOD intended to raise and that man ought never to defile (cheers.) What British or American writer would ape the Ephesian wretch who made himself immortal by laying such a holy fabric in ashes? (Loud cheering.) Threadbare penny-a-liners, reduced ladies of quality, needy adventurers, and *id genus omne* have long enough been supposed to represent the feelings of the mother and the child (laughter.) Let us represent ourselves (hear, hear.) Let us know each other better, and who can say we may not some day come to like each other better than we expected (laughter and applause.) Nothing sanctifies all our better feelings so much as doing good together (cheers.) What humble agency I have will be heartily extended toward such a consummation; and with the permission of your Grace, and those you are proud to call your friends around this festive board, I pledge myself, with the blessings of GOD, to forward from some of the friends of literature in America, during the year, an offering — such as it may be — to show that in every thing England does that 's above reproach and above praise, we do feel that we have a claim to be admitted as your younger brothers (great applause.)'

Mr. LESTER was right. We feel that we can set up this claim, and the best spirits of British literature will not gainsay it. We have seen what the British press said about this matter. A chorus of applause followed the sentiment of fraternity that closed Mr. LESTER's speech. The open hand is extended to us from the other side of the blue sea. We have reason to believe, from Mr. LESTER's report, that the Literary Fund of London would send over a noble delegation to meet us this autumn, when it is purposed that the great *American Congress of Literary Men* and their friends, be held in New-York. We have also, we learn, just as good reason to expect a delegation from France; and we speak by authority when we say, that a representative will come from Rome on the part of the new Pope, PIO NONO. And then the idea of such a congress had hardly gone forth, before the press of this country sent back its response. We have seen many American journals of great respectability, and some from very distant parts of the country; and they have all spoken in favor of this grand reünion of the friends of literature, art, taste and science. The fact is, such a congress should have been held long ago. It would before this have been followed by many beneficent results. Let us reply to the queries of those who are always asking questions which need no answering, by saying in a few words what would be the benign results of such a gathering? 'Much every way,' 'but chiefly,' *First:* A very extensive personal intercourse would be established among the friends of literature and science in this country. And as all progress for mankind grows out of a union of the friends of light and truth, a new era would begin in our literary advancement. *Secondly:* On an occasion such as we speak of, a great many useful and agreeable schemes would be projected and matured for promoting the interests of real civilization and the interests of literary and scientific men. *Thirdly:* A large number of choice spirits would be brought out in such a congress, who would otherwise never be known to the world of literature. Hardly a great genius has ever appeared whose dedication to letters did not arise from some fortuitous circumstance beyond his own control. *Fourthly:* Authors, editors, artists and men of the learned professions, by being brought more prominently before the public, would find the area of their fame extended and new scope given to their genius, and a richer reward for their toils. Just in proportion as merit is known must it be appreciated. *Fifthly:* By union every thing can be done, from an American Revolution to a Shaker settlement. This is well understood by all organizations, from the 'Bible Society' which sends this 'glorious news' to every spot on earth visited by the beams of the sun or the mercy of its Great AUTHOR, to the earnest, the fanatical, the heroic, but deluded followers of 'JOE SMITH.' Every political

party, and every religious creed, every agricultural, banking, manufacturing, mechanical and commercial interest in this country has its centre, its association, its festival. By such means alone are their separate and sometimes antagonistic interests promoted. They all have their organs, their 'voices,' their trumpet-calls (executive committees) which summon them together; once a year they come flocking to the metropolis; all eager to interchange views, to concert new plans of action, to encourage one another; and when their hearts have all 'like kindred drops commingled into one,' away they go, each to his distant field of labor, carrying with them new enthusiasm for future effort, and new encouragement for future achievement. Why may not scholars celebrate a universal festival too? Need they blush at the grandeur of their work, or the majesty or usefulness of their calling? From the time of 'old Blind HOMER' has there been a nobler business for a *man* than letters? Need there be any misgiving in the hearts of authors and scholars, as they start from their homes in our thirty republics to congregate in New-York, to feel a thousand hearts beat together with the same noble hopes, and kindling with the same aspirations? *Sixthly:* In this way alone would the great mass of the people of this country learn to venerate literature and science. We talk much about 'popular education' in America, and our authors and travellers, and editors and politicians (particularly the latter) are eternally vaunting in all conceivable ways the 'almighty people,' 'district schools,' 'school libraries,' 'the press,' and 'colleges' and 'lectures,' 'general intelligence,' etc., until foreigners landing on our piers have come to suppose that the first man they run against will thrust some unwieldly folio in his face, or begin to talk to him in Greek or Arabic. Now after all our 'prating,' let the question once be put, What is the grade of the man of letters in America? How much is he respected in society above other men? How high does he stand if measured by the statute of a stock-jobber, or an inventor of some unpronounceable nostrum? How is he paid for *thought*, 'that fruit' which, as DANTE beautifully said, 'is shaken by the blasts of misfortune from the boughs of genius?' How does the painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the poet live? The first by making duplicates of 'phizzes' that should never have been made at all, for they won't let him paint a great imaginative work; he would starve at the easel in producing it with proper deliberation. The second is compelled to multiply in busts what men twenty years hence will look at and say, 'What noodle' was that?' The third cuts out cheap designs on wood for a political almanac, or sweats in July over a coarse etching for a school atlas: we saw one doing it the other day; and the same man had nearly completed, in his un-hungry moments, a superb line-engraving of an historical picture by one of the old masters. The fourth is dragged down from Olympus to pack pork or gauge it, (as BURNS did beer-barrels,) or convert himself into a penny-a-liner to a penny newspaper. *Seventhly:* 'They are talking about 'organization of labor' now in France — and it will end in talk or blood. Let us talk about an organization of *thinking men*, of intellectual *ouvriers;* of men 'who, before they go to bed at night, first tell England what she shall think the next morning,' as was finely said by 'Middle-aged' HALLAM at the Literary Fund dinner in London. By combination, the educated men of this country can do the thinking *of the world.* And who can object to such an organization? It cannot become sectarian in religion, for literary men are of all creeds. It cannot be a party affair, for BRYANT and STEPHENS are loco focos, and IRVING and PRESCOTT are of a different political 'persuasion;' advocates, for aught we know, of the 'great principles of ninety-eight.' There is no true conservatism, save among men of genius, scholars,

devotees to study and learning. '*Eigthly and lastly :*' Mr. LESTER spoke of bringing the hearts of the literary men of the old and new world closer together. Let it be done; let us greet HALLAM, and LAMARTINE, who told Mr. LESTER he would come, and as many more of the great men of Europe as may come, in *our* banquetting hall of letters in New-York the coming autumn. On such an occasion all would have a chance to throw in their mite to swell the funds of a literary association, whose noble object of relieving the sufferings of the poor children of genius has been so untiringly persevered in for seventy years. On such an occasion, it seems to us, a new age would dawn on the international relations of mankind. The hearts of the great and good and free of all nations would beat together, and the 'clock of time' begin to move on to some purpose. The project, we are informed, has been received with entire favor both in England and in this country; and it now remains for Mr. LESTER to redeem his pledge to the literary men of England. He has 'put his hand to the plough' and must not 'look back.' He must interest our most eminent literary men and scholars in the matter. He should at once issue a call, signed by our most distinguished authors, in every department of letters; let it go out to Europe, and forthwith the paddles of the 'United States' will propel to us some of the great geniuses of those venerable countries which are now abandoning their 'brainless monarchs,' and looking for hope and salvation to their literary and learned men. Let a committee fix the time, and when it shall arrive, let the gray old palace of 'The ASTOR,' under the supervision of our friend 'CHARLES the *First*,' that NAPOLEON of landlords, blaze inside and out with an illumination. Indeed, it would be '*bound* to blaze' on such an occasion. Bless us!—sixteen strips of manuscript, in a small enough 'hand of write!' 'Time's up—time's up!' . . . WE have already intimated, if we remember rightly, that we make use of tobacco in no shape, save at the annual dinner of the ST. NICHOLAS Society, when we esteem it an imperative part of the performance to 'puff a pensive pipe,' yet nevertheless we can estimate in some degree the sense of quiet enjoyment to be derived from a flavorous cigar. In this particular we are somewhat like the Abbé DE BOS, whose reflections upon poetry, painting and music were read with advantage by all artists, and yet he did not understand music, could never write poetry, and was not possessed of a single picture! Seldom do we see the blue vapor curling up from the placid lips of some lover of the fragrant weed without thinking of poor POWER's plaintive little ditty:

'TIBBACKY is an Indian weed,
Springs up in the morning,
Cut down at eve;
Man's life is such,
It fades with a touch;
Think of this when you 're smokin'
Tibbacky!'

A correspondent received some time ago a letter from a valued friend, then sojourning in the interior of Pennsylvania, from which we are permitted to quote a few lines on this very subject. We are, in fact, a 'smoking people.' Nothing more strongly marks the old Teutonic blood in us than this; and to those misguided perverters of history who assert that we are the descendants of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' we would triumphantly point to the fact, that while here every one smokes, in Boston smoking is prohibited by 'law!' Shall we not know our own fathers? Doth not the erudite D. KNICKERBOCKER say: 'The pipe, in fact, was never from the mouth of the true Netherlander. It was his companion in solitude, the relaxation of his gayer hours, his counsellor, his consoler, his joy, his pride; in a word, he seemed to think and

breathe through his pipe?' Spirits of our departed ancestors! as we gaze upon the ancient Nieuw-Amsterdam from the distant shores of Paulus Hook, it seems as if ye were reposing in the clouds of smoke that spread over the countless tenements of our beloved city, like the fragrant vapors from your own tobacco-pipes! But in our zeal we had well-nigh forgotten the letter of our correspondent. Here is the extract:

'NEVERTHELESS, I must light a cigar as I write; and here goes Puff Number One. Methinks that inexpressive word, 'cigar,' should be abrogated, and some name more comprehensive substituted in its place. What say you to calling it '*Aromatic Solace for the Afflicted?*' — seeing that nothing can so assuage the pangs of a wounded heart. 'No,' says Puff Number Two, 'we will not be degraded into companionship with the vile quackeries and nostrums of the day, but assuredly deserve to take our stand beside those higher transcendental balms that minister to the well-being, the elevation and edification of the soul, the mind, the spiritual portion of humanity.' 'See,' chimes in Puff Number Three, 'how upon airy wings we waft your thoughts up into the higher regions of ether, and as my brothers, Numbers Four, Five and Six, go soaring aloft in vapory beauty, how marvellous and fantastic is the cloud-boat wherein we bear you into the boundless, the endless sea of imagination! We are the true pilots and mariners of fantasy's aërial deep, and we, fleecy children of the intangible earth-enveloping atmosphere, will not be named with the foul drugs and dregs of earthly essences. Call us 'light wandering messengers to the clouds,' and our father, 'the weed,' call him 'Friend of the Spirit'— Earth-father of the Ethereal.'

Slightly transcendental, this, it strikes us: but while we are upon this subject, let us subjoin the following 'valedictory,' by an old correspondent:

'FAREWELL, my cigar! for this day we must part,
But we sever as friends, with the thought at my heart
Of the dreams in life's morning, so fleeting and fair,
That arose like thy vapor, and melted in air!
The cow-bell, when heard
In the faint light of even;
The soft-spoken word,
That can waft us to heaven;
The silver reflection
Of stars in the stream;
And the sigh of the woods,
When at twilight we dream;
The sword to the knight,
To the poet, the pen;
And the matchless delight
When the loved one we win;
Its nest to the bird,
And her home to the wife;
The music we 've heard
In the morning of life;
Are dear, yet still nearer and dearer by far
Thou art to my heart—but farewell, my cigar!

'The snow-crowned peak
Thin mist hath bound;
So ashes white
Thy clouds surround;
Sweet is the lily
And the rose;
But odors on odors
More fragrant than those,
Thou joyous dispenser
Of innocent pleasures,
Arise from thy censer
Of balm-bearing treasures;
Yet we part, though from sorrow my senses ye win,
I love thee, thou Siren, for all thy brown skin!
Lift up thy blue veil,
Let me see thee; and ah!
To my lips I now press thee—
Farewell, my cigar!'

—

'*Mary Rivers*' and '*The Beauties of Travelling*' are of the 'tertiary formation' in the strata of talent. Forced sentiment and language, and inversions of ill-chosen

words, neither make good prose nor felicitous verse. Plain speaking — but 'it ees *faäct*.' . . . Our esteemed friend Dr. Geo. W. Bethune has, we perceive, (for his volume has not yet reached us,) been editing a work entitled '*The British Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices.*' We are struck with a remark in the preface, touching the common-place illusions of domestic life which sometimes disgust those women of genius who live in 'some sun-lighted mansion of cloud:'

'The gates of Eden are still shut against our Eves and Adams. Dinners do not grow 'spontaneous on umbrageous trees,' nor flower-beds suffice for comfortable couches; but kitchens and laundries are among the consequences of the fall. The Adam who has been toiling all day, digging the illiberal earth, with the sweat on his face, is but too apt, at evening, to crave a refreshment more substantial than fruits of the imagination; and though his Eve be a tenth muse, if she be nothing less supernatural, the chances are that they may both taste the bitter 'fruit of the knowledge of evil.'

The Duke of Argyle is an excellent and philanthropic nobleman, but he has n't read our friend Longfellow's poetry correctly; at least he does n't quote it as it was originally written for the Knickerbocker. There was a great meeting held recently in London to further the moral and social improvement of the laboring classes in Great-Britain. Prince Albert presided, supported by a goodly number of the nobility, among whom were Lord John Russell, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Ashley, the Earl Fortescue, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Ebrington, etc., etc. Prince Albert spoke well and to the point, as did also Lord Ashley and the Duke of Argyle. The last-named nobleman concluded with:

'The great work of the day was eminently acknowledged to be that of social reform, and not of mere external changes. *(Hear, hear.)* Might he be permitted to remind them that all, however humble their position, might take a part in that work, and that it was their duty to do so? It was not merely for those who occupied the hustings of political station, it was also for those who were treading the by-paths of humble Christian life, to spread among their fellow-subjects and fellow-men those principles of knowledge and of improvement which lay at the foundation of all the works which had been prepared and so ably supported by his noble friend, Lord Ashley. He had only to say farther, that he hoped they might all adopt the sentiment contained in the fine lines of the American poet:

— 'We can make our lives sublime,
And, dying, leave behind us foot-prints
Upon the sands of time'

It would have been better if, in writing out his remarks for the press, the noble orator had substituted for the above, these lines:

'We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.'

The conclusion of the Duke's speech was received with 'loud and prolonged cheers.' . . . 'When Rev. Mr. Burchard, the great revivalist,' writes a Boston correspondent, 'was a young man he was a hard nut. One town-meeting caucus, he was pushing some motion through, steam-engine fashion, when the town clerk incumbent, belonging to the opposite faction, arose and interrupted him with, 'Burchard, you 're making an *ass* of yourself!' 'Am I,' replied Burchard — '*Am* I? Wall, that 's more than *you* ever *could* do, for the Almighty got a good ways the start of you!' His motion was carried by acclamation, and the poor town clerk lost his reëlection.' . . . Mr. L. C. Judson has issued a new edition, revised improved and enlarged, of '*The Moral Probe*,' a work of intrinsic excellence, to which we have heretofore adverted in terms of deserved praise. We are glad to learn that a series of moral essays, in language so sententious and terse, and so replete with healthful inculcations,

should have met with the popular favor to which it so eminently commended itself. The present edition is rendered still more attractive by the addition of a brief but comprehensive and well-written life of the great PATRICK HENRY. . . . If the metropolitan reader would be aware of the continued improvements in our hotels and restaurants, let him step into the St. CHARLES, with its spacious free-stone 'annexation,' and observe the new parlors and rooms which have come in with that accession. Happily, no *other* change was needed. Indeed, with WATRESS and BARNES at the head of affairs, he would be a modest man who should suggest any alteration in the management. Messrs. SHERWOOD AND FISHER, near the corner of Broadway and Murray-street, have also been 'annexing' an adjoining hall to their popular establishment, which leaves nothing to be desired by their numerous patrons.. . . '*Ora-Undis and other Poems*, by J. M. LEGARE,' is the title of a neat volume from the press of Messrs. WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston. MR. LEGARE, as we have heretofore remarked, is a true poet, who reflects honor upon the literature of the South. He does not obtrude his claims upon the public, nor consider himself as *the* 'Southern author,' par excellence; but he does far better; he writes such poetry as '*The Reaper*,' which ensues:

'How still Earth lies! — behind the pines
The summer clouds sink slowly down,
The sunset gilds the higher hills
And distant steeples of the town.

'Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
Birds sing from out the dripping leaves,
And standing in the breast-high corn
I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

'It was when on the fallow fields
The heavy frosts of winter lay,
A rustic with unsparing hand
Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

'And I too, walking through the waste
And wintry hours of the past,
Have in the furrows made by grief
The seeds of future harvests cast.

'Rewarded well, if when the world
Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
And all the valley lies in shade,
But sunset glimmers on the height:

'Down in the meadows of the heart
The birds sing out a last refrain,
And ready garnered for the mart
I see the ripe and golden grain.'

We are sorry to see so clever a writer as Mr. LEGARE making two syllables of 'hour.' Has *flour* two syllables? It is a common but a grievous error to eke out these and kindred words. They have but one syllable and but one sound. . . . MR. THOMAS BELL, the popular auctioneer, may now be daily heard discoursing to attentive and *interested* audiences, in the spacious old church at the corner of William and Frankfort-streets, whither he has recently removed his establishment. It is 'as good as a play' to hear him diversify his professional duties with a flow of humor or sentiment, as the case may be, predicated of 'all and sundry' such matters as 'may comen into his minde.' . . . SOMEBODY, on the evening of the day of the late races, at the Centreville course, Long-Island, asked a young man who was 'building,' having several 'stones' or 'bricks' in his hat, 'How came you so?' 'Why,' said he, 'they were betting 'drinks' a good deal just round where I stood, and they got me to hold the stakes!' . . . AMONG the most beautiful specimens of wood for furniture, the *American Black Walnut* occupies of late a very prominent place; and we really think some of the furniture made of this wood is quite equal to any rosewood or mahogany we ever saw. We have just seen a splendid specimen of furniture made of this material; a beautiful Piano-Forte from the manufactory of Messrs. STODART AND DUNHAM, No. 343 Broadway, where the curious in such matters may find a large and choice assortment of pianos. The celebrity of their instruments is well-deserved and long-established. . . . '*The Yale Literary Magazine*,' under the supervision of a new corps of editors, lies before us. Some of its papers are very clever. We noted

especially a pathetic poem, on the model of Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs,' dedicated to the Tutors of Yale, which is quite pathetic. Par example:

'One poor unfortunate
Sophomore wight,
Rash and importunate,
Gone to recite!

'Fizzle him tenderly,
Bore him with care,
Fitted so slenderly —
Tutor, beware!

'See his lip quivering,
See his limbs shivering,
While the sweat constantly
Falls on his clothing;
Question him patiently,
Loving, not loathing.

'Frown not so scornfully —
Speak to him mournfully,
Not so reprovingly.
Mark that surprise of his,
See those sad eyes of his
Glancing so lovingly.

'Make no deep scrutiny —
Stir up no mutiny;
Wild and unfortunate,
Hear his excuses,
His trembling excuses —
Be not importunate.

'Ha! that last slip of his
Makes him look tearfully;
See that poor lip of his,
Bitten so fearfully!

'Raise up his spirit,
Crushed by his fear,
His dark gloomy spirit;
While every one wonders
How he came here.

.

'Not by lamps quivering,
In darkness shivering,
Standeth the wight —
In window and casement,
In garret and basement,
With fear and amazement,
Moaning his plight.

'Not the bleak winds of March,
Set him trembling and shaking,
Neither tempest nor night
Could thus urge him to quaking.
Maddened by history,
Glad from Greek mystery
Soon to be whirled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of this world!

'Question him tenderly,
Bore him with care,
Fitted so slenderly —
Tutor, beware!

'Speak to him pleasantly,
Softly, not painfully —
Softly and mildly —
With pleasant smiles meet him,
Cheerfully greet him,
Staring so wildly.'

A parody is not in the highest class of composition, to be sure; but this is certainly felicitous. The ordeal of recitation is often terrific; and but for private 'nudges' and whispered promptings, would be even worse than it is. But it is easier to get out of college with 'the honors' than to get into it. We once heard rather a dull student say, many years after getting his 'parchment,' 'If I had had to pass through the same examination to get *out* of college that I did to get *in*, I should have been obliged to stay there till this time!' . . . A FRIEND gives us a good anecdote of a person who read a sentence from a letter commendatory of a genuine old master in a very singular way. The true reading should have been: 'There is now here an acknowledged connoisseur, who pronounces the picture an unquestionable original;' this reading however was rendered as follows: 'There is *no where* an acknowledged connoisseur,' etc. We heard a word divided once, at the table-d'hôte of a popular hotel, which made not a little sport. It was early spring-time, and the 'first run of shad' had contributed two to the table before us, which were in such demand, that a discomfitted friend exclaimed:

'Life is a *shad* — O how it flies!'

The reader will remember the altered line:

'Life is a shadow — how it flies!'

Were there shad in the days of ISAAC WATTS? . . . THE last number of GODEY'S popular '*Lady's Book*' has a very beautiful engraving, which exhibits several lovely '*Ladies shopping in a 'Congress-Boot' Store.*' We knew before that DAY'S 'Congress-Boots' were great favorites with the ladies; but here is the best evidence of the

universality and justice of that popularity. . . . We have heretofore given two or three anecdotes of the somewhat eccentric Colonel Snow, so well known as an ardent temperance-lecturer, the first founder of a temperance journal among us, and latterly a prominent clerk in our chief police court. 'The Colonel' was formerly from Boston, where he was a member of the city council, as well as of the fire and military departments. He is Herculean in his proportions, standing six feet three inches in his stockings, and of corresponding stoutness. He it was, at a riot in Boston, who '*Struck Billy Patterson;*' a fact which was recorded at the time by the late lamented Lynde M. Walter:

'Patrick Mahoney was 'considerable of a man' among his Irish brethren; a kind of leader, who was looked up to on extraordinary occasions by his countrymen; held a high place at church; sat in the broad aisle, carried round the plate, etc. He was a 'smart' one too, but not what is called a tall one. He was a stickler for his rights; talked loud and large; did not like to be imposed upon. His courage however (a very common thing) was chiefly at his tongue's end. He could bluster and fight hard with words but was rather shy in real fight; always had a good look out to be on the strongest side, and had a way of slipping aside, when the 'jaw' was over, so as to let his backers have their share of fighting. Now Billy Patterson was an intimate friend of Patrick's; a choice friend; the other half of himself; his more than brother; and Billy was not slow in getting into trouble, but had n't quite so much a knack as Patrick in getting out again. The consequence was that Billy Patterson often got a beating, and never a worse one than in the late Broad-street riot. Patrick, like a good Christian as he was, was sound asleep in church during this celebrated fight; where every good man should have been, and then there would have been no trouble; but Billy Patterson did n't happen to go to church that afternoon; he was otherwise engaged, a part of the time. Billy Patterson—better luck to him hereafter!—fell into the hands of a tall fireman; a man of figure as well as stature; one whom you would be likely to know when you should see him again. Billy Patterson knows him, to his sorrow; and it will be a long day before he will forget him. He raised a *Snow*-storm about his ears so deep that Billy Patterson, beside getting well brow-beat, came near to be buried alive in the solid drifts which fell upon him. But Billy Patterson lived through it, not exactly to see the light of the next day, for day and night were pretty much alike to Billy Patterson for some time, so severely were his peepers done for. When Patrick Mahoney, Billy's friend, came to hear of his mishaps, he went out of the church-door as though the potentates of purgatory were at his heels. He found Billy Patterson in a shocking state of battery, up to his eyes; and the way he 'ripped and tore' was a caution to beginners! Oath upon oath rolled out of his over-filled mouth. 'Och, by my eyes! who struck Billy Patterson? Where 's the man that struck Billy Patterson? By the powers, if I catch the man that struck Billy Patterson, it will be a long day before he will darken his own door! Show me the man that struck Billy Patterson! I 'd batter his eyes, be me sowl, now, so that he could n't see a hole through a pick-axe! Just show me the man that struck Billy Patterson!' And away he went in pursuit of the man that struck Billy Patterson, uttering his threats and imprecations all the way along 'Och! jist show me the fellow that struck Billy Patterson! By Saint Pathrick, the patron saint of all Ireland, whether in Ameraky or in old Ireland herself, I should like to see the man that struck Billy Patterson! Would n't I make the grass grow before his door before iver he 'd come into the street again!—there now! If I find the fellow that struck Billy Patterson, he 'll be after being scarce hereafter, that ye may depind!' As luck and chance—those spirits that fix things as we would *not* have them, so often—would have it, the man that struck Billy Patterson was found, not far from the scene of Billy's particular engagement, and pointed out to Pat Mahoney. 'Is *that* the fellow that struck Billy Patterson?' inquired Patrick, almost frothing at the mouth, and still pouring out his high Irish in profusion, equalled only by his most limber-tongued countrymen; 'is *that* the man that struck Billy Patterson? By the powers! he 's a fine-looking fellow, there now!' However, Pat's courage was on the decline, when he came to see the man that struck Billy Patterson, but it would not do to skulk out; so Pat bristled up again, and got into as high a fever as ever. 'Are you the man that struck Billy Patterson? Answer me that now, Sir! Tell me, Sir, was it yourself that struck Billy Patterson? Do you hear?' But Patrick could n't frighten his subject in this way; questions of that sort did not much disturb the tall fire-man. He looked down upon him with amazement, and did n't seem to know whether it were best to snap him over his head from his thumb, or answer his interrogatory. '*Yes,*' he finally said, '*I struck Billy Patterson!—what of that?*' 'Then, Sir,' said Patrick, blustering up to him in the fiercest attitude, as if he was going to knock him into the next fortnight, 'allow me to tell you, Sir, that, by all the powers of mud, *you 've given him a pair of as pretty black eyes, sure, as iver were seen! There now—you 're a blessed fine fellow—give us your hand!*'

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We have been at Rust's 'Syracuse House,' and know full well that no ordinary praise could do it justice while it was under his supervision; and now that he has retired, we are glad to know that the wide and enviable reputation of the house will be sustained by the new lessees, Messrs. Gillett and Knickerbocker, who perfectly understand their business. You bear a 'charmed name' in your firm, gentlemen.

Keep it 'unspotted,' and we will come up and see you some time or other — perhaps before. . . . We have been reading, in the manuscript, a very striking and original work, by the author of 'Margaret,' entitled '*Philo, an Evangeliad*,' which when given to the public, cannot fail to enhance the already extended literary reputation of the writer. It is unequal, of course, as all kindred performances usually are, and must be; but in many parts it is replete with imagination and genius of a high order. In its plan and scope it continually reminds us of 'Festus.' We annex a few passages, segregated here and there, as we read, which will illustrate, we think, the justice of our encomiums. We begin with this sketch of a true pastor:

'He wells with love, and yearns for the redemption;
His life is hid with Christ in God. His name
Hast thou not seen in the Lamb's Book? A heart
He owns great Virtue's self beholds, and turns
To the same image. Midst tempestuous times,
Our Eddystone; Christ's passion beareth he,
And scorn of hypocrites. We follow him,
Our lesser Shepherd, as he Christ the Great.
Resolved and calm, both meek and wise is he;
Of spiritual drift, and simple human ways;
In comprehension large, of liberal taste,
Loving all things, and gathering truth from all;
Sharp-set for rectitude, with frailty mild,
Stubborn to sin and hate alone. And thus
In pastures green his faithful flock is led.'

Have you never beheld, reader, such a scene as the following, at a Methodist camp-meeting in 'God's first temple,' the solemn forest? *We* have, and have felt the influence of the place itself to become almost religion:

'Hail, sacred grove! hail, sylvan mercy-seat!
With cherubim of beech and oak o'er-hung:
From barky pillars springs aloft a roof
Of broidered azure; here is sumptuousness
Of furniture, an altar-cloth of ferns
And berried vines, a downy couch of moss;
In cloven trunks of those old chestnuts stand
The effigies of ages dead and gone.
Curtains of living foliage conceal
Our feathered choir. There falls a light,
Dim, soft, like sheen of Hesperus on banks of snow.
In this same temple of the winds and trees
He chiefly prayed — He who our sins did bear.'

Let us premise, in explanation of the following, that an angelic being has taken a prominent character in the work into the 'bowels of the earth;' that they are 'tripping on the roots of Pyrenees,' and 'circumventing the pillars of the spheres,' when they hear a terrible thumping on an anvil, and suddenly find themselves in Vulcan's smithy. To a question from his visitors the First Blacksmith makes answer:

'I serve unserved: the lone
And central slave and seneschal of all
This bulk of dust and passion, roots and graves.
I hammered on a wedge, as you came in,
To raise that British isle: it sinks a doit.'

CHARLES.

'Its debt is heavy — not to say its preachers.'

THE GENII.

'To keep on even terms the land and water,
To foil the ocean, when it crowds too hard,
Is all that me concerns.'

CHARLES.

'That Lisbon quay
You swamped, a thousand shrieks extinguishing,
In thousand butts of instant briny ruin.'

THE OPHIT.

'THE vapors that perspire unceasingly,
By pores innumerous, in every part,
Electric fluids, vital air, and others,
Infected in that outer human realm,
Descending, enter either pole, flow through
My fining-pot, where I cleanse them with earths
Of subtil sorts, and sea-water. The flame
And smoke at Stromboli and other vents
Discharge. It jars a little; never mind;
Your base is henceforth more compact and close.
Beside, I see the currents every year
Return less tainted.'

.

'Folk should not build too near my chimney-caps;
Keep off high lava mark—look out for floods:
Leap the walls betime, alarum sound;
No fear of slumping in; you see these piers;
And solid groins, and porphyritic bands.'

To us there is something sublime in this picture of the progressive works of nature in successive eras:

—— 'THE animals
Were next produced, of most unseemly size,
Wrens condor-like, and asps like crocodiles,
Leviathan and Behemoth. They fed
On ling, and fattened in the reeky fens.
Through fume and fog the sun did faintly ooze:
In the warm sludge weeds grew to forests rank.
These orders perished; flesh and seed, in caves
I buried them, or strewed upon the land,
To brew the vegetable stimulus.
The ages mellowed; on the cycles flew,
Working incessant change in principles
And forms: I waited on the dissolutions,
Ground hills on hills, and mixed the various loams;
I strained the seas to dress the virgin fields,
Injected ores among the liquid rocks,
Smothered the thickets with the fiery mountains,
And sealed up endless granaries of coal.'

Of much that is pathetic, much that is imaginative, much that is beautiful, our readers shall be made the recipients when this 'Evangeliad' shall appear in print; a consummation devoutly to be wished, and which we are sure cannot be long delayed. . . . THIS day (thermometer at ninety-six in the shade) would be a favorable time, friend 'J. J. S.,' to 'sit by the side, love,' of MRS. ORRA HETH, of Adams, in this state — weight four hundred and four pounds! What 'melting' associations the very thought awakens in the mind! . . . WE can tell 'M. S.' that '*The Ocean-Storm*' has not one particle of poetry in any single line of it; and we will illustrate this by publishing any one or two stanzas, the best which he may indicate, if we have his permission to do so. A ship with her masts shivered by lightning, scudding under bare poles, with ten thousand white-maned waves pursuing her, gaping and roaring for their prey, ought to have inspired more spirited and less written-to-death verse than the 'poem' before us. . . . WE don't know when we have heard a more marked instance of untimely cant than is recorded in a recent letter from a 'down-east' correspondent. A man who had lost his way on the road to Bath, spurred his nag up to a one-horse wagon on the road before him, containing a long-faced 'religionist' hastening to a 'revival' station in the neighborhood. Accosting him, almost out of breath, he asked: 'Can — can you tell me — am I on the direct road to Bath?' 'No, my dear Sir, *that* it is not in my power to inform you; but one thing I feel called upon *to* tell you, and that is, that 'Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less!' The 'anxious inquirer' rode off with an inexpressible look, and a free use of

his whip. That 'exhorter' is doubtless 'instant in season and *out* of season' in his ministrations. . . Mr. 'O. Drake' has sent us 'with the original music' all printed, a poetical hand-bill entitled '*The Waterville Tragedy, or Death of Edward Mathews by Dr. Valorus P. Coolidge.*' We select a few bricks from the imposing structure of our 'down-east' bard, who 'builds the lofty rhyme' 'down to Woodville:'

'O! V. P. Coolidge, how could you
So black a deed of murder do!
You on your honor did pretend
To be his dearest earthly friend.

'You said, 'Dear Mathews, worthy friend,
Our friendship here shall never end;
A glass of brandy you must drink,
'T will do you good, I surely think.'

'He drank the liquor you had fixed,
With prussic acid amply mixed,
Then cried, 'O Lord! what can it be?
What poison have you give to me?'

'His money then you took away,
And hid his watch out in your sleigh;
Then called for your confederate,
And all your doings did relate:

'That cursed Ed. Mathews, do n't you think,
Came here and did some brandy drink,
Then instantly he fell down dead,
And I have thump'd him on the head.'

'You drag'd his lifeless form away,
Into the cellar there to lay,
Until some one by chance did see
His mangled, bruis'd, and dead body.'

Coolidge, whatever may be his other privations in prison, may thank his stars that he is debarred the necessity of perusing such 'poetry' as this: 'Tune' 'Mary's Dream.' Oh! 'O. Drake!'—do n't write any more! . . . We take the subjoined passage from a letter of our esteemed correspondent 'Jack Brace,' touching a few courteous remarks of the Editor of the '*Albion*' weekly journal upon his anecdote of Lamartine in our number for July:

'The '*Albion*' is mistaken in assuming that I meant to imply that any thing was said in Lamartine's work of the carving of the names. Finding them where I did was only the occasion of my attempting by defacing them to vent some boyish spleen at the disappointment which Reality seemed invariably to prepare for me, after reading one of his glowing descriptions. If your friend of the '*Albion*' will look a little farther on the page from which he last quoted (page 155, *et seq.*, vol. ii.) he will find that though Lamartine claims only to have approached as near as six hundred paces, that he nevertheless gives a somewhat minute account of the trees, in which I am compelled to differ with him. For instance, he says: 'They grow upon the proudest site of the groups of Lebanon, and prosper above that point where all other vegetation expires.' Now, I plucked wild flowers very far above the plateau where these trees stand, and found also some stunted shrubbery there. Again, Lamartine says: 'These trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty; more recently, seventeen; more recently still, only a dozen. There are now but seven.' Now we counted *fourteen*, which could not be distinguished one above another in their appearance of antiquity. But all this, if urged seriously against Lamartine, would be ridiculous and hypercritical; and I only mention it to justify the plea of disappointment which I set up in defence of my vandalism in wishing to efface his name. These variances, nothing in reality, were of some moment from the occasion. Moreover, although I should be sorry to raise a question of veracity between the ex-member of the provisional government of France and the noble old Scheik of Eden (whose beard I venerate,) yet I was certainly informed by the latter that Lamartine was not near enough to get more than a faint glimpse at the cedars. Let all this pass however. If I wished seriously to convict him of indulging too freely in poetic license in his work, I need only refer to the pretended conversations with Lady Hester Stanhope, who, as you know,* declared to the gentleman with whom I then was, that they were a sheer fabrication. But as I have said, the poet-statesman's fame rests on surer and broader foundations than this work, which is nevertheless a very beautiful and interesting one. He belongs not alone to literature, but to the cause of progressive freedom; not

* We have it on the best authority, that Lady Hester Stanhope assured Governor Cass, when in Syria, that her alleged conversations with Lamartine, as recorded in his work, had no foundation in fact. It was not only 'made out of whole cloth;' Lamartine raised the sheep, sheared the wool, and spun and wove the fabric. Ed. Knickerbocker.

alone to that small spot of earth called France, but to mankind; not alone to the age and generation in which he lives, but to the future. He is the apostle of a sublime and beneficent principle, to adopt his own words, uttered eight or nine years ago: '*Ce divin principe de Fraternité, qui a tomb du ciel au terre, pour abolitr toutes servitudes, et pour sanctifier toutes disciplines:*' 'That divine principle of fraternity, which descended from heaven upon earth, to abolish all servitudes, and to sanctify all restraints.'

—

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, of 'Proverbial Philosophy' memory, a poet of 'secondary formation' but an excellent 'good fellow' we are told, lately wrote some kindly-intended lines to 'BROTHER JONATHAN,' which nevertheless were rather mawkish, and in which the patronizing air protruded 'to a degree.' An old and esteemed correspondent of this Magazine, in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, has returned him a ROLAND for his OLIVER in a counter 'loving ballad,' from which we take a few stanzas to illustrate its spirit:

'Ho, MARTIN! thou bold Britisher,
Thou of the 'heart of oak!'
Whose throb fraternal love doth stir,
For us poor Yankee folk!
I tell thee, as an honest man,
Whose love no strife can cool,
That as thou lovest JONATHAN,
So loves he JOHNNY BULL!

'We both *are* of one lineage,
From one pure fount we rise;
We fill the same historic page,
With deeds of 'high emprize;'
We learned, what only heroes can,
In war's terrific school.
Three cheers for Brother JONATHAN,
Six cheers for JOHNNY BULL!

''Tis true, dear MARTIN, as you say
That all of good and great,
Which makes up England's proud array,
Is part of *my* estate.
But still the past events *may* span
With honor not too full,
To which less claim hath JONATHAN
Than honest JOHNNY BULL.

'For instance, MARTIN, Brother JOHN
Did 'cut it rather fat'
When the poor Chinamen were done,
And never smelt the rat;
On Erin, too, there falls a ban,
A grinding sort of rule,
To which *no* claim makes JONATHAN—
The glory is to BULL.

'You say I ran away from home,
As truant boys will do,
And wonder why I sought to roam
So far away from you;
I 'll tell you, brother, why I ran!
I did not like the school,
But dearly — always — JONATHAN
Did love schoolmaster BULL!

''GOD save the Queen' delights us *some*.
We love her royal self;
We love the babies that have come
To bless the house of Guelph!
We love the people, child and man,
Who crowd her coffers full!
But doing thus, prays JONATHAN,
Don't starve the *people*, BULL!'

—

DID you ever see such an increase in any of our 'public institutions' as in the *Life Insurance Companies?* We verily believe that by-and-by they will create a new style of announcing the deaths of our 'friends and fellow-citizens.' It will not be long before we shall see in the newspapers, under the obituary head, such announcements as this: 'Died of fever, on Wednesday morning, TIMOTHY PIPKIN, aged fifty-six: *no insurance.*' Or, 'Died on Friday evening, JEROTHNAIL P. HOPKINS, of a lingering 'squinancy,' aged forty-eight: insured one thousand dollars in the 'Wall-street Life-Insurance Company,' and two thousand in the 'Connecticut Mutual.' An epidemic, also, taking away whole neighborhoods, we may look to see published under the head of: '*Failure of Life Insurance Companies: Great Epidemic!*' — 'We regret to learn that two of our prosperous life insurance companies have been compelled to suspend payment. An epidemic, which broke out recently in Tinnecum, and which at one time threatened the destruction of the whole village, could not be arrested until the raging scourge had destroyed more than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of sound insurance. The loss, falling on individuals and families, is immense.' Seriously, however, we regard life-insurance as one of the wisest and most benevolent features of the present age. We have just been looking over an exposition of its principles,

operations and benefits, as presented by the '*Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company*,' of Hartford, and can bear testimony to the great advantages offered by that 'institution.' It is established, we think, alike by experience and irrefragable proof, in the little pamphlet before us, that the 'mutual' system holds preëminence over that of any other now in practice, as a means of accomplishing the benevolent objects and beneficial ends for which such institutions are established. . . . SIMEON HIGGIN'S '*Letter*' bides its time. It 's 'pretty good;' yet he sends it with some distrust, not to say 'fear and trembling.' Hear him: 'Thou arbiter of unfledged destiny! — how many young hearts, warm and glowing with heads 'chock-full' of fancied inspiration, look up to thee with tearful eyes, anxious to be beckoned upward, yet fearing to be crushed! How many too have perished under the wheels of the editorial Juggernaut!' Good 'ev-ings! — never knew before that we were any thing of the kind! . . . IT is a strange thing, the always-prevalent passion for military glory. We can well believe that when the soldiers recently returned from Mexico first placed their names upon the volunteer-list, they thought little of the toilsome march, the painful privation, the iron hail, or the 'imminent deadly breach.' It was the 'pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war' which roused them to arms. They were told of the abundant rations, of the serried ranks, of the brave array to be enjoyed and presented by the 'bowld soldier-boys:'

> 'LO THERE the soldier, rapid architect,
> Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
> The whole scene moves and bustles momently
> With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel:
> The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
> Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!
> But on some morrow morn all suddenly
> The tents drop down, the horde renews its march,
> Dreary and solitary as a church-yard;
> The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
> And the year's harvest is gone utterly.'

Did you see, town-reader, the volunteers who walked, silently, sadly, solemnly through our streets, the other day; emaciated, miserably clad, and wearing the 'shadowed livery of the burnished sun?' Did n't you pity the poor fellows from the bottom of your heart, when you contrasted them with the gay holiday popinjays who were showing them off? — they, who had 'seen service,' and knew *now* what military pageant meant? *Apropos* of this theme, is a well-reasoned and eloquent sermon by Rev. FREDERICK A. FARLEY, preached lately at the 'Church of the SAVIOUR,' in Brooklyn; a vivid exposition of that spirit which too often passes for true military glory; of a spirit that, 'like the chivalry which in the middle-ages held the world in its spell, and sucked its best blood for the merest and silliest fancies, and which will yet be regarded as barbarous and savage, and at length become obsolete and 'a thing of shame.' We commend to our readers a perusal of this excellent discourse. . . . A FRIEND took us *vi et armis* to Rockaway, the other day; and a brief but delightful season did we enjoy at CRANSTON'S admirably-kept and crowded 'Pavilion.' A great fog came in from the sea, and veiled old Ocean from sight; but we heard him

> —— 'With sullen-sounding roar
> Through the still night dash hoarse along the shore.'

Purest air, with the finest sea-bathing; agreeable and distinguished company; a table which APICIUS might have envied; wine to 'make glad the heart' of such as delight in it; and the most ample and courteous attention to the smallest wish of the guests; these are *some* only of the attractions there at this season. 'They should

be seen, to be properly appreciated.' . . . PROCURE THACKERAY'S '*Vanity Fair.*' Take our word for it, reader, that it is one of the very best, most instructive, most entertaining books of the entire season. We have seldom if ever encountered such admirable sketches of character. The folly and humbugeousness of the world are exhibited with a masterly ridicule. His strokes of humor and his half-length pictures are not excelled by any kindred artist whom we can call to mind. Something of the characteristics we have indicated we shall probably endeavor to set forth in our next number. . . . WE have not unfrequently spoken of the *Trade Sales of Messrs. Bangs, Richards and Platt;* but they have certainly outdone even themselves in the corpulent catalogue before us; which embraces the largest supplies of books, in every department of literature and science; fancy stationery and papers, of every description; a superb collection of English books; a great number of stereotype-plates, copy-rights, copper and steel-plates, etc., etc. Their sales commence at their spacious rooms, No. 204 Broadway, on Friday, the 25th instant. Prompt and energetic, courteous and kind in manner, it is not perhaps surprising that this firm should number among their contributors, who swell their catalogues almost to bursting, nearly every bookseller and cognate tradesman in the Union. . . . 'R. B.,' from whom we expected a paper on BURNS for the present number, thus pleasantly accounts for his delinquency: 'I am very sorry, my dear Old KNICK., to disappoint you and your readers of the faithfully-promised article on BURNS, which, however, you *shall* have for your next number. If you knew the reason, you and they would, I know, not only excuse but thank me. The fact is this: I have found there is 'a fine old Scottish gentleman' residing in the western part of our State, who was a dear friend and crony of BURNS, to whom the poet addressed some of his inimitable epistles, published in his works. Now, from the introduction I had to this gentleman, I am in daily expectation of receiving some personal reminiscences of BURNS; and I doubt not, from what I learn, they will be recherché, and amply repay your readers for the delay. Meantime, as some little atonement, I here give you a sort of parody on the '*Man going to St. Ives,*' which is in the mouth of every child in England and perhaps the United States, and was without doubt in thine own mouth, my dear Old KNICK., when thou wast a merry little urchin some few years ago. If this parody of mine become half as popular as he of St. Ives, I shall be immortal! Now I hereby promise and engage, if any lady of or under the age of 'blooming eighteen,' will favor you with a poetical answer to the question, within one calendar month from the date of the publication of the present number, (and which answer shall be approved of by *you*, the autograph copy only to be *mine*,) to present the said lady, through you, with a collection of plaster casts of medallions, medals, antique intaglios and cameos, in a handsome satin-wood frame, worth ten dollars, as a reward for her trouble and skill; the answer of course to appear in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'BETWEEN Sing-Sing and Tarry-Town
I met my worthy friend JOHN BROWN
And seven daughters, riding nags,
And every one had twenty bags;
In every bag were thirty cats,
And every cat had forty rats,
Beside a brood of fifty kittens.
All *but* the nags were wearing mittens!
Mittens, kittens—rats, cats—bags, nags—BROWNS,
How many were met between the towns?'

The question is to be taken in its plain, literal, common-sense meaning, without any quibble, and the mittens are to be counted *separately*, and not in pairs.'

LITERARY RECORD. — '*Eastern Life, Present and Past*,' is the title of a volume by HARRIET MARTINEAU, just issued from the press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. It is really one of the most instructive and entertaining books of travel we have lately encountered, being replete with varied incident, unaffectedly recorded. It is divided into four 'Parts,' namely: 'Egypt, and its Faith,' 'Sinai, and its Faith,' 'Palestine, and its Faith,' and 'Syria, and its Faith.' The reader will not fail to perceive that here is 'ample room and verge enough' for an entertaining work, even in less capable hands than those of Miss MARTINEAU. The work will satisfy all expectations of its merits. . . . WE have received the first number of a well-executed quarterly publication, entitled the '*Theological and Literary Journal*,' edited by Mr. DAVID N. LORD, a profound scholar and clear and vigorous writer, whose eminently able treatise upon 'The Apocalypse' we have had occasion heretofore to notice in terms of appropriate commendation in these pages. The review before us bids fair not only to sustain but to enhance the well-earned reputation of the editor. It contains a well-written introduction, a paper upon the 'False Methods that have prevailed of Interpreting the Apocalypse,' together with a most trenchant and irrefragable review of Professor STUART'S 'Commentary on the Apocalypse.' We scarcely know which most to admire, the 'thorough work' made by the reviewer, or the good temper in which he performs his labor. Mr. FRANKLIN KNIGHT, at Number 140 Nassau-street, is the publisher of the Review. . . . THE BROTHERS HARPER have done good service to the republic in the issue of a handsome and liberally-illustrated volume, by Mr. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, entitled '*Kings and Queens, or Life in the Palace*.' It consists of interesting historical sketches of JOSEPHINE and MARIA LOUISA, LOUIS PHILIPPE, FERDINAND of Austria, NICHOLAS, ISABELLA II. LEOPOLD and VICTORIA. These must indicate to every body pleasant reading, and we can safely predict that nobody will be disappointed. . . . WE are indebted to WILLIAM FREDERICK POOLE, Esq., of the Yale 'Brothers in Unity,' for a very useful and well-arranged '*Alphabetical Index to Subjects treated in the Reviews and other Periodicals*,' prepared for the library of the society. The editor's research has been thorough, while his method is clear and his references easily accessible. The 'Index' is published by PUTNAM, Broadway. . . . MESSRS. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have completed the publication of LOUIS BLANC'S '*History of the French Revolution of* 1789,' a work of great research and rare interest, and one which at this time may be considered as fruitful of valuable historical lessons. . . . WE have before us three pamphlets which we desire to commend to the attention of our readers, as forcibly illustrating the great career of our middle 'Great West,' namely: 'A Letter to Hon. ROBERT M'CLELLAND, in Congress, touching the Value and Importance of the Commerce of the Great Western Lakes, 1846;' 'A Sketch of the Commerce of the Lakes,' etc., with an Account of the Business of the Erie Canal, done through Buffalo in 1845-6;' and 'An Address on the early Reminiscences of Western New-York, and the Lake Region of Country.' These valuable and interesting pamphlets are from the pen of JAMES L. BARTON, Esq., an enterprising and public-spirited citizen of Buffalo, who has done honor to himself and performed a good service to the public in the collection, collation, and clear arrangement for the press, of the many important matters which they embrace. Read them, brother New-Yorkers, and be prouder still of our glorious State! . . . WE have from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON a recent English novel, entitled '*Grantley Manor, a Tale*,' by Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON, author of 'ELLEN MIDDLETON.' It is a work warmly commended by the Scottish and English press, as possessing rare interest; but we have not found leisure as yet to test the justice of their verdict. . . . MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN have recently issued a work which will be widely and cordially welcomed. It is a compendium of '*The Principles of Zoology*,' touching the structure, development, distribution and natural arrangement of the race of animals, living and extinct, with numerous illustrations. When we name the eminent naturalist, Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ, as the principal author, assisted by AUGUSTUS A. GOULD, we have said enough to insure immediate attention to the work. It is most liberally illustrated with drawings, mainly from American objects. . . . MR. H. W. HEWET, Number 52 John street, will soon issue in numbers an *Illustrated Catholic New Testament*, under the editorial supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop HUGHES, of New-York. The illustrations will form a gallery of scripture subjects, engraved in the first style of the art. We speak 'by the card,' when we say, that the engraving, printing, paper, etc., are of the first order of excellence. Twelve numbers, of thirty-two royal octavo pages each, at twenty-five cents each, will be issued in rapid succession.

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'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK'S supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'— *New-York Daily Tribune.*

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☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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ADELE BARRON.

A NARRATIVE OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN REAL LIFE.

BY 'VIATOR.'

'THANK heaven, it is over, and they know nothing about it!' This, it will be remembered, was the exclamation of the captain, when the long, mysterious box was lowered into the hold of his vessel, as recorded in the close of the first chapter of this narrative. As the captain looked up, he for the first time, noticed Welden, and explained that he thought some of his passengers might be annoyed if they found that the box was removed, though no harm could be done. Absorbed in his own business, Welden did not care to inquire farther, although the coincidence between the initials and the name which was uppermost in his thoughts struck him for the moment as a little singular. He had soon secured a berth for the voyage, and went back to the ship to send his luggage on board, being informed that the other passengers who had gone ashore were to be on board that afternoon when the vessel was to take advantage of the first fair wind. As he entered the cabin, on his return, he was surprised at hearing a lady in deep mourning utter his name with a start. It was Mrs. Barron, who with her son came forward to meet him, with tears in her eyes. No words were needed to tell the tale. These signs of grief, coupled with the initials on the long and narrow chest, the silence of the sailors, and the remark of the captain, indicated too plainly that he had been seated upon the coffin which enclosed the remains of Adele Barron. Overcome with emotions which choked free utterance, he sank upon a settee, with pallid cheek and glazed eyes, and was at length only enabled to gasp out in broken sentences:

'How did it happen? When? Where?'

There is no disease more deceptive than consumption. The appearances which to the patient and friends give the most cheering

assurances of recovery too often immediately precede a rapid decline. So it was with Adele. The favorable indications which the few first weeks of residence in a warm climate had produced, rapidly changed, and the fond mother soon found herself watching by the side of her dying daughter's bed, listening to every pulsation, and endeavoring to cheer her by the consolations of religion. She was prepared for the change, for the last few months had been fruitful in reflections, and death had been from the first looked upon by her as an event which could not probably be deferred for a very long time. As she lay panting for breath, her head supported on a pillow, and now and then lisping out a word of consolation to her mother, who stood by the bedside ministering to every want, the brother entered, bringing letters from home, which had just been brought by a vessel from the United States. One of them enclosed the letter which Welden had written just before leaving England. It was read by Mrs. Barron aloud. The eyes of the patient kindled with unwonted lustre, a sweet smile lighted up her face, and a moment after the spirit passed to the God who gave it. That smile remained upon the still beautiful though emaciated features, and the disconsolate mother pressed the lifeless clay with almost frantic grief.

'Such an object must not be buried,' she said. 'No, it must be carried home, and placed in that chapel where she so loved to walk and pray, and where the requiems can be daily sung over her remains.'

The body was placed in a metallic coffin, which was filled with spirit, and carried on board the same vessel which had brought the letters, where, by the singular chance I have related, another mourner joined them.

It were needless to dwell upon the details of that solemn voyage. How much they talked of the dear departed one; of all she said, all her sufferings, her calmness in the prospect of death, the confidence she still retained in her absent lover, so strikingly and happily confirmed toward the last! How keen the agony Welden felt! how he upbraided himself for not having sooner returned to solve the mystery, and free her mind from anxiety; and how at times, as he lay in his berth, the reflection that but a few feet and an inch or two of plank separated him from her corpse within its narrow case, goaded him almost to madness: all this can only be realized by those who have lost a loved friend, and felt the pangs of self-reproach for real or supposed neglect.

At length they arrived at their destination; and the intelligence they brought came like a thunder-bolt upon the family, who were entirely unprepared, from any previous accounts, to expect such a result. After the first startled exclamations, Mr. Barron gave vent to no violent emotions, but an occasional sigh told that, under that calm and apparently unruffled brow, there was a constant struggle between the feelings of a father and the duty of submission to the will of Providence. And it required all the calmness he could muster to cheer up his helpmate, whose feelings, heretofore in some measure subdued by the sense of responsibility and necessity for exertion, now broke forth in the most heart-rending despondency, as

she stood once more in her own household and saw every where the evidence of her bereavement vividly before her. The vacant room, the garments, the jewelry which had belonged to her daughter, all reminded her, with redoubled force, of the treasure she had lost; and at intervals a perfect paroxysm of anguish would come on, during which the voice of no comforter could be heard.

How empty indeed at such times are all the consolations which friends or spiritual advisers can offer! All seem but hackneyed phrases, applications which play around the wounded spirit, but do not reach the stricken heart. The idea that we shall no more see the departed is all predominant, and it is not until the gush of tears or the cares of life come to our relief that we can listen to the reflection that the loved one has only gone before, yielding to the common lot of humanity, and that we can rest upon the promise of meeting in another world. Little did the presence of Welden tend to allay this state of feeling in the mother. Ever since the day on which the high anticipations of his heart had been so suddenly blighted, he had maintained a settled melancholy, which no object seemed to divert. Mingled with this state of mind was a vague desire to solve the mystery relative to his letters, and thus fully vindicate himself before the relatives of his betrothed. He said but little to any one, and frequently sought the retirement of his room, yet readily gave himself up to the guidance of those around him, as if bewildered in mind and unconscious of the world without.

Such indeed was the state of Mrs. Barron that for the two days succeeding her arrival the most serious apprehensions were entertained; and the family for the time, in their anxiety for the living, seemed to neglect the dead. Each morning, however, the father and the sons attended the service of the mass in the little chapel, where was placed the coffin, taken from its case, surrounded by wax candles, and strewed with flowers, which had been laid thereon by the youthful friends who guarded it by night and by day. Welden too was there, though not a Catholic in faith, and the neighbors present all shook their heads as they observed his air of listless indifference, with the saddened cast of his countenance, during the solemn service.

On the third evening Mrs. Barron for the first time desired to visit the chapel and look upon her daughter's face. The son had before proposed to open the coffin, but his father had shrunk from exposing to view the changed features of the once beautiful Adele, desiring that she should be remembered as she was rather than as she now appeared. When, however, the mother expressed her wishes, and Welden too desired to look into the shrine, preparations were instantly made to gratify their wishes. The carriage which conveyed them arrived at the chapel before the person sent to open the outer or mahogany coffin had accomplished his task. A dimly-burning lamp was suspended from the ceiling, in front of the altar, and the candles around the coffin reflected a peculiarly solemn glare on the faces of the mourners who stood grouped about, as the sexton unscrewed the fastenings one after another and lifted off the lid, which

was made in the raised form in use at the south, and required to be entirely removed. When this was accomplished, a strong smell of spirits filled the chapel, and it was observed that the glass in the metal coffin over the face was broken, a fragment having fallen in upon the corpse. Welden's mind at once reverted to the fall on board the vessel as the cause of this, and he vented a curse upon the captain, at the same time springing forward and thrusting his hand in to take out the glass, with such violence as to badly wound his fingers.

The suddenness of this movement, and the utterance of language so unsuitable to the time and place, caused all to start with surprise, being ignorant of its meaning; for he had never mentioned to any one the scene he had witnessed on the schooner. Even the mother, all intent as she was on the object which had brought her to the chapel, recoiled for a moment, and turned upon him a look full of expressive inquiry. This and the blood on his hand seemed to bring him to a consciousness of the impropriety of his conduct. A tear started in his eye, and taking Mrs. Barron by the hand, he bade her come and look upon her daughter; and gently leading her forward, the two together bent over the head of the coffin, toward which the eyes of all present were now turned with that grave yet curious expression which is generally to be seen on such occasions. There it lay, in its 'narrow house,' the dark sides of which, together with the sombre hue imparted by the liquid shroud, gave it a darkened aspect, and made it difficult with the dim candle-light to trace the features. There it lay, a dim outline gradually becoming more and more distinct to the intense gaze of the lookers-on, and revealing the same placid features and the same sweet smile as when the mother had prepared it for the grave three weeks before. The effect upon her was such as the physician had anticipated; she became perfectly calm and rational; and although she wept freely, she seemed to derive comfort and consolation from looking upon the features of her daughter. She called the attention of her husband and sons to the expression, remarking how natural it looked, and asked the priest if it could be possible that the spirit which had passed from a frame so composed as that before them could have been otherwise than prepared for the last great change.

Not so with Welden. The sight for the first time of that object which in life he had held so dear seemed to awaken those very emotions which in the mother it had subdued. His habitual composure had already been ruffled by the sight of the broken glass, but had been resumed for the moment from consciousness of the indecorum of his conduct and apprehensions of its consequences upon others; and now, as he gazed on the inanimate features before him and listened abstractedly to the comments of Mrs. Barron, he again lost his presence of mind, and addressed himself to the dead somewhat in the following strain:

'Oh, Adele! Adele! Shall I never see those eyes beam on me again? Shall those lips never lisp forgiveness to him who so thoughtlessly deserted you? No, no! I did *not* desert you! It was *not* I, but another—a false friend! I 'll call upon him by all the love he

professed for you, and your spirit shall rise up to torture his conscience until he admits that it was he!'

At this instant the door of the chapel was opened, and in walked Carleton, in a traveller's dress, covered with dust, and much agitated, though with a look of defiance in his countenance; but as he caught sight of the coffin he came to a stand, turned deadly pale, and looking round upon the group for explanation, exclaimed:

'For God's sake, what 's the matter?'

Welden pointed toward the coffin: 'See there,' said he, 'there! *there!* THERE is my bride!. *You* loved her likewise; there she lies; look upon her! She 's dead—smiling in death!' Then, as if suddenly recalling something to mind, he relaxed his hold, and advancing toward Carleton, said, in a low tone:

'Do you remember when last she smiled? *I* remember it. Yes; it was when she said she should meet me in the chapel! Yes, that was the last time we saw her smile; and how she blushed when you told her that the chapel would be the best place, provided the priest was there! Ha! ha! ha! She would meet me in the chapel, she said, and here we are; and here 's the *priest!*—and you, *you* have come to the wedding! Come—come up and salute the bride! She was in her ball-dress then; she 's in her *wedding-dress* now!'

As he uttered these words with fixed eye and bitter irony, and motioned Carleton toward the ghastly features of the dead, the latter heaved a deep sigh, walked up and down two or three times in a distracted vein, pressed one hand convulsively against the breast pocket of his coat, and then suddenly exclaiming 'May God forgive me!' started for the door, where he was intercepted by Mrs. Barron, who demanded in the most earnest manner what he imported by those words. He made several evasive replies, ever and anon carrying his hand to the coat-pocket, as if to see that its contents were secure. While Mr. and Mrs. Barron and the priest were endeavoring by persuasion and entreaty to prevail upon him to discharge his conscience of any load there might be upon it, Welden, who had been silently watching his movements, suddenly walked rapidly forward, seized Carleton's wrist with one hand, and tearing off the fastenings of the pocket with the other, pulled out a packet of letters, which he had no sooner glanced at than he threw them on the coffin. It was the work of an instant. Carleton at first tried to snatch them, and failing in this, turned and left the chapel.

They were the missing letters of Welden and Adele, bearing marks of having been long carried about in the pocket from which they were taken; but the seals were broken.

The whole party were stupified by this astounding discovery, with the exception of Welden, from whose mind it seemed to lift a weight. There was no longer, he felt, any room for even the vague suspicion which had, he fancied, at times crossed the mother's mind that her daughter had been trifled with by him; he was free from any charge of carelessness in despatching the letters, with which he had been disposed occasionally to reproach himself. From the fact that his letters were directed to the care of the firm in New-York, and from

certain remarks which the active partner had on one or two occasions made to the brother who had escorted Mrs. Barron to the West Indies, as well as from that partner's extremely jealous disposition, the suspicion had arisen that he was in some way associated with the mysterious disappearance of those letters, and he had been planning in his own mind a way of discovery, which had now occurred, to his great relief.

It was only at the earnest entreaties of the good priest that they could be prevailed on to put an end to this interview between the living and the dead, and return to their home.

On the next morning the last rites for the dead were performed with all the pomp and ceremonies of the church, in the presence of a crowded assembly of mourners. A single female voice sung a dirge to the accompaniment of a small organ; clouds of incense rose above the altar; and, in their implicit faith, the bereaved parents seemed to be comforted with the thought that the prayers for the dead which the priest repeated were already answered.

'Such,' said the good priest, who described this scene to me, 'is the consolation to be derived from the doctrines of our church.'

'Prayers for the dead!' how strange it sounds to many; and yet how many believe in it!

Many a silent tear stole down the cheeks of the lookers-on when the coffin was passed into the sepulchre below, through an opening in the floor, and the trap-door was closed.

Soon after the mourners had returned, a letter was handed to Mr. Barron. It was from Carleton, and had been handed by him to the keeper of the hotel in Georgetown, with a request that it might be delivered in the afternoon of that day, Carleton himself having left the house about twelve o'clock on the preceding night with his portmanteau in his hand, without stating where he was going. In the letter was found sundry papers relating to the affairs of the firm in New-York, which had been suddenly plunged in great embarrassment by the disastrous consequences of the revolution in Europe. It appeared that this was the cause of his sudden visit to Georgetown, and that he had not heard of the recent arrival or of the death of Adele when he descended from the stage on the previous evening. He had hurried to the house with the view of seeing Mr. Barron on business, and was informed by the servant that the family had just departed for the chapel, but without mentioning the cause. Supposing it to be some festival or service of the church, he mounted a horse and rode over, intending to accompany them back. As he put his hand on the knob of the chapel-door, he was startled at hearing the voice of Welden addressing mysterious language to Adele. He hesitated whether to intrude upon what seemed to be a private scene, when the last words of Welden led him to suppose that he had been observed through the chapel-window; and he entered, determined to brave the man he hated, but was driven from the resolution by the spectacle which presented itself. Overwhelmed with the weight of a guilty conscience, as he stood in the presence of all that remained of one upon whom he had inflicted so much pain, and whose death

he feared his conduct had hastened, he thoughtlessly pressed his hand upon the place where the evidence of his guilt was concealed, and thereby attracted the attention of Welden, as has been related.

Some of these particulars were stated and others inferred from the letter in which he acknowledged his guilt, but excused himself on the ground of his excessive attachment to Adele; and the impression that Welden's object was chiefly to secure her fortune; that consequently Adele's happiness would be promoted by breaking off the match by any means, however unlawful. He had not, however, intended to destroy the letters; nor had he ever opened them; but he had proposed, in case Adele did not soon forget the absent one, and listen to his own addresses, to let the letters be delivered by some means, and have their delay attributed to accident. The letter ended with the exclamation:

'Oh my God! who could have thought it would have ended so!'

On inquiry, it was afterward found that a person answering to Carlton's description had taken passage in the early morning stage from Washington to Baltimore but by another name. He did not appear again in New-York, and no farther trace of him could be found. The watchers at the chapel reported that they had heard footsteps outside the chapel at a very early hour in the morning, and one of them had seen a face look in at the window; but on going to the door they heard footsteps as of some one rapidly retreating, and saw no more. Various rumors were afloat concerning suicide or concealment in the neighborhood of the chapel, and frequent visits to the vault by a false key at night; but the most probable supposition was, that under a sense of disgrace he had gone abroad under an assumed name.

The state of Mr. Barron's affairs in New-York was found to be even worse than was supposed; and the business was soon wound up with the absorption of a large portion of his floating capital to pay his debts. There still remained to him his investments at Washington, many of which were unfortunately made in the lots near the chapel which remain to this day what they were then.

For years afterward he struggled with all manner of difficulties; both in family and fortune. Consumption soon laid his wife by the side of her daughter; the same disease soon carried off one after another; and when some fifteen years later he himself was carried to his long home, he left but one surviving son out of his large family.

Welden remained some years attached to the English legation, and was frequently seen riding alone toward that isolated white building. He mingled little in society, and finally returned to England, where he died.

I had often when a boy seen the only surviving son, and heard him allude to the chapel with all that reverence due to a family burial place, expressing his determination to keep it in order as long as he lived. But he too was a consumptive and was spared but a short time. Some years since, in company with a venerable parent, I visited the chapel for the first time. The weeds and thorns had grown up around it, the glass of the windows was broken, the door had rusted from its hinges, and desolation reigned everywhere. The interior was pretty

well preserved, but the trap-door had been removed, probably by some curious or vicious intruders, and a crazy pair of steps remained leading down to the tomb. Descending for a few steps, we could see that the inner door was gone. Some coffins still remained, but the fragments of others, and what appeared to be bones, were strewed over the pavement or floating in water which had penetrated during a recent storm. A long metallic strip, which appeared to be part of a coffin, lay immediately below the steps amidst clods of greasy-looking clay; all indicated the desolate and forgotten burial-place, the habitation only of bats and creeping things.

We learned that the last heir had left no relative residing in the neighborhood. His executors not knowing of this burial place, had interred him elsewhere, and as this lot was at a point which few ever visited, even by chance, and where property was valued as almost nothing, no attention had ever been given to the proper care of the building by the distant owner, and it had been suffered to go to decay, the very existence of such a place, much less its history, being known to few of the residents of a city proverbial for the transitory character of its population. The few who did know of it, could only give faint recollections of the family, coupled with a vague impression that there was some sad story connected with the tenant of one of the coffins who had been and still was preserved in spirits. This in itself was enough to excite the imagination of the ignorant; and it was supposed might have led some over-curious ones to break into the building with the view of testing its truth, and thus exposed the tomb to the elements.

There is one person now living, who, when she reads these lines, will recall how, on the evening of our return from the visit to the Barron Chapel, we listened until late at night to the reminiscences of that revered parent, and had our curiosity and imagination excited to the highest pitch by her glowing accounts of scenes of by-gone days in this and other families whose glory had departed.

Attention was soon called to the subject, and a procession of the priesthood soon after visited the chapel, and with due solemnity transferred the remains from the frail tenement of a tomb to that strongest of houses, the grave. In that procession was a venerable man who recalled the period when, forty years before, he had officiated at that now deserted altar, and committed the remains then enclosed in that metal coffin to what was supposed to be their last resting place. And then he told over the scene he had witnessed there the night before the funeral; and by putting his accounts with those I had previously heard, I have sketched this history of what may be called a fated family. It is not pleasant to dwell upon such scenes; but it is sometimes useful to reflect upon them, and find in them a lesson on the frailty of life, its joys and sorrows.

AN EPITAPH.

THUS was I stood, as thou dost now,
And view'd the Dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou 'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand to look on thee.

MY BOY IN THE COUNTRY.

Methinks I see his round head's silky crop,
Like a white thistle's top;
Or note him walk with legs stretched wide apart,
Dragging a small red cart,
His slender treble chirping out in play
With 'O! go 'way!'
Or where the limpid eddies swirl the sand
I see him stand,
To plump the rounded pebbles in the brook,
With steadfast look!
While his wee waggling head with nothing on it
But a sun-bonnet,
Looks like the picture of a Capuchin
A round frame in.
Now with his tender fist he rubs his eye,
'Plague take that fly!'
Or hovering Bessie claps a sudden veto
On some sub-treasurer moscheto;
While he lies sleeping in his shaded crib,
Sans stockings, bib,
His toes curled up so sweet that you could eat 'em,
How could I beat him?
How lay a finger on that soft brown skin
With many a blue vein interspersed therein?

R. H.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BY OUR EASTERN CORRESPONDENT.

The waters as well as the isles of the Archipelago are classic, so are the streams which pour into it, and so are the banks which surround it. The eye, when resting upon them, pierces through periods of known history into the 'Eternity of the Past,' and the imagination re-peoples them with the beings of great and noble sentiments, whose names are now only handed down to us in fable and song. Beside the sweetness of this narrative of Hero and Leander, the beautiful style of the ancient writer renders the composition of a long past age the admiration of modern times. True, this is all that remains, for though the localities are unchanged, the towns, the edifices, and the inhabitants who people them, have all been swept away by the current of by-gone years.

Before entering the Hellespont, or as it is now called, the Dardanelles, the Straits which separate the two continents of Europe and Asia, the traveller sails along the low and partially level shore of Troy, with its *tumulum*, ruins, both *vetus* and *receas*, and he perceives in the distance the mount on which doubtless once stood the Pergama, a strong place

of Priam and his family, with perhaps no inconsiderable part of the city of Troy itself. Soon afterward the stream widens, the current quickens, and the increased strength of the water is sensibly remarked by the lessened speed of the vessel which bears him, be it impelled by sail, or be it steam with 'horse power' by the hundreds to drive it forward.

Some time since, during a visit to the Troad, and the heights of Mount Ida, I was detained for a few days at the miserable village of the Dardanelles, waiting for a vessel to carry me back to Constantinople. The residences of the consular agents are near the water's edge, within a few minutes' walk of the castles whose formidable cannons have given them a reputation for strength which they do not merit, and therefore they exist upon a false reputation. The village commands an extensive and very pleasant prospect of the 'broad Hellespont,' the opposite shore of Chasoresus, and several of the principal points of the Straits, among which are the sites of Sestos and Abydos, bearing the same names by which they were known at the period of the fatal love of Hero and Leander.

The current during the summer months, when the northern winds are milder than in the winter, runs about three miles an hour, and some four during the latter season; the narrowest part of the Straits is between the points of Sestos and Abydos; by some it is supposed to be about one mile wide, and individuals have swam across it in little more than an hour, without having the motive to actuate them which animated Leander. From the present appearance of the two points still known by the names they bore in ancient times, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the extent of the towns which once covered them, although from the events that occurred then it is probable they were the largest on the Straits. It is unnecessary to seek out the origin of the Sestos and Abydos in the works of the classic authors: the traveller remembers with interest that here Xerxes constructed a bridge of boats, and here also Alexander passed his army over from Europe to Asia, when on his way to Persia — to victory and a grave.

There are many fragments still to be found scattered around the site of Sestos and Abydos; though indeed the curious now sees nothing of the lone tower of Hero to aid his imagination in picturing that young priestess holding out from its summit a torch to guide the impassioned Leander in his night passage, *à la nage*, across the Straits. The modern Greek village of Maïtos is erected just below the point, where probably the tower once stood, and its females have the reputation of being as frail as they are fair. The bank of the point is, compared with the neighboring parts, high, and surrounded with rocks and uneven cliffs, against which the current rushes with unpleasant violence. Abydos, on the Asiatic shore, is higher up the stream, though indeed insufficiently so to enable the swimmer now to reach the opposite point. Near Abydos is a strongly fortified castle, and the lazaret for vessels bound to the capital from 'suspected ports;' it is also the seat of a modern village called Nagara.

The tale of Hero and Leander has been told differently by several

persons, and I am not aware that any of their poems exists in English. Recently I fell in with that by the Greek poet Musæus, who lived in the year 520 B. C., and found it so beautiful that I subjoin a simple version of it from the French of Collombet:

"Oh! Muse, sing of that confiding flame of clandestine love; of that nocturnal swimmer, who divided the waves of the sea to fly to the Goddess of Marriage; of that dark Hymen which never witnessed immortal Aurora; of that Sestos and Abydos where the secret union of Leander and Hero was consummated. I at the same moment perceive both the swimming of Leander, and the sparkling of the torch of Hero; that torch which announces the hour of Venus, and decorates the mysterious nuptials of Hero; that torch which is Love's banner, and which the Sovereign Jupiter, after his nocturnal sports ought to have placed in the skies, and named it the propitious star of lovers; for before impetuous Aquilon had caused them to feel his destroying breath, it was both the accomplice of a tender ardor, and the faithful messenger of a troubled passion. Come then, oh! Muse, recall in my songs the fatal moment that so suddenly extinguished the torch of Hero, and terminated the days of Leander.'

'Sestos and Abydos are cities which were on the sea-shore opposite to each other. Love with his bow threw one single arrow into the two cities, and united the hearts of amiable Leander and Hero, for such were their names. She lived in Sestos, he in Abydos; both were equally brilliant stars of these two cities. Traveller, if ever thou passest by there, search for the tower, where in times of yore Hero with torch in hand guided Leander; examine the Straits of ancient Abydos, which still weeps over the fatal love of Leander.*

'But how could Leander who dwells in Abydos be enamored of Hero, and at the same time make her sensible of his passion? Gracious Hero, who was born of noble blood, was a priestess of Cypris, and therefore unacquainted with the pleasures of love. She lived far from her parents in a tower on the banks of the sea, like another Venus. From sentiments of prudence and chastity she was never found in the company of other females; she never appeared in the social dance with maidens of her own age, and thus avoided the shafts of envy, for the women were jealous of her beauty. Hero always strove to enlist Venus in her favor; she often offered libations to Love; feared equally the inflaming arrows of the sea, and the terrible anger of her mother; and yet at the same time she was unable to avoid the inflaming darts of the tender passion of Love. Soon the solemn day comes round, when Aquilon and Venus are fêted in Sestos; people come from every part of the isles, assembled to attend the sacred feast. Some arrived from Emonia, and others from the shores of Cyprus; not a woman remained in the city of Cythera, nor those who dance on the summit of Libanus; the inhabitants of Phrygia, of neighboring Abydos, all assembled at the feast. Young lovers were the first to assemble, for whenever they hear of a fête they in-

* The English writer Knolles, in his History of the Turks written in 1610, says that this tower existed in the time of Sultan Orkhana, II. 761—A. D. 1359.

stantly hasten to it, less to offer sacrifices to the gods than to contemplate the beauties assembled there.*

'Now pure Hero, from whose smiling countenance beams the light of a beauty equal to the brightness of Phebus when he ascends to the eastern horizon, advances majestically to the midst of the temple; around her alabaster cheeks the gradual tints of the opening rosebud are so shown, that you would say her white and vermilion skin was a meadow sown with fresh roses; when she walks, her flowing robes expose the roses at her feet; and a union of the graces embellish all her features. The ancients falsely asserted that there were but three Graces, for one eye of Hero alone sparkles with a thousand smiling graces. Thus Venus had certainly found in Hero a priestess worthy of her.

'Eclipsing in beauty the other females, the priestess of Cypris appeared as a second Venus. Her charms seduced the hearts of her tender lovers, and there was not a man who did not burn to have Hero for his wife: wherever she directed her steps in the majestic temple, she drew after her their hearts, their gaze, and their desires.

'A youth enamored of the charms of Hero, pronounced these words:

''I have been at Sparta, I have seen the city of the Lacedæmonians, where they dispute for and receive the prize of beauty, but I have never seen a female so beautiful and tender as this. Doubtless Venus has chosen for priestess the most beautiful of the Graces; I weary in gazing upon her, but my heart is not satisfied. I would cheerfully consent to die in the open fields if I could share but once in the love of Hero; had I her for a wife, I would not be ambitious to be placed among the Olympian gods. But if I am not permitted to possess the priestess, grant me at least, O! Cytherea, a wife embellished with the same attractions.'

'Thus did a youth give utterance to his feelings, while at a distance other lovers, enamored of the charms of the priestess, cherished in their hearts a burning and incurable wound. Unfortunate Leander, after having seen the noble priestess, thou wilt not be willing to consume with secret fire, but conquered by the burning arrow, thou wilt not wish to live if thou canst not become the husband of beautiful Hero. Every look which he casts upon her augments the ardor that is devouring his heart, with an invincible passion; for the superior beauty of a chaste woman pierces more quickly than a rapid arrow. First the eye is attracted, and then the fatal dart glides, and descends deep into the bottom of the soul.

'Leander experienced the exciting efforts of temerity, of fear and of shame; his heart trembled; he blushed to be overcome, and admired the charms of Hero with a selfish eye; but love at last overcomes shame, and thus he, becoming suddenly courageous and bold, softly advanced and placing himself opposite the priestess, cast upon her sidelong and seducing looks, and by silent signs won the heart of the young virgin. As soon as she observed the secret passion of

* Very much the custom at modern churches on Sunday.

Leander, she felt proud of her charms; and concealing her face, directed at him some secret glances corresponding with her love, which, when he perceived, he was rejoiced to the bottom of his soul, and gladdened to know that the young virgin was aware of his ardor, and did not disdain his love.

'While Leander sought an hour favorable to his passion, the sun withdrawing its light, plunged into the ocean, and the star of Venus, that nightly messenger, appeared upon the horizon. Seeing the shades of night overspread the earth, he became more courageous, and approaching the young priestess, he stealthily pressed her rosy fingers and heaved a deep sigh. In silence, as if offended, she withdrew her fair white hand; and he, on seeing the indecision of the priestess, boldly seized hold of her glittering robes, and endeavored to lead her into the retirement of the temple. Slowly, and with apparent reluctance, she accompanied him; then, with a threatening voice, usual with her sex, she addressed to him these words:

''Stranger, how great is thy folly! Unfortunate youth! why thus lead astray a virgin? Release thy hold of my dress, and depart hence! Avoid the anger of my parents! It is not permitted for you to lay your hand on the priestess of Venus, and you cannot aspire to her love!'

'Thus, in the ordinary language of maidens, Hero threatened Leander, and in her menaces he recognized the confessions of a conquered heart; for when women thus burst forth against their lovers, their anger is the implied expression of defeat. Leander covered her alabaster neck with kisses, and expressed himself thus, in words drawn forth by the ardor of his love:

''Dear Venus! tender Minerva! Thou whom I adore next to these two goddesses, and do not compare thee with the women of earth, but only with the daughters of the powerful master of the gods—happy he who begat thee! happy the mother who gave thee birth! thrice happy the womb that bare thee!—listen favorably to my prayer, and have pity on my unconquerable love! As a priestess of Venus, give thyself up to her joys; come, be bound by the conjugal laws of that goddess. A virgin cannot be the priestess of Venus; Cypris does not regard virgins favorably. If thou wouldst know the amiable laws and faithful rights of the goddess, Hymen and the nuptial couch will teach thee. If thou lovest Cytherea, love also the sweet empire of the tender god. Receive me for thy slave; or if thou preferrest it, then take me for a husband, who has subdued Cupid to thee, by piercing him with his own arrows. It is thus that swift Mercury, armed with his wand of gold, enchains fearless Hercules at the feet of the daughter of Iardanus. Venus herself has guided me toward thee, and it is not the prudent Mercury who has led me to this place. Thou knowest the history of the Arcadians: Atalantis, who in ancient times, to preserve her virginity, disdained the couch of Milanion, her lover; Venus, irritated, filled the heart of Atalanta with the most violent love for him whom she at first had refused. Oh, then, my friend, be softened, and excite not the anger of Venus!'

'His persuasive language subdued and led the heart of Hero astray. The priestess, amazed and silent, fixed her eyes upon the ground, touched lightly the soil with her delicate feet, and with a modest and confused air replaced her mantle on her shoulders. All these signs are the first indications of reciprocated love; for the silence of a young girl proves that she consents to share in the joys of Hymen. Hero had deeply felt the arrows of Love, though mixed with the bitterness of pain; a tender fire consumed her soul, and it was with ecstacy that she admired the beauty of the amiable Leander. While her eyes were still cast downward, Leander, inflamed with love, did not cease gazing upon the delicate neck of the priestess.

'After a long silence, Hero, bathing her blushing cheeks with tears, at length modestly addressed these sweet words to Leander:

''Stranger, thy words would melt even the rocks! Who taught thee the seducing art of eloquence? Unhappy that I am! who has brought thee into my country?—and yet thou talkest in vain! What, then, wanderer and unknown stranger, dost thou indeed aspire to favors from me? We cannot be publicly united by the sacred ties of Hymen, for my parents would never consent to it; and if thou wouldst even wish to stay here, as an unknown person, thou couldst not conceal thy secret passion. Men's tongues are prone to slander, and that which is done in secret is soon proclaimed in public. But tell me truly, which is thy country, and what is thy name? Of mine you are not ignorant; I bear the well-known name of Hero. A famous and elevated tower serves me for a dwelling, and there, before Sestos, on the steep banks of the sea, I reside, attended only by one slave, and this by the will of my parents. I have no companion of my own age, and I never see the dance of young people; by day and night the noise of the agitated waves resounds in my ears.'

'She spoke, and hid her rosy cheeks beneath her veil. Prudence awakes in her soul, and she condemned her own words.

'Leander, struck by the piercing darts of desire, meditated how he could best engage in Love's combat; for if Love, fruitful in stratagems, subdues with his arrows, he afterward heals the wounds which he has made; if he tramples over all hearts, he also knows how to conciliate those whom he has conquered. Thus aided in his passion, Leander broke silence with a sigh, and held to Hero the following language:

''Young virgin, for thee would I pass through the raging waves, even if they were boiling with fire, and inapproachable. To be admitted to thy couch, I would neither fear the agitated surges nor the resounding noise of the roaring billows. Each night your husband, borne on the bosom of the waters, will swim across the rapid Hellespont; for I live in Abydos, within sight, and not far from thy city. Only hold out from the summit of thy tower, near the sea, a torch, to guide me in the shades of darkness, that you may see how, like a vessel of love, guided by thy torch as by a star, with my eyes fixed upon that light, I will neither observe the descent of Boötes, the fury of Orion, nor the withering path of the celestial car. Finally, I will arrive at the happy shores of thy country; and thou, my dear maiden,

take good care that the impetuous breath of the wind does not extinguish the bright torch, supreme disposer of my days! and that I lose not my life. If thou desirest to know my name, I call myself Leander, husband of the beautiful Hero.'

'It was thus that these lovers formed the plan of uniting themselves in secret marriage, and mutually promised each other, aided by the bright torch, to taste the joys of love; she will light the torch, he will traverse the troubled waves. Thus, after a mutual promise to sacrifice sleep to Hymen, they with much regret were constrained to separate. Hero retired into her tower, and Leander, so as not to lose his path in traversing the straits during the darkness of night, went to examine the approach to the tower, and then directed his course toward populous Abydos. How many times, with the desire to pass an entire night together, did they wish for the return of darkness! — a season so favorable to sweet mysteries.

'Night had already spread the azure veil which brings sleep to the eyes, but not to those of the lover Leander. On the banks of the roaring sea he awaited the signal of his brilliant goddess, and endeavored to discover from afar the fatal torch which foretells their secret pleasures to him. Hero, seeing that the dark and thick gloom of night was spread over the earth, exposed the torch, and though it shed but a faint light, love inflamed the heart of the impatient Leander. While the fatal torch burned he also burned and consumed away with love.

'When Leander heard the horrid roaring of the angry waves he was at first struck with fear; but to encourage his assurance he addressed these words to himself:

"'Love is imperative, the sea is inflexible; but, after all, it is but water, while the fire of love burns within me. Collect then thy fires, O! my soul, and fear not the vast heap of waters. Aid my passion. Why dread these impetuous waves? Art thou ignorant that Cypris was born on the bosom of the billows, and that she possessed an absolute power over the sea and over misfortunes?'

'He thus spoke; then undressing himself, he tied his apparel around his neck, and rushing to the shore, he precipitated himself into the waves, and directed his course toward that sparkling torch. He was his own rower, sail and ship.

'Hero, on the summit of the tower, held forth the light, and with the border of her robe protected it against the wind, from whatever direction it came, until, exhausted with fatigue, Leander arrived on the shores of Sestos. The young priestess leads him toward the tower, then at the side of the door embraces in silence her husband, who is exhausted for want of breath, and whose hair is yet wet with the waves of the sea. She conducted him into the secret apartment, to the virginal couch; then she dried, and so as to dissipate the disagreeable odor of the briny sea, perfumed his hair with the essence of roses. When, resting on the downy couch, Hero, entwined in the embrace of the yet breathless Leander, thus addressed him:

"'Dear husband, great have been your fatigues! Dear friend, thou hast struggled enough against the briny waves, and felt the vexa-

tions of the agitated billows. Come then, dear husband! come and forget thy toils in my embraces.'

'Thus spoke Hero, and Leander hastened to loosen the zone of the priestess and to give themselves up to the joys of amiable Venus. It was a marriage, but they danced not; it was a nuptial couch, but there they sang no hymns; no poet invoked the pure Juno, nor was the couch lighted by torches; no youths joined in the light dance, nor did aged and venerable parents sing to this goddess of Hymen. The nuptial bed was prepared in silence, at an hour favorable to their tender union; the veil of darkness was the only ornament of the young wife, and they could not restrain the words 'Io Hymen, io hymenée!' Darkness alone embellished the union of these lovers, and Aurora never saw Leander couched in his confiding bed of happiness. Each morn this insatiable husband, still longing for his nightly loves, again swam toward the wall of Abydos.

'Hero, in her flowing robes, knew how to deceive her parents; during the day she was a pure priestess, and in the night a tender mistress. These lovers often wished that the sun, when it commenced its daily course, was at the hour of setting. Thus they concealed the violence of their passion, and fearlessly tasted of the delights of love. But this continued only a short time, and their sweet hymen was but of short duration. Foggy winter came, with its frightful tempests, and the winds stirred up the waters to the very depths of the sea, venting all its rage upon the waves. Already had the night-swimmer placed his bark into the water to escape the angry and treacherous sea. Fear of the tempest could not detain the undaunted Leander. When the false and cruel torch offered thee its accustomed light from the summit of the tower, thou didst not hear the fury of the waves. Unfortunate Hero should have denied herself the society of Leander during the season of storms, and not have lit the passing star of Hymen; but love and fate imperatively led her on. Blinded by desire, it was no longer a star of love which she held forth, but a funeral torch.

'On that night the winds blew with the greatest violence; their glassy breath pierced, and the waves dashed against the shores of the Straits. Encouraged by the desire of being reünited to his wife, Leander threw himself upon his back in the roaring waves. Already wave is pushed onward by wave; the billows subside, and the surges mix with the clouds; the winds strive against each other, and resound afar. Eurus drives against Zephire, Notus roars against Boreas, and a terrible noise extends over the reëchoing sea.

'Unfortunate Leander! From the midst of the watery abyss he often addressed his prayers to Venus, who was born on the bosom of the waves, and often also to Neptune, sovereign of the waters. He did not forget Boreas, and reminded him of the Attic maiden.* But none of these divinities aided him, and even Love did not arrest the fatal destiny. Leander, tossed in the storm by the beating of the deceitful and accumulated waves, became their sport. His tired feet

* Hyacinthus.

lost their strength; his arms, exhausted by their continual motion, became immoveable. Waves rushed into his half-opened mouth, and he drank of the treacherous beverage of the briny waters. The cruel wind and the deceitful torch cut off at the same time life and love from the unfortunate Leander.

'Hero, while he delays, watches with an active eye; her soul is given up to the most rending grief. Morning has come; Hero does not see her husband. She looks here and there over the surface of the dread waters to see if perchance Leander, deprived of the light of the torch, does not yet wander upon the waves. She perceives at the foot of the tower the lifeless body of her husband, torn by the sharp-pointed rocks. At the sight she tears off her rich garments, gives a shrill cry, and precipitates herself from the summit of the tower. Thus perished Hero on the body of her lifeless lover, and thus were they united, even in death.' T. P. B.

Constantinople, December, 1847.

REMINISCENCES.

'The sorrows and tears of youth are as bitter as those of age, though they are sooner wiped away.'

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I.

Ah! tell me not that memory
Sheds gladness o'er the past;
What is recalled by faded flowers,
Save that they did not last?
Were it not better to forget,
Than but remember and regret?

II.

Look back upon your hours of youth—
What were your early years
But scenes of childish cares and griefs?
And say not childish tears
Were nothing; at that time they were
More than the young heart well could bear.

III.

Go on to riper years, and look
Upon your sunny spring;
And from the wrecks of former years
What will your memory bring?
Affections wasted, pleasures fled,
And hopes now numbered with the dead!

SONNET

WRITTEN IN PENCIL ON AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD.

No moss-grown cannon-wheel, in this cool glen,
Tells of the sudden onslaught and retreat,
Nor where o'erhead the stirring branches meet
Shall the white scalp be hung to bleach again;
Naught save the school-boy or the flitting wren
Break the sweet silence of this quiet spot;
But the soft light in many a golden dot
Dances upon the moss, and from his den
Within this leafy nook the squirrel peeps
To see us enter. Timidly, aloof,
The blaze of noon breaks through the emerald roof,
And far away the haze of August steeps
The midland forest, seen between this mass
Of rustling trees, whose branches sweep the grass.

H. W. ROCKWELL.

Utica, August.

BURNS.

EXACTLY fifty-two years ago—to wit, on the twenty-first day of July, (the very day on which we are writing,) in the year 1796—the most illustrious of all the poets of Scotland closed his earthly career. He died at the comparatively early age of thirty-seven and a half years, and every succeeding year has added leaves to the laurel which adorns the brow of ROBERT BURNS. It is hazarding little to predict, that for many generations yet to come his genius will continue to be acknowledged as the most original of any poet of the present age.

In Scotland, the merit of Burns was acknowledged and enthusiastically admired during his life-time. We ourselves remember, years before his death, having heard many of his inimitable songs in our earliest childhood; in fact, we may truly say we imbibed them with our mother's milk, the melodies of Scotland having been invariably conveyed to our infant ears as we sat on our mother's lap; and we venture to recommend *all* mothers who wish to bless their children with an ear for music to pursue the same plan.

As preliminary to that which is to follow, we trust we may be allowed to remark, that the desire to collect and preserve objects of antiquity or momorials of illustrious men of past ages, is a strong and natural passion implanted in the human mind. Every day's experience proves this; even a brick from the ruins of Babylon has an interest, while hieroglyphics and drawings from the tombs of Egypt, statues and fragments from Greece, vases from Etruria, mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii, all or any, are welcomed with the highest regard; and the late reported discovery of one of the lost

books of Livy has conveyed a delight to the scholar far beyond his possession of gold. In our own land the recent researches and discoveries of Messrs. Squier and Davis among the mounds of the Mississippi valley, which they are about giving to the world as the first contribution to knowledge emanating from the SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE at Washington, is looked forward to with extreme desire by the antiquaries and geologists of Europe and America; and from what we have seen of the work and some of the antiquities discovered in the mounds, we are satisfied the magnificent volume of Mr. Squier will not disappoint them; it must create a great and universal sensation.

But to revert to more modern 'times and instances,' we would ask, what man, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, could have anticipated that in the comparatively short space of three hundred years the *signature* of a man then nowise distinguished except as an actor and writer of plays, *his mere name*, written on the title-page of a volume not worth five shillings, would have commanded the extraordinary sum of *one hundred pounds sterling*, equal to almost five hundred dollars; while the same signature, on a small piece of parchment, fetched the still more extraordinary price of *one hundred and sixty-five pounds fifteen shillings sterling;* being equal to eight hundred dollars! Yet these are facts which occurred less than five years ago; the former having been bought for the British Museum, while the latter was purchased by the corporation of London to place among its archives as a precious relic, and looked upon with infinitely greater delight than the largest and most costly diamond in the world; the sole interest of the one consisting in its glitter, while that of the latter from its alliance to immortal mind!

And to descend still later, who could have surmised that the autograph copies of a few poems and letters by Gray—certainly a man of eminent genius—written on small, ragged sheets of paper, could have netted the extraordinary, nay astonishing sum of *six hundred and thirty-one pounds?*—being upward of three thousand dollars! The sale-catalogue, with prices, is now before us, and it is with some pride we mention that the principal part of these manuscripts were purchased for Granville John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, lineal descendant of the founder of Pennsylvania; the church and churchyard, the scene of the celebrated elegy, being in the immediate vicinity, indeed within the manor of Stoke Park, near which Gray resided, and where the Elegy and others of his poems were written.

In the full remembrance of these memorable facts, and in consequence of an early and intense admiration of Burns, it was with feelings of extreme pleasure we had lately offered to us, by a young gentleman just arrived from Scotland, a genuine unpublished letter, written by the greatest master of the lyre which Caledonia has yet produced, whose heart was attuned to the kindest, tenderest, warmest feelings of humanity, friendship and love.

The inspiration of Burns, like that of the divine Shakspeare, was not the result of school or college; both were reared in humble life, and had none of the adventitious aids afforded by tutors. Theirs

was derived from the fountain of all true genius, the intuition of God alone — born with them — conferred with their existence. Burns, the more he is read and *understood*, the more certainly will he be admired. We know, however, and we adventure nothing irrational in saying, he cannot be *thoroughly* understood save by a Scotsman who has been nurtured and brought up from infancy among *the people* of that country. There are so many Scottish words introduced, which are rarely used except in colloquial intercourse by the people of that country; so many delicate hints, so many sly allusions, pointing to things not named, but which a Scotsman instantly recognizes, and serve in him to bring up associations and scenes bearing on the subject-matter which give a zest and force to the poetry which cannot be felt by an English reader; and no reference to the glossary will ever enable him to catch and comprehend the full meaning.

As proof of what we advance, we once heard an English lady, long settled in America, read part of one of Burns's poems, 'The Twa Dogs.' Now this lady is from an English county bordering on Scotland, and had the Scotch pronunciation perfectly, inasmuch as she thus addressed us on entering her ample parlor: 'Dinna ye think me a verra extraordinar woman, Mr. B., to find the only twa beuks on ma table Burrns's poems an' the Byble?' And this was spoken in the purest brogue; but in reading a passage from 'The Twa Dogs,' had she been aware of the *meaning* and *allusion* of a certain passage, she would certainly have selected something 'verra' different for the display of her Scotch elocution!

Notwithstanding this drawback, there is more than abundance in Burns to gratify the lover of poetry. He has a spirit and pith, a Doric force and quaintness, in his comic pieces, a soul-breathing sweetness in his love-songs, and an inspired holiness in his sacred ones, that engage, captivate, and bind us to him. There are also so many pretty diminutives, which convey a charm unknown in the pure English. Instead of 'my pretty girl,' Burns would say 'my bonnie lass,' or 'lassie,' 'lassac,' or '*wee* lassac;' all conveying a different image to the mind.

The MELODY of Scotland, on the contrary, is understood and felt by all who have an ear attuned to music, and we happen to know it is nowhere more felt, better appreciated, or extensively cultivated — no, not even on the banks of Ayr — than on those of the lovely Merrimac in New-England; bear witness, ye dear and much respected friends in Newburyport!

We have listened with pleasure to Italian music of the highest order, and been captivated by its charms and the ease with which its difficulties were overcome; we have heard it applauded almost to the skies; but once, at a concert, where there was scarcely any other than Italian music introduced, we heard given, as a variety, a Scottish melody — that sweet, simple air, called 'Katherine Ogie;' the same to which Burns composed one of his sweetest songs addressed to Highland Mary:

'Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomerie:'

and at its close there was an involuntary burst of approbation, far, far exceeding any which had followed the most elaborate of the Italian pieces. The exquisite *pathos* of the *melody* came home to every heart. It was like Home; our *own* home; such as a fond child feels only in his own dear mother's arms and bosom. Something might have been owing to contrast; but if so, the contrast was so delightful to all present that it was acknowledged, not with applause, but rapture; and moreover, it was sung by the then prima-donna of the Italian opera, the almost divine Catalani; a lovely and most beautiful woman, who *felt* what she said, and had the rare merit of articulating what she sung. To such as were in the habit of hearing that glorious woman, it excited no wonder when informed that her power over the human heart was such, that it caused rough, uncultivated sailors, man-of-war's men, to become senseless and forgetful of the strict rules of naval discipline. The syren was being conveyed by the Admiral on board his ship in his splendid barge, and he himself had pronounced the words 'Give way,' when Catalani, delighted by the regularity of the stroke, struck up unbidden the great favorite of the English navy, 'Rule Britannia.' The sailors became paralyzed, utterly forgetting discipline, and thinking of nothing but the divine strains of the angelic being who uttered them. She confessed it was the highest compliment ever paid her.

Having long been in possession of a collection of autograph letters, confined to literary men and artists whose names will go down the stream of time, and never having succeeded in obtaining even a scrap by Burns, it afforded us peculiar pleasure to be enabled to gratify this long-cherished desideratum. The letter, when it came into our possession, was indeed in sad condition, being like that in which its author describes 'Johnny's Gray Breeks;' it was *literally*

'Tattered sair and torn:'

but by perseverance and the use of innumerable slips and bits of paper, of the color and texture of the original, and after being sized and put under the enormous power of the mammoth hydraulic press of our worthy and much-esteemed friends, Messrs. Harper and Brothers, it is restored and renovated to such excellent condition, that it looks 'amaist as gude as new.' No one would dream it had been subjected to such vile treatment as we understood it received at the hands of an intemperate sot and blockhead in Leith. It is addressed as follows: 'Mr. Peter Hill, Bookseller, Cross, Edin'r.;' and although they are much obliterated, the post marks of Dumfries and Edinburgh are still visible. The letter is not dated; poets are not very particular in that matter, (who ever saw a letter or note from that fascinating little darling, the late L. E. L., with a date?) but we have not the least doubt it was written in September, 1794, as we find it was in that month the poet transmitted the same song to Thomson for his select collection of original 'Scottish Airs.' The first number of that fine work is now on our table; and in the preface, dated 'Blair-street, Edinburgh, 1st May, 1793,' it reads rather

ridiculous *now* to find Thomson calling the poet 'Mr. Burns!' Ex. qr.: 'Mr. Burns, whose enthusiasm for Caledonian music and song can only be equalled by his poetical talents,' etc. And again: 'Mr. Burns has promised the editor all the anecdotes which, in the course of several tours through Scotland, he has collected, respecting the origin of the different songs, etc.' He also says: 'He has the satisfaction to present a considerable number (of songs) written for airs by Peter Pindar, Esq.!' All this is almost as rich as calling the poet of Stratford 'Mr. Shakspeare!' We are in possession of a volume, containing his poems and sonnets, published by 'the trade' in 1714, the title of which reads: 'The works of Mr. William Shakespear, Volume the Ninth.' This volume we lately obtained from Messrs. Bartlett and Welford, having formed part of the library of Charles Lamb; and it contains many pages in manuscript written by him, beside numerous notes and corrections. Among our autographs we happen to have a glorious letter written by Elia. It is addressed to 'The Hoods;' meaning poor dear Tom and his charming wife. Now, my dear KNICK., on *certain conditions*, we will give you a copy of that said letter, together with the account of a supper with Elia at Hood's, and the various bon-mots and witticisms which took place then and there, and at another supper, the following night; but we may mention, not to frighten but to whet you, that the accomplished editor of a certain literary paper once said to us: 'A copy of *that* letter would be worth a thousand dollars to my paper!'

Mr. Peter Hill to whom Burns's letter is addressed, appears to have been a much attached friend. He was originally chief clerk to Creech, who published the second edition of the poet's works, after he had attained celebrity, but Mr. Hill having embarked in business for himself, and being a gentleman of liberality and worth, Burns transferred his business and correspondence to him, in consequence of Creech's sluggish procrastination in coming to a settlement. Mr. Hill survived Burns no less than forty years, having died at an advanced age in 1836. As Hill was clerk to Creech, so also was Constable clerk to Hill. Constable is well known as having been the publisher of Sir Walter Scott's works, and few of the respectable fraternity attained a greater reputation than Constable — 'The Crafty.'

As the following anecdote of him, related in Lockhart's admirable life of Sir Walter Scott will serve to introduce another anecdote, *anent* one of the firm alluded to, I venture to extract it.

'One day a partner of the house of Longman was dining with him (Constable,) at his house in the country, to settle an important piece of business, about which there occurred a good deal of difficulty; 'What fine swans you have in your pond there,' said the Londoner by way of parenthesis.

'Swans,' cried Constable! 'They are only *geese* man, geese! There are just five of them if you please to notice, and their names are Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown.'

This sarcasm cost the Crafty a dear bargain.

Now we can testify that other gentlemen of that great house ap-

peared to be as testy or thin-skinned, as the geese man, which the following will show.

Having been well acquainted with the neat and peculiar handwriting of Southey, we saw many years ago, among a collection of autographs offered for sale, a MS. by him. It was the original copy of one of Southey's best known compositions, or rather joint composition, as Coleridge had a hand in it. It is entitled in the original, 'The Devil's THOUGHTS,' but in the published copy 'The Devil's WALK.' Having purchased the MS., we next day took occasion to mention it at a little party which was assembled to dine with us. They were wild to have it read, particularly the gentleman alluded to, and read it was, with all the force which correct accent and emphasis could give it, of course it was highly relished by all, until we arrived at the following stanza:

> 'He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
> Says he we are both of a college,
> For *I* sat myself like a cormorant once,
> Upon the tree of knowledge!'

On hearing which, the bibliopole immediately became silent and sulky, and the dinner was nearly over before he regained his wonted hilarity and good humor, for, as his house was then Southeys' publishers, he took the cut as aimed at the firm, although the poem was written years and years before the connection commenced, having been composed during the last year of the last century.

The authorship of this celebrated jeu d'esprit, was contested with great vigor in the newspapers, for a length of time, doubtless to the great amusement of the real authors. Among other claimants the son of Professor Porson, stoutly argued its authorship in favor of his eminent father, because he had found a MS. copy among his papers. So much was said and written and published on both sides, that it seemed like a lost lamb, or rather imp, something of a Gilpin Horner, floating on the surface of the sea of literature. We have a collection of publications, letters, memoranda and illustrations concerning it, and a handsomely bound volume, entitled '*Devilish Facetiæ*,' and among the claimants there is an audacious impostor named William Marshal of York, *not New*-York! who said and swore it was written by him. The original is signed by Southey with the initials of both its authors, R. S. and S. T. C., and it is dated 1799. But Coleridge had little to do with it, having merely suggested one or two ideas. Dr. Southey would never have put his own initials before Coleridge's, had it been otherwise.

Now as this real original of 'The Devil,' somewhat concerns yourself, Old KNICK., and although it is many a long year since he came into our possession, we beg to assure you 'we have him still, and can produce him,' and we hope you will allow it is rather more agreeable that *we* should have him, than that *he* should have us or *you*, his representative in New-York; but if you, or any of your numerous readers, should have the least desire to look at his majesty, we shall have great pleasure in leaving him with your respectable publisher a reasonable time, for your or their gratification.

Having said so much about other autographs, we now present you with a literal copy of that of Burns, which is as follows:

'My Dear Hill: By a carrier of yesterday, Henry Osborn by name, I sent you a Kippered salmon, which I trust you will duly receive, and which I also trust will give you many a toothful of satisfaction. If you have the confidence to say that there is any thing of the kind in all your great city, superior to this in true kipper relish and flavor, I will be revenged by — not sending you another next season. In return, the first party of friends that dine with you (provided that your fellow travellers and my trusty and well-beloved veterans in intimacy, Messrs. Ramsay and Cameron, be of the party,) about that time in the afternoon when a relish or devil becomes grateful, give them two or three slices of the kipper, and drink a bumper to your friends in Dumfries. Moreover, by last Saturday's Fly, I sent you a hare, which I hope came and carriage free, safe to your hospitable mansion and social table. So much for business.

'How do you like the following pastoral which I wrote the other day, for a tune that I dare say you well know:'

'CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

'CHORUS. (OLD.)

'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

I.

'Hark the mavies' e'enin' sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

'Ca' the yowes, etc.

II.

'We 'll gae down by Clouden side,*
Through the hazels, spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

'Ca' the yowes, etc.

III.

'Yonder Clouden's silent towers,†
Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheary.

'Ca' the yowes, etc.

IV.

'Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou 'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

'Ca' the yowes, etc.

'* A LITTLE river near Dumfries.

'† AN old ruin so called, in a sweet situation at the confluence of the Clouden and Nith.'

These two notes are written by BURNS in the margin of the original.

v.

'Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

'Ca' the yowes, etc.

'And how do you like the following:

'ON SEEING MRS. KEMBLE IN YARICO

'KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of MOSES and his rod;
At YARICO's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.'

'Or this:

'ON W—— R——, ESQUIRE.

'So vile was poor WAT, such a miscreant slave,
That the worms even damn'd him when laid in his grave;
'In his skull there is famine!' a starved reptile cries;
'And his heart it is poison!' another replies.'

'My best good wishes to Mrs. Hill, and believe me to be
'Ever yours, R. BURNS.'

We have lately learned from an authentic source, that Burns addressed numerous letters to Mr. Hill, which have never yet been published. These letters are in the hands of Mr. Watson, bookseller, Edinburgh, and we entertain a hope that they may appear in a new edition of the life and works of Burns, which we understand Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh contemplate publishing in the course of a twelvemonth. The edition of Burns which was edited by Mr. Robert Chambers ten years ago is incomparably the best which has yet appeared. No man has done so much to collect, purify and preserve the writings of Burns and all useful information concerning him, as that gentleman: his labors and researches have been and continue to be zealous and unremitting.

We had great hopes of being able to add to this article some interesting reminiscences of Burns, by a personal friend of his, who yet survives, in the western part of our state, in the enjoyment of all his faculties, although he is over ninety years of age. When we were aware of his existence, we wrote to him, but as yet have received no reply to our letter. Should any arrive in time for this number of the magazine, it will appear in the Editor's Table.

We need hardly mention also, what is universally known, that there is a lady of the highest respectability resident in our city, to whom when she was very young, scarcely fifteen, Burns addressed some of his sweetest songs, and we *could* mention some delightful reminiscences of him, but delicacy and respect for that most amiable lady, who shrinks from all public mention of her name, forbids us: we are under strict injunctions to silence. We may however state, that in Allan Cunningham's life of Burns, there is a gross error, arising doubtless from misinformation regarding the family; in fact he mentions a gentleman as nearly connected, *who never had an existence!*

The circumstance gave great pain at the time the work was pub-

lished, but all we are allowed to do, is to state the bare fact, without farther comment or mention of names.

We ought perhaps to state, in explanation of the *present* which Burns sent to Mr. Hill, that kippered literally means *smoked* salmon!

ROBERT BALMANNO.

TO A COMET

WHICH HAS APPEARED BUT ONCE, AND WHOSE ORBIT HAS NOT BEEN MEASURED.

SPEAK! speak! thou distant orb of light,
From thy pure throne of azure bright,
While bursting on the ravish'd sight
Of feeble man!

From whence, and what thine errand here?
What message from those distant spheres,
Through which thy course, through countless years,
Hath lain in light?

Hast brought the echo of a song,
That rose from a seraphic throng,
As, in thy course, thou sweptst along
The fields of heaven?

Tell us the history of the stars:
Doth Sin and Death the glory mar
Of those bright orbs that shine afar,
In azure realms?

Oh whither? — with the Prince of Peace,
To grant the captive a release,
And bid all sin and sorrow cease
In distant worlds?

Ages before the birth of time,
Thy course began; thy path sublime
Hath lain beyond the stars that shine
On mortal men.

Since GOD first made HIS throne of white,
Thou hast sped on with rapid flight;
And now art rising on our sight,
Thy course half run.

Swifter than thought thy heav'nly race,
Thy lingering light a path doth trace
A moment in the azure space,
When thou art gone!

Thy orbit is a mystic chain
That links with distant orbs again,
And binds the stars in solemn train
Around the Throne.

Systems have faded from the sight
And left no trace, since first the light
From that Eternal Throne of white
Commenced its course.

From systems deep in chaos laid
New worlds shall rise, in darkness fade;
And shining orbs be wrapp'd in shade,
Ere it shall close!

Oh God! our reeling thoughts are lost,
When on this boundless ocean toss'd;
One light alone, shall beam across
Eternity!

When the archangel's trump shall sound,
Breaking the sleep of death profound,
And nations all shall circle 'round
Thy judgment seat:

Then, from that distant Throne so bright,
Shall beam a clear, a heav'nly light,
And this shall be 'Thy Robe of White,'
O final Judge!

New-Haven, 1848. C. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LAFAYETTE.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

We rise from the perusal of the life of this great man by his son, with a deeper gratitude, a warmer veneration for his character. His disinterestedness, his noble heroism and pure integrity, shine out with unsullied lustre. We feel a hearty reverence and affection; are proud that such a man espoused our cause, and freely accord to him the high honor of one worthy to be called 'The friend of Washington.' Kindred in spirit, in aims, in hopes, one tempered the ardor of the other, viewing him in the light of a dear son; while the other reposed trust in, and almost worshipped the wisdom, greatness and virtue of his guide, his example, his more than friend!

Married at the age of seventeen to a lovely and high-born woman, in the year 1774; in the summer of '76 Lafayette was stationed on military duty at Metz, being then an officer in the French army. Dining one day at the house of the commandant of that place, with the Duke of Glocester (brother to the king of England,) the conversation turned upon American affairs. The details were new to the young Marquis; he listened with eagerness and intense interest. The cause seemed to him just and noble, from the representations of the Duke himself; and before he left the table, the thought came into his head that he would go to America, offer his services to a people who were

struggling for freedom and independence. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise.

The property of Lafayette being at his own disposal, an annual revenue of nearly two hundred thousand livres, he was enabled to pursue in this respect his own heroic inclinations. His youthful imagination was fired with a thirst of glory; the dazzling vision of conquering and establishing a wide country over the sea to be the habitation, home and resting-place of FREEDOM, so dear to his lofty and untrammelled mind, became real and palpable. Recollections of the glorious past, its republics and their ancient splendor, arts, letters, poets, orators and warriors arose in his memory, and combined with the cry of the oppressed which sounded in his ear, above the booming ocean which rolled between, 'fixing his firm resolve.'

Born and cradled in an atmosphere oppressed and laden with aristocratic influences; brought up in the lap of luxury; united to the object of his affections, rank, wealth, power; all those blandishments which they throw around men, so blinding to the moral vision and high purpose; and so inclining the possessor to turn a deaf ear to noble promptings, were by Lafayette unheeded. That cry for succor was never stilled; it would in his heart be obeyed. The sacrifice was made — in the ardor of his feelings to him no sacrifice — but a tremendous one in truth; one which we feel with a thrill of gratitude, and shall feel to all generations.

On reading those ardent letters addressed to his young wife, breathing the most romantic and devoted love, we cannot but feel this. He thus writes to her when fairly off at sea:

'How many fears and anxieties enhance the keen anguish I feel in being separated from all that I love most fondly in the world! How have you borne my departure. Have you loved me less? Have you pardoned me? Have you reflected that at all events I must equally have been separated from you; wandering about in Italy,* dragging on an inglorious life, surrounded by persons most opposed to my projects and manner of thinking. All these reflections did not prevent my experiencing the most bitter grief on quitting my native shore: your sorrow, that of my friends, my child, all rushed upon my thoughts, and my heart was torn by a thousand painful feelings. I could not at that instant find any excuse for my own conduct. If you could know all that I have suffered, and the melancholy days that I have passed while flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me? That you love me less? I should feel in truth too miserable. But I need not fear this — need I, my dearest love?'

The career of Lafayette is known to every child. On reviewing some parts of it, we may perhaps feel a shade of regret. Always the friend of true liberty, of free institutions, yet with limitation, with conservatism and with order. The lives of the King and Queen, placed in his hands, were not by his decision, firmness, and forethought saved. Yet in speaking of them, he says:

* At the moment of his projected departure he had been requested to join the DUKE D'AYEN, his father-in-law, in a journey to Italy and Sicily.

'The King and Queen, their lamentable fate only allows me to pride myself on some services I have rendered them;' proving that no self-reproachful visitings mingled with his regrets at their awful fate. 'If,' he says in an earlier day, 'I have ever erred in the path I am pursuing, forgive the illusions of my head, in favor of the good intentions and rectitude of my heart.'

WASHINGTON'S love for Lafayette forms one of the softest and most beautiful traits of his august character.

'He came,' says the Marquis (by which name he was exclusively designated) on the occasion of his severe illness, 'every day to inquire after his friend's health, but fearing to agitate him, he only conversed with the doctor, and returned home with tearful eyes and a heart oppressed with grief.' When wounded at Brandywine, General WASHINGTON said to the surgeon: 'Take care of him, as if he were my son, for I love him the same.' He expressed for him during his illness the most tender and paternal anxiety.

'How is it possible,' exclaims Lafayette, whose love and veneration knew no bounds, 'that he should not have been warmly cherished by his disciple; he who, uniting all that is good to all that is great, is even more sublime from his virtues than from his talents? Had he been a common soldier, he would have been the bravest in the ranks; had he been an obscure citizen, all his neighbors would have respected him. With a heart and mind equally correctly formed, he judged both of himself and circumstances with strict impartiality. Nature, while creating him expressly for that revolution, conferred an honor upon herself; and to show her work to the greatest possible advantage, she constituted it in such a manner that each distinct quality would have failed in producing the end required had it not been sustained by all the others.'

What a noble tribute, and what a just one!

THE recollections of my early childhood most fraught with joy and delight are those of the visit of General Lafayette to the United States. Well do I remember the splendid pageant of his entrée into this city. And after beholding, in all its pompous length, the procession, being held over men's shoulders, in 'The Park,' to look upon the benevolent, beaming, happy face of one I had been taught to revere. Afterward too, the honor I esteemed it to be taken by the hand by this great and brave man, my heart beating proudly beneath the ribbon-badge I wore, stamped with his features, and with a 'Welcome to the Nation's Guest.' Oh! happy day for me; thrice happy, thrice glorious to him!

Lafayette's march through this country, in its whole length and breadth, was a grand ovation. His pathway lay literally over flowers. Wreaths crowned his brow, triumphal arches overshadowed him; and as he moved on they were showered upon him by old and young; by maiden, child, and matron. His noble deeds, heroic youth and mild and serene evening; his trials, misfortunes, imprisonment and escape; his fortitude, virtue, constancy, and 'WELCOME,' were sung

in verse from the shores of the Atlantic to the farthest reach of the Father of Waters. A generous grant was made him by government, and its noble vessels conveyed him as if proud of their burthen.

A carriage, drawn by four cream-colored horses, was driven up to the door of a boarding-school in the vicinity of a neighboring city. From it alighted the nation's illustrious guest; his son, GEORGE WASHINGTON, and two ardent friends and admirers. The plain dress, gentlemanly appearance, and animated countenance of Lafayette, on which *bonhommie* was so legibly written, was very striking. And the introduction, a few courteous words, his kind and gracious looks, will never be effaced from my memory.

Kings have visited kings, and more ostentatious pageantry has been displayed. Victors have come from wars laden with spoils, and the zealous populace have dragged their chariots through the crowd of benighted worshippers, who scattered incense, while laurel-bays encircled their brows; but such an universal, spontaneous out-burst of *National Gratitude*, the impulse of millions, as of one undivided heart and mind, cherished, transmitted, and grown with their growth, during the lapse of near fifty years, was never before seen or recorded on history's page.

WALLENSTEIN:

THE RENOWNED CONQUEROR OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

FROM old Bohemia's wilds he sprung,
The mightiest of a mighty line,
And round her voiceless craters hung
The deathless name of WALLENSTEIN.

O'er Europe's dark green hills he trod,
And naught his spirit could resist;
For he had read the will of GOD
With many a fabled alchymist.

His bale-fire cast its dreadful light
Along the Danube and the Rhine,
And cities bade the world good-night
Before the march of WALLENSTEIN.

Moravia's holy host were swept
Like leaves by Autumn winds away,
And mothers o'er their daughters wept,
And fathers knelt in fire to pray.

The Muses left their quiet vales,
And valor led them safely on;
Bohemia's mountains rang with wails,
For all her chivalry had gone.

Yet round the dark old abbey's tower
The ivy its green branches flung,
And hooded monks, at twilight hour,
Their heavenly-breathing vespers sung.

And he whose cruel steel was wet
With martyrs' blood, did he decline?
No! o'er him flushed a coronet,
And Friedland's duke was WALLENSTEIN.

And when the wassail-thunder rolled,
And monarchs drank the rich red wine,
The beggar's palm was crossed with gold;
The poor man's host was WALLENSTEIN.

The Swede! he came with bloody zeal
To save the suffering Church of GOD;
The vine-clad mountains felt his heel,
And thousands started at his nod.

Brave TILLY'S matchless skill no more
Rolled back the battle's crimson flood;
The Danube heard his cannons roar,
And Augsburg set his star in blood.

But hark! beyond the silver Rhine
The thrilling cry is heard, 'He comes!'
'T is he, the dreaded WALLENSTEIN!
And burning Lutzen hails his drums.

They meet — and down the serried line
An hundred cannon wildly sing;
They meet — the fiery WALLENSTEIN
And Sweden's lion-hearted king.

They met upon the lurid plain,
A misty cloud around them spread;
Oh! who shall see the like again
Of gloomy Lutzen's field of blood?

Swift from the battle's deepest roar
A gallant charger fiercely sped;
His snowy flank was red with gore—
The Lion of the North was dead!

Then sank the battle on the breeze,
As sinks the storm's last thunder gun,
When leaves hang trembling on the trees,
And glitter in the evening sun.

His task is o'er: for this he came,
For this he swam the Danube's flood:
Oh! had his spirit with the flame
Gone up on Lutzen's field of blood!

Then would his deathless name have shone
O'er wild Bohemia's mountain snows,
And age have told upon the Rhone
How high his dazzling star arose.

But no!—in Eger's towers he fell,
By Austria's monarch's stern decree;
Nor bishop's prayer, nor parting knell,
Nor consecrated grave, had he.

'T was thus a monarch's love repaid
The saviour of his sinking line;
And in a traitor's ditch was laid
The headless trunk of WALLENSTEIN.

And now, when winter's night-wind roars
Down the wild Danube and the Rhine,
A horseman tramps their frozen shores,
And cries 'REMEMBER WALLENSTEIN!'

Washington, (D. C.,) 1840. J. E. DOW.

CHARLEMAGNE.

PART FIRST.

AMONG the many great men produced by the revolutions of Europe during the middle ages, there is no one who has a stronger claim upon our attention than CHARLEMAGNE; not alone for the brilliancy of his genius, but also for those lesser qualifications which are necessary to render a man truly great.

The subjugation of Rome by Alaric, King of the Goths, is one of the mightiest events recorded in history. Those countries, which had long lain dormant with regard to their own rights, were now compelled to act for themselves, or submit to masters more tyrannic and exacting than the Roman had ever been. But what effectual resistance could they make against men whose only occupation was war, and whose only object was plunder? The Gauls flew to arms; but that ancient valor, which in the days of Brennus had threatened the total extinction of the 'Eternal City,' had waned, and the luxuries of the East succeeded in enervating them, as well as their lordly masters. They, however, stayed for a time the immediate conquest of their country. But it was not one army which they had to contend with, nor one nation which they had to subdue: thousands and tens of thousands inundated the country in quick succession, and the fertile fields of Gaul soon became a desert.

The numerous tribes of Franks who possessed themselves of a great part of Gaul during the reign of Julian, and who had been forced by other and more powerful tribes to leave Germany, where they lived in a state of savage wildness, were increased by others who had left their native forests in the more northern parts of Europe

to seek a fairer home in the more fertile regions of the South: these had now become the lords and masters in the land of their adoption. Among these the Franks who had first entered the country stood preëminent; and even when the government had degenerated into anarchy they still maintained a superiority over the other tribes. Possessing within themselves those great qualities which are necessary to form a powerful people, it is no wonder that they should have claimed dominion, and finally possessed it. They had never been completely subdued by the Romans; although often conquered, they still possessed their independence, and were governed by their own kings and laws. Continually engaged in war, they became the best disciplined and bravest soldiers in Europe; feared alike by their neighbors and the Romans, who treated them as allies, and often solicited their assistance against their own rebellious subjects.

The Franks were not ignorant of the weakness of the Roman empire, which every year seemed fast approaching to a state of dissolution. Clovis, son of Childeric, was the first king of the Franks who gave the Romans any uneasiness. After he had defeated them under the conduct of their general Syagrius, he seemed to set no bounds to his ambition; but still pursuing his success, he drove the remaining Romans out of Gaul, and took possession of the whole country.

The Franks, previous to the reign of Clovis, were idolaters; but they were not destined long to remain so. Clotilda, his wife, was a zealous professor of Christianity, and was continually soliciting him to become a Christian: he however remained deaf to her entreaties; until an event occurred of such an extraordinary nature, that it converted not only Clovis but a great number of his followers. At the battle of Tolbaic his army was wavering before the nearly victorious Germans: Clovis instantly addressed a prayer to the God of the Christians, vowing to denounce the heathen form of worship if He would aid him against his enemy. While he was yet praying, the Germans, who had been almost victors, now fled before the successful Franks; and Clovis, recognizing the interposition of the Almighty, determined to adhere to his vow. After this, he still pursued the same success, annexing newly-acquired territories to his empire, until death put a period to his conquests. He died in Paris, at the age of forty-five.

Clovis left four sons, who divided his empire among them. Two of those died, leaving their possessions to their brothers, Childebert and Clotaire. These two brothers were perpetually quarrelling until the death of Childebert, when the kingdom of the Franks was united under Clotaire. Clotaire dying, much dissension arose among his subjects in regard to the next heir to the throne. It was concluded that his son, who was but an infant, should succeed to the throne, under the title of Clotaire the Second, and that his uncle Gontran should be appointed regent until the young king became old enough to take the reins of government into his own hands.

After his reign the country sank again into a state of anarchy, caused by intestine wars waged among the principal men, each led

on by his own ambition, regardless of consequences. Charles Martel, (grandfather of Charlemagne,) one of these, and the most successful, put an end to those dissensions by usurping all authority and constituting himself *maire du palais.** Although not assuming the title of king, he nevertheless possessed the power, as all the affairs of government were performed under his immediate direction.

Pepin, on the death of Charles Martel his father, succeeded to the throne; for, despising the frivolous scrupulosity of his father, he was himself solemnly crowned by the pope's legate at Soissons. This Pepin, who was father of the subject of our present sketch, died at Paris of a fever, leaving his sons Carloman and Charlemagne in possession of his kingdom.

It has been truly said that 'Troublous times produce great men.' Never has this been more fully exemplified than in the case of Charlemagne. Born amidst the tumults of contending parties, his ear had been early taught the sounds of battle, and his mind had been strengthened by being exposed to the perpetual dangers of a camp. Charlemagne, while young, like another Hannibal, accompanied his father in many campaigns, whence he derived all that knowledge of military affairs which afterward rendered him so famous; and never did he appropriate that knowledge to the furtherance of any design in which honor and justice were not concerned. There is nothing definite known regarding the birth-place or early life of Charlemagne; but from the respect which he had for all things appertaining to religion, it is supposed that he was educated under the judicious authority of his mother, the pious Bertha, who inspired him with those sublime qualities which shone forth in his after life. Pepin, aware of the talents of his son, entrusted him with matters of great importance, which were always performed to his entire satisfaction. It was not however till the death of his father that Charlemagne put forth his great abilities. On his accession to the throne, numerous enemies arose on all sides; taking advantage of the youth of their new sovereign, they imagined they could now throw off his authority, and once more become independent. With this intention Hunald of Acquitaine levied a large army; and in all the buoyancy of anticipated success, he thought to crush with his powerful force the ill-provided and scanty followers of Charlemagne; but all those wants were more than supplied by the untiring activity of the young king, and Hunald perceived in his defeat the utter ruin of all his hopes. This however was but the prologue to the drama of his success. These victories were any thing but pleasing to his brother Carloman, whose terrors were magnified by the unjust fear that Charlemagne, not content with subduing his enemies, would dispossess him of his kingdom. His irritated feelings were worked upon by the insidious counsels of his flatterers, and he now beheld in his brother the future usurper of his throne. To avoid this he made

* This office, the powers of which had been constantly increasing from the time of its institution, confined the duties of the person by whom it was possessed strictly within the precincts of the palace, and was but another name for *gubernator palatii*, or 'Master of the King's Household.'

preparations for war. Happily, however, there was found a mediatrix in the person of Bertha, who was equally beloved by both, and who succeeded in quieting the fears of Carloman and reconciling the brothers.

It has been alleged against Charlemagne as a crime that he divorced his wife Desideria, whom he married at the urgent request of his mother; but the plea of sterility, which in those times was held justifiable, entirely excludes him from a trial by the laws of society at the present day. His marriage with Hildegarde, daughter of a noble family in Suabia, was productive of more happiness to him. It is true he received some annoyance from Desiderius, father of his late wife; who, conceiving himself insulted by the repudiation of his daughter, was determined on avenging himself at the most convenient opportunity. This was not long in presenting itself.

After the death of Carloman, his brother was elected to his vacant throne by the almost unanimous consent of the nobles, thereby again uniting under the one person this powerful nation. Giberga, wife of the late king, believing her children, who were quite young, the lawful successors to the crown, applied to Desiderius for aid, expecting with his assistance to supplant her brother-in-law and place the children on the throne of the father. All her efforts, however, were unavailing against the superior power of Charlemagne, who kept possession of the throne.

The Saxons were the next enemies with whom Charlemagne had to contend. Accustomed from their infancy to war, they had become the terror of the surrounding nations. They possessed a comparative knowledge of the arts of civilized life, while their well-constructed navy gave them a power not surpassed by any nation of their time. They had descended in large bodies on the coasts of England, and succeeded in reducing that country to their sway. They had carried on a border warfare against the Franks, and against them Charlemagne now levelled the force of his mighty genius. But it was not their extirpation he sought: he well knew how utterly futile it would be to carry on a war of extermination against an enemy who seemed innumerable; he therefore had recourse to a milder plan—that of converting them to Christianity after he had inspired them with a terror of his arms. For this purpose he marched into their country, laying all waste with fire and sword, and destroyed the temple of Irminsula, which had been erected to commemorate the defeat of Quintilius Varus* by the German leader Arminius, which occurred during the reign of Augustus Cæsar. All their hopes seemed at the time extinct in the destruction of their temple, and they tendered their submission, with twelve hostages, as an earnest of their future good conduct; having on their part received missionaries to disseminate the principles of Christianity among them. He now turned homeward, not from any surety of the obedience of

* This was more afflicting to Augustus than any misfortune he had ever suffered; and in the anguish of his mind at this loss he would often cry out: 'Quintilius Varus, restore me my legions!'

the Saxons, but because his presence was required to suppress the designs of Desiderius, who still was ready at the most favorable opportunity to wage war against him. During his absence he had fomented the dissensions that existed between Paul Afiarti (a man who was distinguished more for his cunning than any natural abilities he possessed) and Adrian, who upon the death of Stephen was elected to the papal chair. Afiarta, who had ingratiated himself into the favor of the people, thought his accession on the death of Stephen past all doubt; but now, seeing all his hopes dispelled by the election of Adrian, he proceeded at once to the court of Desiderius, whom he knew had a previous cause of hatred against the pope. Desiderius, on a former occasion, had promised to Stephen to cede to him all those possessions of which he had unjustly deprived him; but instead of ratifying it, he seized on the cities of Faienza and Commachio; and he, no longer determined to keep up the specious show of peace with which he had hitherto treated the pope, marched direct on Rome herself. Adrian made all necessary preparations to sustain a siege. In the mean time he sent an ecclesiastic of the name of Peter to Ihionville, in France, where Charlemagne had taken up his winter quarters. When Charlemagne had been apprized of the designs of his old enemy, he was not long in resolving what to do. Satisfied of his own superiority, he endeavored to effect a reconciliation; but finding all his good endeavors baffled by the foolish pertinacity of the Lombard king, he saw the necessity of having recourse to arms.

The Alps, over which he had to pass, presented an almost insurmountable barrier; sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. The love of his soldiers, however, insured obedience to his commands, and he commenced the passage led on by his own invincible firmness. Possessing the patience of Hannibal and the unconquerable spirit of Napoleon, he yielded to no difficulties, nor succumbed to any obstacle! He had not the many advantages which Napoleon possessed in the civilization of the times; and his soldiers were as yet only semi-civilized; yet the bleak prospect before him was not sufficient to make him forego his resolution. As he proceeded, and found himself cut-off from all communication as it were with the world, Alp on Alp reared their gigantic snow-crowned heads far above the clouds, and all around frightful precipices, yawned as if to deter him from proceeding any farther — his mind rose successful above the danger by which he was surrounded. Each new mountain seemed only the commencement of an ascent more fearful than its predecessor. Happy, however, would his soldiers have been were these the only obstacles which they had to encounter; for here nature lost all her mildness and reigned supreme tyrant; the elements raging in all their fierceness added new terrors to the scene; and amid the roaring of the tempest, huge avalanches were hurled from their seats in the mountains upon the heads of the devoted soldiers, burying them within their bosoms. They bounded from mountain to mountain, carrying them into fearful abysses, where no human aid could reach them. Many perished by the intensity of the cold. Charlemagne

still pressed on: impervious to fear, he overcame all those who opposed his progress, until he at last came within sight of the fertile plains of Italy; and never were the soldiers of Hannibal more joyed at the same view than were those of Charlemagne.

In the praises which have been bestowed upon Hannibal and Napoleon for their passage of the Alps, we seem to have lost all knowledge of the same achievement by Charlemagne, who had more difficulties to contend with than either. Hannibal could call to his aid the power of that gigantic machinery which the ancients possessed; but Charlemagne lived in an age when his subjects were as yet ignorant of those arts which in the time of Napoleon had arrived at such perfection, and he had only the wild nature of the Franks to oppose to the difficulties which he met.

Having performed this stupendous task, Charlemagne waited to refresh his fatigued soldiers, and then pouring down like a deluge he laid waste the whole of Lombardy and besieged Pavia. The news of the sudden arrival of the enemy was conveyed with the speed of electricity to Desiderius, who made all possible haste to oppose him. But his resistance was ineffectual. He retreated to Pavia, and having fortified that city as well as his means would allow, he took command of it himself, determined to brave a siege with all the tenacity of despair.

THE REJECTED.

Yes! had thy love been given to me,
When, restless with high-wrought desire,
That boon I lightly sought of thee,
Ill-taught to what true hearts aspire,
In spite of all thy loveliness
I feel I should have loved thee less.

The treasures of a faithful heart,
So pure as thine must ever prove,
May not their preciousness impart
When challenged by ambitious love;
Love, like a tree, ere it bear fruit
Must find a soil, a clime, a root.

But when my ardent wish was crossed
I felt how bright the boon I craved;
For all the wealth of pride I lost,
I found my dearest treasure saved:
That treasure is my love of thee,
Which else would cold and barren be.

When thy true nature with a word
From fancied joy turned back my eyes,
As cherubim with beaming sword
Guarded the gates of Paradise,
I trusted, that if love was o'er
I still could prize thy friendship more.

If *then* with an impetuous heart
I bowed before thy beauty's shrine,
My soul now worships that 'good part'
Which, MARY, shall be ever thine:
Which shall to me more worthy prove
Of nobler passion, purer love.

Be then my prayer that thou may'st still
More bright and purely lovely seem,
Till love, which was a chafing rill,
Shall widen to a golden stream,
And to its peaceful depths be given
Thine, beaming star-like down from heaven.

S. N. N.

THE TWINKLE MANUSCRIPTS.

EDITED BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

IT is but fair, most gentle reader, that the EDITOR'S pen should give thee a PREFACE, in which thou mayest be somewhat enlightened as to the manner by which these papers fell into the hands of their present possessor, and his right to give publicity to many events therein noted; which may appear of altogether too private complexion to be exposed to the general eye, unless with due and sufficient warrant. It is true that many papers in this collection are of so discursive and indeed fanciful a nature, that for them no excuse would be exacted, or even looked for; but the exclusively personal and autobiographical character of by far the greater proportion, so minute and particular is it, compelleth the Editor to give full and unequivocal authority for his otherwise apparent betrayal of confidence. Indeed, nothing would give him more poignant uneasiness than a doubt in thy mind that he did not conform rigidly, and willingly too, to the code of nicest delicacy in this matter. Were he to offer no legality for placing before thy vision so much of biographical incident as these manuscripts contain, Hans knoweth full well that thou wouldst feel like the sharer of a stolen pear or watermelon, which, by thy countenance, had been filched from the garden of some quiet and inoffensive neighbor; and although perchance pleasant to thy taste, yet leaving sour and disagreeable fancies to disturb the dreams of thy conscientious pillow. Hans deemeth it meet, therefore, as well for thee as for himself, to preface this edition of random scraps with a few explanatory hints, which may remove all idea of surreptition, and exonerate him in thy eyes from the slightest blame.

Some ten years agone, in that delightful season of the year when the cry of 'Shad! fresh shad! here the' aw!' is replaced by that of 'Roipe straw-berrees!' and lank, many-ribbed horses, strung all over with festoons of little baskets, peregrinate the shaded streets of Brook-

lyn before rattling superannuated wagons, and when troops of little ragged barefooted girls are heard in all directions screeching out 'A-e-r-adish-e-e-e-s!' Hans took it into his head to visit some old Dutch friends, on the southern shore of Long Island, and enjoy the fresher sea-breeze and wilder dashing of the cool waves. Now be it known to thee, astonished reader, that Hans is a great economist of time—in his own peculiar way—and never lets slip an opportunity to '*Carpe diem*,' as Horace says; 'which meaneth in the vulgate,' 'enjoy the present and tickle Time's sides till the old fellow stops to laugh with you.' There is a set of pseudo-philosophers in the world who regard as sheer idleness much that Hans considereth profitable employment; and if they were to see him, of a summer's day, lying in the shade of the rocks and overhanging branches, on a soft, sweet couch of moss, with half-closed eye-lids looking out where the sunlight falleth hazily upon the broad mirror of the ocean, dotted here and there in the distance with tiny green islands and white gull-like sails, or listening to the beating of the waves as they come rolling in restless and unceasing multitude to the 'far-sounding shore,' would call him an arrant idler, and read to him Solomon's description of the sluggard and his weedy garden. To all such Hans good-naturedly—for he never gets into a passion—throweth down the glove, and challengeth their mail-clad utility-ships to show wherein their boasted usefulness hath existence; or, if existing, wherein lieth its superiority to his idleness. But what! what! Hans must really beg pardon for having thus gone off the straight highway of narrative into the crooked by-paths of episode; and while he promiseth amendment, will relate to thee how, strolling some mile or two from the dwelling of old Ripper Vandermeer, on a hot afternoon, he was all at once startled from a flower-picking, ease-consulting walk, into an uncomfortable and undignified run, by a furious thunder-cloud, which rapidly gained on him for well-nigh half a mile; and just as he reached the leaky porch of a dingy, isolated school-house, poured down a whole flood of watery spitefulness; though luckily without accomplishing its purpose of wetting Hans to the skin, but growled out its indignation, and overspread the sky with its ugly presence, as if to cut off all chance of retreat. Hans saw, or imagined he saw, the bearded face of Neptune frowning over the shoulder of the cloud as it pursued him; and as the sea had been very clear that day, doubtless the old water-king suspected that Hans had been watching his marine seraglio through the sky-lights, and had witnessed his soft caressing of some favorite nymph, and meant forthwith to tell of it. Now such an idea never entered Hans' head; for, as he said before, he would never trespass over the bounds of the most scrupulous delicacy; no, not for his right eye; although his left one squinteth a trifle.

Here, then, in this old weather-worn, unpainted school-house, commenced Hans' acquaintance with the lamented TIMOTHY TWINKLE, whose friendship was, for six joyful years, so rich a source of pleasure, and whose autobiography and loose desultory scraps of essays and *concetti* will, DIEDRICH *volente*, pass in review before thee.

As Hans stood there in the porch, the rain came dripping down through the loose shingles upon his shoulders; and not caring to spoil his newly-washed blouse and white inexpressibles, he applied himself to the inner door-latch; with a misgiving, however, that he should find it fastened, since it was now past four of the clock, when, from time immemorial, and of which the memory of old maids runneth not to the contrary, country urchins are released from 'durance vile' and allowed to scamper unmolested until nightfall wherever they list. In despite of his fears the door happily opened, and Hans stood in the presence of the potentate who held unshared sway in this clapboard palace.

It needed but a glance at the bright gray eye of the wearer of pedagogical purple to discover therein playing in little eddies about the corners a whole flood of comical fun-loving good-nature, which the saddened expression of his mouth but added interest to. Straightening out into a sort of questionable uprightness, somewhat resembling the curvature of the new moon, he proffered his chance-visitor a seat on the throne itself, before which stood the desk of state, bestrewn with the paraphernalia of his rank; old copy-books, scored over with inky images of every thing 'in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth,' and likenesses of things nondescript, if not entirely absurd and fanciful; dictionaries whose birth might have been ascribed to times before the flood, if Dr. Faustus had been of antediluvian origin; and English readers, apparently much older than the venerable Murray. The little end of a green-and-yellow raw-hide protruded from the drawer, as if impatient for the next week's use. But all these are not the schoolmaster whom Hans sat beside, and whom he wishes the reader could have known. '*Could have known*,' indeed! Why, perhaps thou *didst* know him, and even now callest up on the surface of thy memory a distinct wave-reflection of his high, narrow forehead, his long, thin nose and uneasy nostril, and his sparse, grayish hair, that dangled over his vein-ridged temples down to his open, square shirt-collar. If thou didst know him, thou too feelest a tear stealing into thine eye, even as the same expression of remembrance filleth the eye of the Editor that speaketh to thee. What though his stringless shoes were hid in his ungartered hose, and his loose nankeens, besprinkled and bespotted with ink, hung awry upon his long fire-iron legs? What if his waistcoat boasted but two (wrongly-fastened) buttons, and his ill-fitted cooler came but half-way down to the bend of his knee in a spare 'swallow-tail' behind? Thou canst repress a smile at his summer costume, even when his narrow-brimmed sugar-loaf Leghorn hat comes in its yellow dinginess before thee; while thou rememberest his ever-changing smile, half playful, half sad, and hearest even now, though death has silenced it, his deep, friendly voice in thy unforgetting ear.

When the two new-made acquaintances left the school-house and its leaky porch together, the rain had ceased; and the thunder-cloud, no longer spurred on to mischief by the wrathful presence of the sea-god, rattled out a few indistinct peals of thunder, just to intimate

its whereabout, as it peeped up over the horizon with a sort of malicious good-nature, to get a sight of Hans as he issued from the place of his captivity.

The boarding-place of the school-master lay in the route of Hans' return; and as his ramble had given him an excellent digestive longing, he incontinently closed with an invitation to 'supper.' It is unnecessary to state that Hans did ample justice to the hot rolls and rich chocolate which the kind hands of the old maid who did the honors of the table assiduously presented to his notice. A quiet smoke afterward on the benches under the honeysuckle in the doorway was hardly concluded before nightfall; and as Hans departed, he made the schoolmaster promise to spend the next day, being Saturday, with him at Herr Ripper's locust-hid mansion.

That next day is marked with white in the Editor's calendar, for it commenced the strong friendship he loves so well to remember. Twinkle at that time was perchance some thirty-three; and as he gave here and there glimpses of his history, there twined about Hans' soul the myrtle-vines of esteem, and ever since he has blessed the summer-storm for driving him to the school-house for shelter.

Some six years after this *initium amicitiæ*, Hans, on returning from a winter's stay on St. Mary's river, found a black-sealed letter in the post from the little neighborhood where the schoolmaster resided. The superscription was in a female hand, and as he for a long time had received no missive from his friend, he feared before breaking the seal what the contents more surely informed him. The letter was penned by the old maid with whose mother the schoolmaster had boarded, and with a sorrowing conciseness mentioned his sickness and death, and his last request that an old black leather valise should be carefully reserved for the sole inspection and benefit of Hans Von Speigel. Accordingly, one shining April day the Editor of these papers drove across the island to Ripper Vandermeer's, and stopped by the way at the house with honeysuckle over the front door. Here he received the legacy from the weeping Marguerite, whose whole soul seemed to gush away as she spoke of the death-bed scene, and descanted on the many virtues of the departed. Believing that she might possess, like the rest of womankind, a modicum of curiosity, Hans took the little iron key which she delivered to him and applied it to the padlock, and opened the valise before her.

At first he thought that his departed friend meant to smile at his expense, even in the grave; for nothing was apparent but hieroglyphical scraps, torn leaves of copy-books, and backs of letters scribbled over; but on a more minute search he discovered the following letter, which lay crumpled and doubled up in a greasy razor-case at the bottom:

'HANS, MON AMI: I cannot live one week longer, so the rascally doctor this morning pleasantly informed me; and as a memento of love I leave the contents of this valise to your care and keeping, to dispose of as you shall see fit. You will find no little trouble in fitting the biographical shreds and patches together; but the puzzling task will keep me a little longer in your mind; so I do not regret it. As for the miscellaneous remainder, burn them, for in no

other way can they enlighten anybody. Give the gold ring which you will find in the paste-box, and which was my poor mother's wedding-ring, to MARGUERITE; and tell her to think of me once in a while; for I regard her as a kind sister.

'And now, HANS, good-by until we meet in the better land. GOD love you!

'T. TWINKLE.'

'*For mein liebe Freund*, HANS VON SPIEGEL.'

The editor himself feeleth scarcely pleased with the result of his labors in comparing and arranging the contents of the valise. Some of the scraps, indeed, are so illegible from cross-writing and blottings that he doth not exactly know whether they belong to the autobiography or to the '*miscellaneous remainder*.' That some of these do form part of the former is rendered almost certain by the incompleteness which, curious reader, thou wilt observe in the account of the schoolmaster's life; the thread of the narrative being in places broken so entirely as to render it well nigh impossible to connect it. There may be however every thing that is needed in a bundle of papers written in short-hand and tied, or rather buckled together with a silver-clasped embroidered garter. That something worth preserving lieth hid under this hieroglyphical mantle, held together as it is by so mystical a band, Hans doubteth not; yet is he by constitution so averse to dry and vexatious inquiries that he hath not the patience to attempt, at least at present, the deciphering thereof. Commending then the result of his imperfect labors to thy favor, most patient reader, Hans presenteth thee with the following

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TIMOTHY TWINKLE.

SCRAP THE FIRST.

IF I could have had any voice in the matter I should very probably have dissented from entering the world through the gates of poverty. As it was, my wishes were entirely unconsulted, and I was ushered into the world as the son of parents who were poor when I was born and continually grew poorer thereafter; three mouths being harder to fill than two.

Of the circumstances attending my first advent into the light of day I can recollect but little; and the memory of that little is so vague and indistinct that at times I think I don't remember it at all. Uncertainty then as to this interesting portion of my earliest moments behooves me to say nothing; but after all I should be relating not fact but air-wove and unsubstantial fiction, resting on sheer vacuity. Much pleasure would it give me, however, clearly to recollect and accurately to write down the truth in relation to my coming into the world; not so much out of merely personal and selfish considerations as to enlighten the Public — if its great squinting eye should ever fall upon the history of my life — on this matter of transition from *nothing* into *something*; ignorance of which prevaileth, at least in those localities with which I am familiar, to a lamentable extent. It was but the other day, just after the announcement of a new-comer into the village, that I heard Marguerite (who little dreamed that I was within ear-shot to bear witness to her lack of correct informa-

tion) telling a bevy of little girls, who were in an inquiring mood, that a beautiful bird with feathers of purple and gold, and bearing in his beak a fairy basket full of roses wherein the baby nestles, comes in the night to good people with this litttle token of fairy love. If her account of the matter were the one in general acceptance throughout christendom, I should rest satisfied, having no proof to the contrary, that this was the true one and should pass by, as entirely unworthy of credence, all theories of Pagan or Mahommedan origin, however ingenious and apparently philosophical; believing as I do, that true Christian ideas can only be found in a Christian community, and that no wisdom, either moral or political, can be found elsewhere. Even I would go so far as to assert, what every body will admit, that there is no true developments of the mind or body except on christian soil; indeed that love and pity, magnanimity and patriotism, filial and parental affection, exist no where but on the soil the church had blessed. If then her idea had been the idea of Christendom I should have sought no farther. But, alas! this idea of Marguerite's is not the general one, even in this section of the Christian world; and I am reluctantly forced to believe that there is very little true knowledge abroad concerning the interesting subject of which she spoke so confidently. I have found many different and conflicting opinions on this topic existing in the minds of individuals, equally worthy of belief, not twenty miles apart, and I am compelled therefore to hold my credulity in abeyance, at least for a while.

There was an old lady with ruffled cap and horn-spectacles in my native village, who somehow or other mysteriously appeared in the houses of the neighbors around whenever a little cherub arrived from fairy-land, and she confidentially assured me, once when I asked her how little folks came into the world, that the doctor brought them in his saddle-bags, and if I would ask him on some convenient occasion he would open them and show me the little holes lined with soft velvet, where he deposited them for safe carriage. I did so; and behold it was just as the old woman had told me; and ever after, until I began to philosophize, I looked upon the doctor with awe, as some one who held familiar intercourse with the spirits of the air. The old lady farther affirmed that babies grew upon a rare tree, that doctors alone knew how to cultivate, and are picked-off by them so soon as large enough. This part of her story I endeavored to verify by peeping through the slats of the Doctor's garden-fence, but for a long time being unable to see any thing of this incipient babyhood there, I began at last to doubt my informant's veracity; until I happened to spy, one summer day as I went to school, a lemon-tree in the green-house door, and the distance lending its enchantment, I plainly discerned what I had so much longed to see. But I began to doubt the whole story, when I afterward saw Betty, the Doctor's pretty 'hired girl' in the green-house laughing with John, the gardener and 'chore boy,' and was certain that she picked off one of the largest of the fruit and tucked it into her bosom; and since I could never find, though I made repeated inquiries, that she was blest with a cherub; I came at last to the conclusion that the old lady in spectacles was an arrant

fabricator and an incorrigible quiz. Now, since I have heard so many theories touching this point, which all differ materially from one another, I have made up my mind that they are all partly true and partly false: false in defining the particular manner in which these *'wee lactiverous animalcules'* come to their overjoyed parents; and true, inasmuch as they locate their nativity in some far-off fairy-land. That they do come from fairy-land I regard as indubitable; the modes of their descent to earth as a pleasant myth, which the poetry of our grandmothers gradually formed, to clear up the otherwise inexplicable mystery.

And now to conclude this unpardonable digression from my narrative, I have merely to say, what I have already said before, that I wish for my own satisfaction, as well as that of other inquiring spirits, that I could recollect with more distinctness the circumstances of my transit from spirit-land into earthly existence, or even some little of my existence before, so that I might satisfy with proof those who doubt the Platonic theory of the preëxistence of souls.

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SCRAP THE SECOND.

This Mistress Spriggs, or as she loved to write her name, Lucinda Pulcheria Spriggs, was indeed — barring a certain unchristian snapping of her pupils' heads with her thimble-helmetted finger — one of the first and best teachers who initiated me into the sublime mysteries of reading and spelling. She was not handsome; yet she was by no means ugly, which is much to say of a woman turned of thirty. Her eyes were blue; and her hair, from nature or the curling iron, came down in little ringlets from her prim side-combs, and often touched my face as she leaned over me to show me a word, or to kiss me after 'getting to the head.' She had no children of her own, and so did not dislike those of other people; and as I learned easily, and minded her few and simple injunctions, at least when she saw me, I was her favorite, and got many a new penny and shining half-dime to drop into my little tin savings-box at home. That little box, by the way, must have been painted by a true philosopher, for it was christened (I now understand why) 'The Temple of Liberty;' thereby signifying that any one who has money may do just as he pleases at all times and seasons, and is really the only free man in the civilized world.

The last summer that I went to Mrs. Spriggs' school, when I was about seven years old, she died, and I cried all the way from the church to the burying-ground; not that I feared for her future happiness as I do now, (for she never made a profession of religion,) but because my good teacher was never after to see me again. I thought as the pall-bearers lowered down the coffin into the earth, and the minister thanked the assemblage for their attendance, that I would come and see her if she could not me. The next Sunday I went up to the burial-ground in the afternoon and sat down by her sod-covered grave; and wept sorely that my little voice could not wake her, that she might answer me from the cold ground. A little bird came and sat on one of the

grave-stones near me, and sang so plaintive that I loved him for it; and whenever afterward I saw a bird of the same plumage I refrained from throwing stones at it, thinking it might be the same little mourner that sang to me on the head-stone.

Once during the last summer of her teaching, for some neglect of her commands, she called me to her to punish me with the ruler. I snatched my hand away, and the blow fell upon her. The pain caused tears to come into her blue sunken eye and roll down her pale cheek; but instead of being angry, she kissed me tenderly, and I took my place, also in tears. After that I noticed that she did not punish any of the children.

This reminiscence may appear too trifling; but I love to dwell on such remembrances, for I have not much now to make me happy. I have long accounted that first 'going to school' as the happiest portion of my past life. Would that in the dim future there may be much to make me regard those young days as among the bright ones, and not the only ones, on which I can look with pleasure! My life has been chequered enough already; not indeed with joy and sadness interwoven, but with sadness of different shades. I hope for better, brighter days. Alas! if they come not I shall —— But no! Despair is the child of weakness. I will have none of it. Yet who knows that I shall not sink, as I have many a time already, into the quagmire of despondency; when I durst not struggle lest I go deeper, and yet feel myself all the while sinking, sinking. The sun may rise and gild the past while it shines upon the present. Ah! that it would span the mists of the future with a rainbow of hopeful gladness!

SONNET: TO MY WIFE.

ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

Amid the moonlight and the light of stars,
How softly doth the solemn night once more,
With her sweet glimpses, to my soul restore
That face whose light beams o'er my spirit's wars;
Not with the fiery glance of troubled Mars,
But calm and peaceful as the tender eyes
Of angels looking down from Paradise!
Beautiful vision! while night's cloudy bars
Retain the timid morning, I behold
Thy robes of mist upon the moonlit lea,
And once again thou comest back to me
With all the beauty that was thine of old;
Call'st up the joys of home that gild our years,
And fill my eyes with love's unbidden tears.

H. W. Rockwell.

MY OLD HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

I.

Beneath thy spreading trees I stand,
My own dear home, once more,
And now the latch is in mine hand,
My foot waits at the door;
Yet pause I ere I venture in
The old familiar way;
Amid the stranger's household gods
My footsteps may not stray.

II.

There is a voice upon the breeze,
A whisper in the air,
It floateth from the wild bird's wing:
'Thy home — it is not there!'
I fain would still th' unwelcome sound
That cometh o'er and o'er,
While yet my echoing heart replies,
'This is thy home no more!'

III.

'My home no more!' — yet here as fair
The summer sun shall shine,
As soft the sweet south wind shall curl
The tendrils of the vine;
The humming-bird, with whirring wing,
Shall seek the woodbine stem,
My jessamine again put on
Her snow-white diadem.

IV.

As gently o'er each treasured flower
The evening dew will fall,
Morn wake, and dusky twilight fade —
I shall be far from all;
Autumn will come, with glowing tints,
To beautify the earth,
And winter; but it shall not bring
Our forms about the hearth!

V.

Yet blessings be on them who dwell
Around its hallowed shrine,
For the dear shelter it hath given
To me and unto mine;
And back amid the world again
I 'll bear my destined part,
Knowing it hath no spot like this
To bind my saddened heart.

S. O. Y.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER TWO.

THE HISTORY OF MOSES.

THERE was sorrow in Israel when weary years had wasted away beneath the oppressor's yoke, and there seemed no one to succor, no arm to save. Bitter and mournful were the cries that ascended to Heaven, pleading for mercy and justice. Labor, cruel labor and bondage, had been the portion of the Israelites, under their hard task-masters; yet woes far greater than these were given them to suffer. Their children, their dearly-loved infants, were savagely slain at the pleasure of Egypt's remorseless king. Still the voice of their groaning seemed unheard, for they had turned away from their fathers' GOD, and had worshipped idols.

The decree which went forth from the throne of the Pharaohs drenched the land in the blood of innocents; but while every where was heard the voice of wailing and mourning, mothers weeping for their children, 'and refusing to be comforted, because they were not,' one there was, who, through three months of agonizing suspense, had been enabled to secrete her infant; he who was destined in after years to be Israel's hope. But when at last the conviction forced itself upon her mind that he no longer could be concealed, she, trusting to his beauty as a means for procuring his preservation, should he be discovered, and to that divine Providence which had so long watched him, placed him in a basket among the rushes that bordered the majestic Nile.

Scarcely had that mourning mother gone, when the king's daughter, with her train of maidens, came to the water's edge: in the simple language of Scripture, 'the babe lifted up its voice and wept;' and the princess's curiosity being excited, the child was brought to her, whose beauty made her then resolve to adopt him as her own; 'and he shall be called Moses,' said she, 'because I drew him out of the water.'

And now, Israel, cease thy mourning, for the time of thy redemption draweth nigh! GOD has heard the voice of thy complaint, and in the infant, plucked as a brand from the burning, will raise up for thee a leader strong and mighty, who will burst the bonds that so long have enchained thee. Free as a river shalt thou go, and from captivity's dark reign he shall safely lead thee to the promised land.

Moses' education well befitted the son of a princess. 'He was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.' He saw and attempted to redress injuries which his people sustained, but for his first act as an avenger he incurred the resentment of the king; therefore he fled to the land of Midian,

where he dwelt forty years, contented with his employment as a shepherd, and constantly increasing in that meekness and patience so conspicuously seen in his after life.

But the time had now come when Israel should be redeemed; and GOD appeared unto Moses in a burning bush to acquaint him with his will. And here is an instance when his obedience to GOD must have been sorely tried. He had resigned all thoughts of relieving his oppressed brethren; they were ignorant and perverse. Egypt's king was great and strong; how could *he*, a stranger to him, expect to achieve their deliverance? But GOD said: 'Certainly I will be with thee!' How much was implied in this! There was *nothing* to fear, for HIS word had been spoken; and Moses went forth from Midian to Egypt, and standing before Pharaoh, demanded in the name of the LORD the release of the Israelites. He would not hearken; therefore plagues dreadful and noisome were sent upon the land; yet not until ten, each succeeding one more terrific than the last, were sent, did Moses lead in triumph GOD's chosen people out of Egypt.

What could impede their onward course? Their great leader waved his rod, and the sea parted so that they walked through on the dry land. In vain did Pharaoh lead out his hosts to recover them; like bubbles they melted away in the great yest of waves; for the sea turning in its strength upon them, they perished from the land.

Seldom do we read of a character, in sacred or profane history, that displays the patience shown by Moses with the sinful and rebellious children of Israel. Never but *once* did it forsake him; but for that *once* how bitterly he suffered! At Kadesh they murmured for water; and when GOD commanded Moses to *speak* to the rock, and a supply should be granted, he angrily *smote* it, saying: 'How now, ye rebels! must *we* fetch you water out of this rock?' Thus assuming the honor to himself due only to GOD.

For this act, hasty and presumptuous, he was excluded the promised land. With humility he bowed to the decree, and still upheld the people by his doctrine and example.

Never, we may safely say, was mortal so highly honored as Moses; he conversed with the ALMIGHTY face to face, and was the giver of HIS commandments to men. For forty days and nights he remained on Mount Sinai, receiving the instructions of the LORD; and when he was again seen by the Israelites, with awe they stood afar off, not daring to approach one so holy and honored.

His final exhortations are most impressive, and show us how earnestly he sought to make this perverse people truly the servants of GOD. When his duty was fulfilled and the time had come when he should resign his charge, he ascended Mount Nebo, as he was commanded, and viewed the land he might never be allowed to dwell in. Enchanting was the prospect that met his eager gaze:

> 'STRETCHED forth in varied loveliness,
> The Land of Promise smiled,
> Like Eden in its wondrous bloom,
> Magnificent and wild.'

Oh! how yearningly must his eye have wandered over that beauti-

ful scene, and how willingly and even joyfully would he have given himself up to God could he but once have entered there! But all in vain!

—'One look he gave
Toward Jordan's palmy shore;
Fixed was that look and glazed that eye,
Which turned to earth no more!'

S. R. L.

THE 'SLEEP OF DEATH.'

'We are a rare concoction of the elements.'—'The Solitary.'

How mourn earth's children when the angel Life
Flies on the pinions of some mortal breath,
And, when high thoughts, hopes, dreams are springing rife,
Leaves but the clod, the wreck, the ruin—'Death!'

How yield earth's children to the bitter tear
That springs unbidden from its crystal-deep,
When stretched for ever on its lonely bier,
The Dead is left to its last peaceful 'sleep!'

How guard the grave, and with what pious care
All sweet remembrances the place invest;
How strew fair flowers, how pile the marble, where
The dead are lying in their sacred 'rest?'

How place the sentinel, and build the wall,
And close the door upon the silent tomb.
And think (life's fitful fever o'er) now all
Rests calm within its consecrated gloom?

'Rest!'—if from airs circling this nether earth
We hoop creation with a vision-ring,
From its dense centre to that outer girth,
Through all its atoms, there is no such thing!

A spirit ever in the aërial waste,
Waves her white wand, and points its magic range,
And in earth's ceaseless workings may be traced
The one mysterious word she utters—Change!

'Sleep!'—If some vast ponderous orb is rent,
And wide projected through the silver sheen,
And forms new systems in the firmament,
Is 'sleep' the busy interval between?

As stars revolve each in their given bounds,
And still course on with ever-shifting ray,
So has each atom its eternal round,
Its uses changing in eccentric play.

Death! — The flaming fire, the wild tempestuous wave,
Earth's quickening matter and the stormy breeze,
These, thy resolvents, steal thee from the grave —
These are thyself, for thou art made of these.

Why mourn the Dead? There *is* no death: or why,
If change be death, not plant the cypress urn,
For all, septennially, and as we die,
Weep each our own departed selves in turn.*

Why mourn the Dead? The spirit, like the flesh,
Has its sweet changes, and the sea of soul
With a deep ebb and flow keeps ever fresh,
'Tween greener banks and fairer fields to roam. F. Kossell.

THE OLD INDIANS OF LONG-ISLAND.

The memorials of the Indian race are fast vanishing away, and their very traditions must soon perish with the last man. States and governments have existed with us for too short a space to make one search with reverence among their dusty archives. But there is a hoary relic of the past, whose associations shall overmaster us with their power. The grandæval oak stands in the American wilderness. Centuries look down from it, even as from the heights of the Pyramids. It is enough to make the heart throb to stand in its religious gloom, where a yet deep silence reigns, and only the sound of the paralytic leaf is heard, and the deer is gone from your presence like a spirit:

'Non sine vano
Aurarum, et siliiæ metu.'

Yes, the very deer has outlived its pursuers; fit emblem of a race which flieth fleetly before civilization, and has left scarcely 'footsteps on the sands of time.'

Now or never we collect a few vestiges together. Let the task be accomplished while some tribes of these poor barbarians yet exist beyond the Great River. The axe of the pioneer flashes in the western wilderness. The crash of the tall tree startles the trapper at his work. The last tribute of wampum shall soon be exacted from the tributary tribe. Outposts and inhabited spots shall be occupied by the seats of a greedy commerce; and here too the spirit of the age shall be to press onward, to grasp, to accomplish, to 'realize' the Present, not to reverence the Past.

Now it is the sacred office of wealth, education, and a more refined

* The body is said to completely renew its particles once in seven years.

culture to make one step in advance of the sturdy emigrant, and snatch what is precious from irreligious hands. Or is veneration and a right feeling too retarded even here for such a step? Are we so poor that the acquisition of wealth is as yet every thing, and that a taste cannot be promoted until the materials for its gratification have been destroyed? Alas! that the relics of one barbarism should be trampled upon by another which has in it less of poetry than the first! The savage respects the graves of his fathers, but the civilized man profanes the sepulchres of the dead. We would propose the project of a great National Museum for the antiquities of America. What a noble institution might be founded by the zeal and wealth of our citizens! What splendid materials might be yet collected on the whole continent, and stored away in our commercial metropolis, safe from the ravages of time, for successive generations to study attentively and regard!

We would have a Hall of Sculpture, enriched with fragments from those vast mysterious cities of America which the gigantic vegetation of the forest has for so many ages concealed in its embrace; the cunning statues hurled from their pedestals, and now first torn from the strong arms of the vine; the carved work of temples and monuments written over with strange characters, urns, vases, sarcophagi, and elaborate workmanship, which shall remind one of the wonders of Egyptian art. Pictures and hieroglyphics should fill a chamber where the antiquarian might yet decipher and deduce the history of the unknown race.

The ruder arts of many northern tribes might be illustrated in an immense collection of trophies yet to be found; spoils taken from enemies; the scalping-knife, the spear, the tomahawk, arrow-heads of flint, war-clubs, a few of which are now found in the collections of the curious, might form the beginning of a gallery whose ample cases should furnish an insight into the whole routine of Indian life. Every thing, from the tents of skins and wigwams under which their chiefs assemble, to the smallest relic of individual contrivance and ingenuity, should be brought together with a scrupulous care; and as in Dunn's Museum, which so admirably exhibits the arts of the Chinese, we would assemble groups whose costume should be perfect, and features true to the life; the great men met together in council, the meeting of ceremony, the occasional visit, the festal board, the wild orgies of intoxication, the ambuscade, the fight, the dance: the big warrior encased in gaudy trappings and ornaments, the dandy who is found so curiously to resemble in every point of attention to his own person the same animal as existing in civilized cities, *sui generis* as to his own tribe, who will spend hours in smoothing down his black locks, and gaze admiringly at his own image in the fragment of a mirror; the great prophet of evil and of good, who knoweth the Present, the Past, and the Future; Red-Jacket and Osceola, Rattlesnake and Tecumseh, and the wild beauties of the wilderness, Curling-Smoke, and Prairie-Flower, Morning-Glory, Crystal-River, and sweet May-Blossom; these and others, which there is not space to mention, should awaken indescribable thoughts and associations, incite the ardent to a more serious

and determined investigation, and bring forth many a slumbering Iliad from the accumulated dust of time.

What Indian poems even yet tremble on the lips of Tradition! How many a thought of beauty early-born transmits its image over vast space, as a star of Heaven glows on the peaceful wave! How many a martial strain comes sounding through the arches of the forest as through a temple-nave! What passionate eloquence bursts from the lips of the old chief, as he is driven from the home which he loves so tenderly, and turns his face toward the Father of Waters! What poetry is extant of an age whose roughness is consistent with the true sublime, and whose unhewn grandeur of images is upheaved only by the strength of lusty, savage youth. The pencil also should be invoked to commemorate that which is fast vanishing, and the painter should plant his easel and transfer the tints of those rough landscapes, soon to be softened by culture. He should catch the savage life as it breathed and exulted before him, even as the painter of old told the bold truth of those glowing limbs exhibited in the Palæstra. To accomplish all this would be indeed a long, laborious enterprise, but to begin it in due time should be the pride and duty of a great and intellectual people. Pompeii connects the thoughts of the traveller by indescribable sensations with the Past, in the monuments of one effeminate city: here would be deeper food for the poet, the historian, the philosopher, in relics preserved from the devastation of a continent, and the annihilation of a race.

Let us glance at the history of the tribes on the island of Long-Island, which is over one hundred miles in length. Those who have followed the course of its inlets and shores must have been struck with the accumulation of shells, piled up several feet, and of immense extent, the deposit of ages. These mark the site of manufactories of wampum, or 'Indian-money,' for in the most extensive shell-banks it is rare to find a whole shell, all having been broken in the process. The Poquanhock, or Quahaug, and the Perriwinkle were here in plenty, and frequent attacks were made by the Mohawks, and other powerful tribes, for the purpose of compelling tribute in this article, on *Sewan-hacky*, or the Island of Shells. This kind of circulating medium appears to have been common, as it still is among all the American tribes. We noticed lately in the hands of a person a short string of wampum which is yet manufactured in the state of New-Jersey, and passes for money at the country stores, about twenty beads for a shilling. These are taken to the city and afterward disposed of to the western trappers and traders, who buy furs with them beyond the mountains. 'The seawan' (or wampum,) says Thompson in his History of Long-Island, 'was manufactured most abundantly on Long-Island. Three beads of black and six of white were equivalent among the English to a penny, and among the Dutch to a stuyver. But with the latter the equivalent number sometimes varied from three and six, to four and eight. One of Governor Minuit's successors fixed by placard the price of 'good splendid sewan of Manhattan' at four for a stuyver. A string of this money a fathom long varied in price from five shillings among the New-Englanders (after the Dutch gave

them a knowledge of it) to four guilders, or one dollar and sixty-six cents, among the Dutch. Judging from the immense deposits of shells alone on this island, we may conjecture that the Indian population must have been numerous, and from the precise knowledge which we have of the history of this part, where the contact of the whites was so early, some idea may be formed of the rapid rate of extermination on this continent. From Coney-Island, (where it is highly probable that Hendrick Hudson and his brave crew of eighteen men landed from the 'Crescent or Half-Moon' in 1609) to Montauk-Point on the East, there existed thirteen tribes. In 'Denton's History of New-York,'* published only sixty years afterward, (1670) we find the following: 'Long-Island is inhabited from one end to the other. There are now but few Indians, and those few no ways hurtful, but rather serviceable to the English; and it is to be admired, how strangely they have decreased, by the hand of GOD, since the English first settling in these parts. For since my time, where there were six towns, they are reduced to two small villages; and it has been generally observed, that where the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting-off the Indians, either by wars one with another, or by some raging, mortal disease.'

This is quaint indeed! We may add that those 'two small villages' are by this time considerably reduced, numbering a few heads of families, and these commingled with darker blood; so that a 'Divine Hand' has very nearly completed the resolute work which began with the arrival of the pale-faces, and the dollar at which an Indian chief once laughed exceedingly to think that the Dutch should place so high a value on it, has utterly superseded the circulation of '*wampum*' or '*sewan-hacky*' on the Island of Shells.

The same writer proceeds in his description of their manners: 'They are great lovers of strong drink, yet do not care for drinking unless they have enough to make themselves drunk; and if there be so many in their company that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually select so many out of their company proportionable to the quantity of drink, and the rest must be spectators; and if any chance to be drunk before he hath finished his proportion, (which is ordinarily a quart of brandy, rum, or strong waters,) the rest will pour the remainder down his throat. They often kill one another at these drunken matches, which the friends of the murdered person do revenge upon the murderer, unless he purchase his life with money, which they sometimes do. For their worship, it is diabolical. It is performed usually but once or twice a year, unless upon some extraordinary occasion, as upon making war, or the like. Their usual time is about Michaelmas, when their corn is first ripe:

* THIS rare and curious production, which must be considered the first Essay toward a History of the Colony of New-York, was written by DANIEL DENTON, eldest son of the Rev. RICHARD DENTON, the first minister of Hempstead, who came with his father from Stamford in 1644. He afterward assisted in the settlement of Jamaica, and was a magistrate there. He was also among those who obtained permission to settle a plantation in New-Jersey, now called Elizabethtown. As only a few copies of this performance now exist, it is respectfully suggested to the New-York Historical Society to republish it in their next volume of collections.

the day being appointed by their chief priest or powow. Most of them go a-hunting for venison. When they all congregate, their priest tells them, if he want money, their god will accept no other offering; which the people believing, every one gives money according to his ability. The priest takes the money, and putting it in some dishes, sets them upon the top of their low, flat-roofed houses, and falls to invocating their god to come and receive it, which with many loud halloos and outcries, knocking the ground with sticks, and beating themselves, is performed by the priest and seconded by the people. After they have thus awhile wearied themselves, the priest, by his conjuration, brings in a Devil among them, in the shape sometimes of a beast and sometimes of a man; at which the people being amazed, not daring to stir, he improves the opportunity, steps out and makes sure of the money, and then returns to lay the spirit, who in the mean time is some time gone, and taken some of the company along with him.

'They fight no pitched fields; but when they have notice of an enemy's approach, they endeavor to secure their wives and children upon some island, or in some thick swamp, and then with their guns and hatchets they way-lay their enemies, some laying behind one, some behind another; and it is a great fight when seven or eight are slain. Any Indian being dead, his name dies with him, no person daring ever after to mention his name; it being not only a breach of their law, but an abuse to his friends and relations present, as if it were done on purpose to renew their grief. And any other that is named after that name doth incontinently change it and take a new one. Their names are not proper set names, as among Christians, but every one invents a new name to himself, which he likes best; some calling themselves 'Rattle-snake,' 'Spunk,' or the like. And if a person die whose name is some word used in speech, they likewise change that word and invent a new one. When their king, or sachem, sits in council, he hath a company of armed men to guard his person; great respect being shown him by the people, which is principally manifested by their silence. After he hath declared the cause of their convention, he demands their opinion, ordering who shall begin. The person ordered to speak, after he hath declared his mind, tells them he hath done; no man ever interrupting any person in his speech, nor offering to speak, though he make never so many and long stops, till he says he hath no more to say. The council having all declared their opinions, the king, after some pause, gives the definitial sentence, which is commonly seconded with a shout from the people, every one seeming to applaud and manifest their assent to what is determined.'

Other traits and characteristics we pass over, as they are not peculiar, but common to all the aborigines; for Indian character is essentially the same. 'Thimble-rigging,' and certain other virtues, it seems they possessed in common with the whites; but in other matters, as that of deferential silence, they stand alone. It is, moreover, a refined custom which does not permit the name of the departed to be appropriated by another. The identical being should be cherished

freshly in memory, and cannot be supplanted by a new image, though gifted with the same name. We notice other delicate instincts, enough to make us regret the entire extinction of the race. Although the 'Monarch of Montauk' fought some battles with the Pequots and Narragansetts, and at last the powerful Five Nations extended their dominion over these parts, and we hear of various 'wars and rumors of wars' waged for the purpose of this shell-tribute, yet the process of extermination would have gone on slowly, in spite of any bloody disposition of the natives, especially as it was considered 'a great battle wherein seven or eight were slain.' It was not until the Devil himself had a hand, or rather the avarice and evil habits of the white man, that the work advanced bravely. Indeed, the Indians themselves had a tradition which seemed to foreshadow something of the kind, and of this we have a full account in Judge Benson's Memoir, read before the Historical Society of New-York in 1816. It seems that the Evil Spirit set up 'a claim against the Indians to Connecticutt,' and being an overmatch for them in skill and spirit, he at first advanced on them; but they having provided there should be constantly reïnforcements on their march, and harassing him incessantly, giving him no rest, by night nor by day, he was obliged finally to fall back.

He retired collected, and, as usual, giving up the ground only inch by inch. He kept close to the Sound, to secure his flank on that side, and having reached Frog's Point, and the waters becoming narrow, and the rocks showing their heads, he stepped from one to the other, and so effected his retreat to Long Island. He at first betook himself, silent and sullen, to Coram, in the middle of the island; but presently rousing himself, with vindictive rage, he collected all the rocks in heaps at Cold Spring, and hurled them across the Sound into Connecticut! Whether he ever visited that state again is uncertain; if so, his stay must have been short, for we must acknowledge that no state in the Union can compare with her for a steady, habitual effort to keep the demon out.

Thus far the Judge: but it is amusing to perceive how soon he changed his opinion of this people; for in a note appended to his discourse—which, by-the-by, is a very curious production—he remarks that he read his memoir in the nick of time, the demon having since not only visited Connecticut, but, it is feared, taken up his abode there; those in opposition to the federal party having under a new name he instigated them to assume, ('Tolerationists,') prevailed at last in the elections throughout, and the pride, steadiness and salutary habits of the people were 'all—all—all extinct!'

We find several curious deeds executed by the Long Island Indians; one for thirty thousand acres of land, in consideration of 'twenty coates, twenty-four hatchets, twenty-four hoes, twenty-four knives, twenty-four looking-glasses, one hundred minxes; also, the sachems to have libertie ffor themselves to ffish in any or all the cricks and ponds, and hunting upp and downe in the woods without molestation, they giving to the English Inhabytants noe just offence or injurie to their goods and chattels; alsoe, they are to have the

ffynnes and tayles of all such wales as shall be cast upp; alsoe, they reserve libertie to ffish in convenient places ffor shells to make wampum; alsoe, Indyans hunting any deare, they should chase into the water, and the English should kill them, the English shall have the body and the sachems the skin; and in testimony of our well performance hereof we have set our hands,' etc.; signed by the Monarch of Montauk and three of the neighboring sachems.

An interview of rather an extraordinary character took place at New-York on the second of April, 1691, between Governor Slaughter and a sachem of Long-Island, who was attended by his two sons and some twenty other Indians. The sachem, on being introduced, congratulated Slaughter in an eloquent manner, and claimed his friendship and protection, observing that he had fancied his Excellency as a mighty, tall tree, with wide-spreading branches, and therefore prayed leave to stoop under the shadow thereof. 'Of old,' said he, 'the Indians were a great and mighty people, but now they are reduced to a mere handful.'

In 1761 the Indians had so diminished on Long Island as in some places to have entirely disappeared, while in others they were greatly reduced; and even the once powerful Montauks could at that time number only thirty-eight families. They have gradually wasted away, and are now 'clean gone forever.' In the eloquent language of another: 'As a race, they have withered from the land: their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fires have long since gone out on the shore, and the war-cry of their red brothers is fast dying away in the untrodden west. Ages hence the inquisitive white man will ponder upon their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of people they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.' F. W. S.

STANZAS: CONSTANCY.

In hours of silent loneliness I long again to greet
Those eyes whose glance in days agone it thrilled my soul to meet;
To feel re-clasped, so fond and fast, my hand within thine own,
To gaze upon thy friendly face — to hear thy kindly tone.

And yet at times a shrinking fear my heavy heart doth fill,
That I should meet a careless glance, at which no pulse would thrill;
That now my burning hand would rest but light and cold in thine,
Thy face not wear the olden smile — the old tone answer mine.

Away distrust! I am the same! — unchanged I know *thou* art;
Thy glance will speak the sympathy still dwelling in each heart:
My hand in thine, as true and warm, thou long and fond shall hold,
And I still meet, to glad my heart, the look and tone of old! J. H. Bixby.

THE INVITATION OF VENUS.

When the amorous bee
 Kisses each fair flower,
Come, then come to me,
 In my rosy bower;
 From my lip
 Thou shalt sip
 Sweets of magic power.

When the sun-flower turns
 Her head to the eastern sea,
And with love of the bright sun burns,
 Come, then come to me:
 In thy arms
 All my charms
 Shall unfolded be.

When the lily bows
 Her head to the wave so free,
When the rose-bud blows,
 Come, then come to me:
 On my breast
 Thou shalt rest
 In visions of ecstacy.

G. C. S. B.

GERMAN SCHOLAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

The people of Eisenach, one of the minor towns in Upper Saxony, are proud as Sin; not of their cathedral, for they have but an indifferent one; nor, for the same reason, of their town-hall, nor of any other building. They have no commerce, no great merchant, or baron, or man of fame, living with them; neither did their town ever give birth to one: not even in the old church-yard does an illustrious man sleep. 'Pride and poverty go together,' says the maxim, and Eisenach is a town poor enough; but not for this are they proud. It is because a certain scholar, who went by the name of Martin, and attended their Gymnasium, in 1497, '8 and '9, was so poor, that to obtain a living he was forced to sing ballads and beg through their streets. If they are asked by the chance traveller what curiosities their place affords, will they show where the 'hook-nosed Roman' fought a battle, or point to the ruins of the old castle of Wartburg? No: they will show the poor student's room. 'Here he slept, there he sat; through this door he passed a thousand times.' Are beggars so rare?—shall starving men be an honor to a city? Because you, a scholar, have no money and no food, save such as

comes by chance, shall the city you live in be a legendary one for that? Perhaps. With veneration we look on the past, not as having done good; not as having been remarkable for giving bread to those who deserved it; not as worthy of imitation, either in virtue or humanity, but as having starved, murdered, driven into exile and crucified its noblest men, and trampled on the dearest rights of mankind. We speak of 'the good old times' as being better than those of to day, because witchcraft was punished with a lingering death; because Christians were butchered, and the unhappy criminals who could confess nothing were tortured with the rack, thumb-screw, 'scavenger's daughter,' iron-gauntlet, 'little-ease,' etc., and because they produced so many devastating wars, horrible murders, plagues, and in one word, every possible calamity. Why then should not the people of Eisenach be proud of the poor scholar begging through their streets? Could they have the same feeling of exaltation had Martin been voted money by the town-council for his maintenance? No!

One day, Egmont, page of the Elector Fredric, came from the castle to the Gymnasium, and knocked at the student's door. He was bidden to come in. Egmont was struck with the appearance of poverty on every thing. The furniture was no more than a mattress on the floor, with a cloak for covering; two stools, a stone pitcher, an iron tallow-lamp, and a chest. On this Martin was seated, with a book in one hand and a piece of black bread in the other. Egmont obeyed the scholar's motion to sit, and then stated his business:

'The tutor of my lord's family is ill, and I was directed to the Gymnasium to find some one fit to take his place. Professor Klütz recommended you.'

'My little friend,' said Martin, 'the Elector knows he can command me. Who are to be under my care?'

Egmont replied: 'There is only his lordship's son, about my age, and his cousin, who cannot yet read. You will have plenty of good provant, plenty of time, and the company of ever so many young ladies. The Baron Ernestein is to be there to-day or to-morrow, when there will be such fine music and such pretty songs as cannot be heard within a thousand miles, and mayhap not even there; then you will get money, so that you can buy you a red coat, and a vest covered with golden stars, or any thing else you wish. I would I were a tutor!'

'Peace, boy!' said Martin; 'you are a fool! Tell your master I will come to-morrow—perhaps this evening.'

When this boy grew older he was Martin's friend; and friends they were to the grave. In manhood they were called to pass through such scenes and trials as fall to the lot of but few men. What might not have been expected, Egmont was one of the most serious and solemn of his race.

The evening of that day Martin left Eisenach, and a short time after dark came in sight of the castle of Wartburg. As he approached the feudal towers, weary, penniless and hungry, seeing through the lofty trees the lights gleam, and hearing the bell rung,

announcing the arrival of some great man; not knowing what reception he, a youth not eighteen, should receive from the proud and gay; ay, even after he had entered the hall and sat unnoticed a long time, little did he think that in after years he should be a great guest at that castle, though a persecuted and hunted man, and be protected with defiance near ten months by the Elector himself.

After a while, Egmont, amidst the bustle, saw the scholar, and taking him into the pantry, served him with a substantial supper. He then conducted him into a large room, full of light and people, to the farther end, where Fredric sat. The Elector spoke kindly to him, saying that his time would be but little occupied, so that he could, when he chose, have access to the library, where he would find many valuable books; and gave orders that all his wants should be properly anticipated. Fredric then put into his hands a few thalers, and bowed. Martin scarcely left the room, yet saw many gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen; still, notwithstanding his bashfulness, he dared to think within himself that the whole display was one of vanity.

In his apartment he found a clean bed, ewer and napkins, arrangements for toilette, cushioned chairs, table, etc. The light being left, he took up a book and saw, with smiling joy, that it was the Phædon of Plato. He had heard much of it, and now he could scarcely be more gratified. As he was sitting late, absorbed in 'The Divine,' he heard the music of a harp in the next room, and immediately after, a sweet voice. Of one who had fought long and well in heathen lands, and returning to his estate, found it usurped and his love married to the usurper; of his fright, that terminated in madness and death, on seeing the knight, and the marriage to the joyful widow — of these was the song. Martin in his sleep dreamed much of the singer, and awoke disappointed at not finding his dream realized. He sat up in bed a long while, wondering if the gay lady was made of the same material as his mother, and whether she could ever love.

There were many at breakfast beside the scholar, most of them of noble blood, and seven of them ladies, whose beauty was so heightened by their dress, that Martin thought he had nowhere before seen such fair beings. One of them, about eighteen, was asked if she did not sing late last night; to which she only answered by blushing; when all at the table bestowed the usual praise, for it was presumed all had listened. Martin soon learned her name to be Catherine de Bora, a noble lady of a powerful family, and its sole heir. He sighed at this information, for he had dreamed what, awake, would never have entered his thoughts.

During the morning Martin visited the sick tutor. He was no more than twenty-five, but an excellent scholar, of amiable character, and admired by all who knew him. He had been attacked by a fever, and now lay subject to its most virulent manifestations. Only a few minutes at a time was he sane; then he raved, in Greek, and sometimes repeating long passages from the Prometheus of Æschylus, or from Homer's Odyssey; at other times, in the same language,

would he complain of the usurpation and insolence of the great and the wrongs of the poor. As Greek seemed to be the language in which he thought, Martin addressed him in that tongue, to which, with a sudden start, he would answer, while tears coursed down his cheeks. Thus commenced a friendship which ended in death.

Martin took charge of the boys, and instructed them successfully. All his leisure time was spent at the tutor's bedside. When the fever turned, and he was growing gradually better, they would hold each other's hands, and look into each other's eyes a long time without speaking; then they would smile, perchance laugh. When he slept, Martin would take his books thither and study, reserving only the morning and evening for exercise. The great folks admired this conduct, and said every thing calculated to cause pride.

When the leaves fell, and the wild winds at night shook the large branches together with a mournful sound, and the inmates of the castle awoke, and found the earth covered with the frost-snow, the earliest arisen would see Martin returning from a walk in the forest, or by the ice-skimmed river. On one of these occasions, as he was passing through a grove of oaks, where the deer fed when grass was green, he overtook Catherine with her maid. He wished her a good morning, and she inquired after his friend's health. They then touched on other matters, and finally on various things to the delight and instruction of both. After that they were acquaintances — friends. Many a time did she require his assistance to render a line from the French or Italian, and many an hour, seated by the large window of the library, did he assist her.

The holiday were a merry time. There were feasting and dancing, great dinners, and nights of revelry. When they were past, Martin returned to the gymnasium and Theodore to his pupils. The Elector, by Martin's recommendation, placed Egmont in the same school, where his progress answered the expectations of all.

Theodore and Martin met often. They walked, sang, read and declaimed together. They had no greater pleasure than to meet, no greater sorrow than to part.

Theodore was destined to be the means of a complete change in his friend's character; yes, though an humble individual, destined to produce by his death a revolution in Europe. It was thus:

'One evening in June he walked to Eisenach, and tarrying late, Martin agreed to accompany him to the castle and there sleep. They walked hastily to avoid a storm which was gathering, but ere they reached the castle a few drops fell. They walked faster, hoping they were not quite too late; they hear the rain chasing behind; they run, the gates are within a few yards; a dozen drops are launched on them; without warning a flash of lightning descends, and Theodore falls. Martin calls to his friend, but he makes no answer; he feels his pulse, but it beats not; and the next flash shows that he is dead.

'The poor scholar's agony can have no representation by words. He calls for the servants, he shrieks for his beloved friend, he falls upon the earth, and seems as inanimate as the dead beside him. That night few, save the most noble in the castle, slept. Martin soon re-

vived, and sat even till after day-break, holding the hand of the dead in his. The body had already mortified, and was interred without delay. That same day his friend Catherine retired to a convent, with the suspicion in the minds of many that she loved in vain.

The friendship of youth, from being natural, is more enduring than that which is formed at a later period. After Theodore's death Martin was changed. He reflected that his life had been spared in a miraculous manner, and he could but look on the mercy as a command that he should consecrate himself to Heaven.

He went to the University of Erfurt and became distinguished for the earnestness and decision of his character. Upon graduating, he became an Augustinian Friar, and passed whole days and nights without food.

About this time, Pope Leo X., finding his treasury exhausted, took means to replenish it by granting indulgences. In the district where our hero resided the Augustinians were deprived of the lucrative granting-office, which they had long enjoyed, and the Dominicans appointed instead. Martin, now better known by his father's name, was directed to defend the cause of his sect. Upon examination, which, as usual with him, was vigorous, he discovered that the whole system of granting indulgences had no foundation in the Bible, not even in reason. Truth he was never afraid to proclaim. Accordingly, on the 31st of October, 1517, he affixed to the gates of the University of Wittenberg ninety-five propositions attacking the whole doctrine of granting indulgences.

This was the commencement of that revolution which in a few years, spread through the German States, France, and the British isles; and the Protestant religion became that of both serf and king.

In 1525, he was married to Catherine de Bora, by whom he had six children. She was converted some time previously, by accidentally coming across and reading one of his works, and fled with six other nuns from the place of their confinement, the convent of Nimtsch.

Perhaps I have dwelt too particularly on what may be considered the less important part of the great Reformer's life. But it is a fact, admitted by all historians, that the death of Theodore only deterred him from the study of the law. This was the point which I wished to show; for his subsequent career is too well known for me to attempt to illuminate, it being identified with all the movements in the revolution, till his death. This occurred at his native place, Eisleben, in 1546.

No wonder the simple burghers of Eisenach are proud that Martin Luther, when a poor student, begged his bread through their streets; and there is but little doubt that towns of far more importance than Eisenach will lay claim hereafter to a room or street as sacred, where to day some poor scholar, unknown, friendless, broken in health and half-famished, is sowing the seeds of intellectuality which are destined to ripen into golden harvest for the world to reap. N. C. M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VANITY-FAIR: A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

FOR acute observation and perception of the actions and motives of the English world; for humor keen and inexhaustible; for an exquisite sense of the burlesque and the *bizarre;* and for rare ability to portray those 'persons and things' in which these characteristics are embodied and developed; commend us to CHAWLS-YELLOW-PLUSH-MICHEL-ANGELO-TITMARSH-JEAMES-WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, Esquire, of 'London town,' in Old England; and moreover, commend us to his last work, the one now before us, as the best we have ever seen from his pen. The idea of 'Vanity-Fair' we have no doubt was suggested to the author by good old JOHN BUNYAN, in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' He certainly has portrayed many characters that might have sat upon the jury who tried CHRISTIAN and FAITHFUL, in the 'Vanity-Fair' which they visited, on their way to the 'Celestial City.' Step in, reader, to our author's 'Vanity-Fair,' and look at the performances. 'There are scenes of all sorts; some dreadful combats, some grand and lofty horse-riding, some scenes of high life, and some very middling indeed; some love-making for the sentimental, and some light comic business; the whole accompanied by appropriate scenery, and brilliantly illuminated with the author's own candles.' The 'show' has been received with great favor in all the principal towns of England through which it has passed; and we can safely predict that it will meet with as entire success in America. But let us raise the curtain and give the reader a hurried glimpse of some of the performers. We shall not give a consecutive exposition of them, nor attempt to set forth in their order the diversified and lively incidents of the work; but shall endeavor rather to treat the reader to such 'bits' of good 'composition' as have forcibly impressed us in the perusal. Here is a personal sketch of Mr. JOSEPH SEDLEY, of the Hon. East-India Company's Service, a young man who bears a somewhat conspicuous part in the work, and who comes home sporting a military frock-coat, ornamented with frogs, knobs, black buttons, and meandering embroidery:

'HIS name appeared, at the period of which we write, in the Bengal division of the East India Register, as collector of Boggley Wollah, an honorable and lucrative post, as every body knows: in order to know to what higher posts JOSEPH rose in the service the reader is referred to the same periodical.

'Boggley Wollah is situated in a fine, lonely, marshy, jungly district, famous for snipe-shooting, and where not unfrequently you may flush a tiger. Ramgunge, where there is a magistrate, is only forty miles off, and there is a cavalry station about thirty miles farther; so JOSEPH wrote home to his parents, when he took possession of his collectorship. He had lived for about eight years of his life, quite alone, at this charming place, scarcely seeing a Christian face, except twice a year, when the detachment arrived to carry off the revenues which he had collected to Calcutta.

'Luckily, at this time he caught a liver complaint, for the cure of which he returned to Europe, and which was the source of great comfort and amusement to him in his native country.'

We were a good deal amused with a scene at the seminary of Dr. SWISHTAIL, wherein a good-hearted humble boy named DOBBIN administered 'Jesse' to a young tyrannical parvenu, who wished to make a little boy his 'fag,' for which purpose he was pummelling him. His little school-fellows used to call him 'Heigh-ho DOBBIN,' 'Gee-ho DOBBIN,' and other contemptuous names, which he bore with all due meekness and humility, being apparently a quiet, clumsy, and very dull young gentleman; but 'he *was n't*, exactly:'

'His parent was a grocer in the city: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. SWISHTAIL'S academy upon what are called 'mutual principles;' that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there, almost at the bottom of the school, in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting, as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment,) and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young DOBBIN when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hard-bake and polonies, espied the cart of DOBBIN AND RUDGE, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames-street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

'Young DOBBIN had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful and merciless against him. 'Hullo, DOBBIN,' one wag would say, 'here 's good news in the paper: sugars is ris', my boy!' Another would set a sum: 'If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must DOBBIN cost?' and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all.'

A letter from one of his school-mates, written at this time, gives a characteristic account of the fight to which we have alluded:

'*Sugar-cane House, Richmond, March*, 18—.

'DEAR MAMMA: I hopo you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between CUFF & DOBBIN. CUFF, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and DOBBIN Licked. So CUFF is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. CUFF was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and FIGS would n't stand it. We call him figs because his father is a Grocer; FIGS & RUDGE, Thames-street, City. I think, as he fought for me, you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his father's. CUFF goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am,

'Your dutiful Son,

'GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

'P. S. Give my love to little EMMY. I am cutting her out a Coach in card-board.'

This same GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE, by-the-by, a selfish, spoiled child, but with one or two good points about him; who comes to be adored by a lovely girl, whose affection he is disposed to disregard, and the promotion of whose happiness he subsequently neglects; this OSBORNE has the impudence to marry a girl for whom his father had himself designed him until her father had lost his fortune. But let us take a glance at 'old OSBORNE, Junior,' as 'poor POWER' used to say:

'BEHIND Mr. OSBORNE'S dining-room was the usual apartment which went in his house by the name of the study; and was sacred to the master of the house. Hither Mr. OSBORNE would retire on a Sunday forenoon, when not minded to go to church; and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed book-cases were here, containing standard works in stout gilt bindings. The 'Annual Register,' the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'BLAIR'S Sermons,' and 'HUME and SMOLLET.' From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf; but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there was no dinner party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the Peerage, and the servants being rung up to the dining parlor, OSBORNE read the evening service to his family in a loud, grating, pompous voice. No member of the household, child or domestic, ever entered that room without a certain terror. Here he checked the housekeeper's accounts, and overhauled the butler's cellar-book. Hence he could command, across the clean, gravel court-yard, the back entrance of the stables with which one of his bells communicated, and into this yard the coachmen issued from his premises as into a dock, and OSBORNE swore at him from the study window. Four times a year Miss WIRT entered this apartment to get her salary; and his daughters to receive their quarterly allowance. GEORGE, as a boy, had been horsewhipped in

the room many times; his mother sitting sick on the stairs listening to the cuts of the whip. The boy was scarcely ever known to cry under the punishment: the poor woman used to fondle and kiss him secretly, and give him money to soothe him when he came out.'

SUCH is the man who took summary vengeance on his son for daring to think and act for himself in a matter which might be supposed *rather* more deeply to concern his individual happiness than that of 'the old man:'

'IN the large shining mahogany escritoir Mr. OSBORNE had a drawer especially devoted to his son's affairs and papers. Here he kept all the documents relating to him ever since he had been a boy: here were his prize copy-books, and drawing-books, all bearing GEORGE'S hand, and that of the master: here were his first letters in large round hand, sending his love to papa and mamma, and conveying his petitions for a cake. His dear godpapa SEDLEY was more than once mentioned in them. Curses quivered on old OSBORNE'S livid lips, and horrid hatred and disappointment writhed in his heart, as looking through some of these papers he came on that name. They were all marked and docketed, and tied with red tape. It was "From Georgy, requesting 5s., April 23, 18—; answered April 25;" or "GEORGY about a pony, October 13"—and so forth. In another packet were "G.'s tailor's bills and outfit, drafts on me by G. OSBORNE, jun.," etc.; his letters from the West Indies; his agent's letters, and the newspapers containing his commission: here was a whip he had when a boy, and in a paper a locket containing his hair, which his mother used to wear.

'Turning one over after another, and musing over the memorials, the unhappy man passed many hours. His dearest vanities, ambitions, hopes, had all been here. What pride he had in his boy! He was the handsomest child ever seen. Every body said he was like a nobleman's son. A royal princess had remarked him, and kissed him, and asked his name in Kew Gardens. What city-man could show such another? Could a prince have been better cared for? Anything that money could buy had been his son's. He used to go down on speech-days with four horses and new liveries, and scatter new shillings among the boys at the school where GEORGE was: when he went with GEORGE to the depôt of his regiment, before the boy embarked for Canada, he gave the officers such a dinner as the DUKE OF YORK might have sat down to. Had he ever refused a bill when GEORGE drew one? There they were—paid without a word. Many a general in the army could'nt ride the horses he had! He had the child before his eyes, on a hundred different days when he remembered GEORGE; after dinner, when he used to come in as bold as a lord and drink off his glass by his father's side, at the head of the table; on the pony at Brighton, when he cleared the hedge and kept up with the huntsman; on the day when he was presented to the PRINCE REGENT at the levee, when all St. James's couldn't produce a finer fellow. And this, this was the end of all!—to marry a bankrupt, and fly in the face of duty and fortune! What humiliation and fury: what pangs of sickening rage, balked ambition and love; what wounds of outraged vanity, tenderness even, had this old worldling now to suffer under!

'Having examined these papers and pondered over this one and the other, in that bitterest of all helpless woe, with which miserable men think of happy past times, GEORGE'S father took the whole of the documents out of the drawer in which he had kept them so long, and locked them into a writing-box, which he tied and sealed with his seal. Then he opened the book-case, and took down the great red Bible we have spoken of; a pompous book, seldom looked at, and shining all over with gold. There was a frontispiece to the volume, representing ABRAHAM sacrificing ISAAC. Here, according to custom, OSBORNE had recorded on the fly-leaf, and in his large clerk-like hand, the dates of his marriage and his wife's death, and the births and Christian names of his children. JANE came first, then GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE, then MARIA FRANCES, and the days of the christening of each. Taking a pen, he carefully obliterated GEORGE'S name from the page; and when the leaf was quite dry, restored the volume to the place from which he had moved it. Then he took a document out of another drawer, where his own private papers were kept; and having read it, crumpled it up and lighted it at one of the candles, and saw it burn entirely away in the grate. It was his will; which having burned, he sat down and wrote off a letter, and rang for his servant, whom he charged to deliver it in the morning. It was morning already: as he went up to bed, the whole house was alight with the sunshine: and the birds were singing among the fresh green leaves in Russell-square.'

With the results which followed this step on the part of the father, and the incidents in the farther history of the son, the reader must make himself acquainted through the pages of the work which records them in detail. We were not a little amused in reading the example of what the author might have done, had he been disposed, instead of describing people as they exist in common life, to represent them as talking and acting as they do no where else save in very high-flown and unnatural novels. Who could not recognise in the following the style of such pen-and-ink 'novelists' as AINSWORTH on the other side of the Atlantic, and the great INGRAHAM on this? The resemblance is daguerreotypical:

'We could easily have constructed a tale of thrilling interest, through the fiery chapters of which the reader should hurry panting. Fancy this chapter having been headed

'THE NIGHT ATTACK.

'The night was dark and wild—the clouds black—black—ink-black. The wild wind tore the chimney-pots from the roofs of the old houses and sent the tiles whirling and crashing through the desolate streets. No soul braved that tempest; the watchmen shrank into their boxes, whither the searching rain followed them—where the crashing thunderbolt fell and destroyed them—one had so been slain opposite the Foundling. A scorched gaberdine, a shivered lantern, a staff rent in twain by the flash, were all that remained of stout WILL STEADFAST. A hackney coachman had been blown off his coach-box, in Southampton Row—and whither? But the whirlwind tells no tidings of its victim, save his parting scream as he is borne onward! Horrible night! It was dark, pitch dark; no moon. No, no. No moon. Not a star. Not a little feeble, twinkling, solitary star. There had been one at early evening, but he showed his face shuddering, for a moment in the black heaven, and then retreated back.

'One, two, three! It is the signal that BLACK VIZARD had agreed on.

''MOFY! is that your snum?' said a voice from the area. 'I'll gully the dag and bimbole the clicky in a snuffkin.'

''Nuffle your clod, and beladle your glumbanions,' said VIZARD, with a dreadful oath. 'This way, men; if they screak, out with your snickers and slick! Look to the pewter room, BLOWSER. You, MARK, to the old gaff's mopus box! and I,' added he, in a lower but more horrible voice, 'I will look to Amelia!'

'There was a dead silence. 'Ha!' said VIZARD, 'was that the click of a pistol?'

The imitation of the genteel rose-water style of fashionable novels is equally close and felicitous; a style thickly sprinkled with bad French, and as devoid of genius or talent as the very paper upon which the trash is printed. One of the best drawn characters is that of REBECCA, the scheming governess; sly, cunning, clever, unprincipled, and a thorough 'woman of the world,' in the worst acceptation of the term. Her career forms an admirable lesson, but we cannot even indicate it. We should like to give outline-sketches of Sir PETER CRAWLEY, a vulgar English baronet, who 'has a taste for law, which costs him many thousands yearly; and who, being a great deal too clever to be robbed by any single agent, allows his affairs to be mismanaged by a dozen, whom he all equally mistrusts; who is such a sharp landlord, that he can hardly find any but bankrupt tenants; and such a close farmer, that he grudges almost the seed to the ground, whereupon revengeful Nature grudges him the crops which she grants to more liberal husbandmen;' of his brother, the worldly clergyman, who wrote a pamphlet on malt, and had the interesting correspondence with the Reverend SILAS HORNBLOWER, the missionary, who was tatooed in the South-Sea islands; who had such a 'bloody' flux of words, and delivered his little voice with such pomposity and pleasure to himself, and never advanced any sentiment or opinion which was not perfectly trite and stale, and supported by a Latin quotation;' of that worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, his spinster sister; and of the elder SEDLEY, the broken-down but still proud SEDLEY; but we *must* present a little sketch of this latter personage, who was in the habit of telling to every body whom he could get to listen such a multitude of ancient histories about himself, when his 'better days' were upon him:

'Mr. DOBBIN went to seek JOHN SEDLEY at his house-of-call in the city, the Tapioca Coffee-house, where, since his own offices were shut up, and fate had overtaken him, the poor, broken-down old gentleman used to betake himself daily, and write letters and receive them, and tie them up into mysterious bundles, several of which he carried in the flaps of his coat. I don't know any thing more dismal than that business, and bustle, and mystery of a ruined man: those letters from the wealthy which he shows you: those worn, greasy documents, promising support, and offering condolence, which he places wistfully before you, and on which he builds his hopes of restoration and future fortune. My beloved reader has, no doubt, in the course of his experience, been waylaid by many such a luckless companion. He takes you into the corner; he has his bundle of papers out of his gaping coat pocket; and the tape off, and the string in his mouth, and the favorite letters selected and laid before you; and who does not know the sad, eager, half-crazy look, which he fixes on you with his hopeless eyes?

'Changed into a man of this sort, DOBBIN found the once florid, jovial, and prosperous JOHN SEDLEY. His coat, that used to be so glossy and trim, was white at the seams, and the buttons showed the copper. His face had fallen in, and was unshorn; his frill and neckcloth hung limp under his bagging waistcoat. When he used to treat the boys in old days, at a coffee-house, he would shout and laugh louder than any body there, and have all the waiters skipping round him; it was quite painful to see how humble and civil he was to JOHN of the Tapioca, a blear-eyed

old attendant, in dingy stockings and cracked pumps, whose business it was to serve glasses of wafers and bumpers of ink in pewter, and slices of paper to the frequenters of this dreary house of entertainment, where nothing else seemed to be consumed. As for WILLIAM DOBBIN, whom he had tipped repeatedly in his youth, and who had been the old gentleman's butt on a thousand occasions, old SEDLEY gave his hand to him in a very hesitating, humble manner now, and called him 'Sir.'

When this poor man became restored in health and fortune the 'whirligig of time brought about his revenges' upon his false enemies and falser friends. But we must pause here, or we shall quite too far exceed our available space. We began, when we commenced the perusal of 'Vanity-Fair,' to designate attractive passages as we read; but as we went on, like a reporter who suspends his pencil when recording the burning thoughts of an eloquent speaker, we lost sight of that professional practice, so intently were we occupied with the scenes and characters portrayed with such masterly skill. A few of these indicated extracts however, we cannot resist the inclination to quote. We were struck with the force of this brief limning. Its application is not confined to London society: 'Which of us can point out in his circle men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal, manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call 'in the inner circles,' and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of the fashion; but of GENTLEMEN how many?' We should like to have afforded the reader a glimpse of lady SOUTHDOWN, the persevering, proselyting religionist, who unweariedly scoured her neighborhood, circulating small 'pious pamphlets,' such as 'The Washerwoman of Finchley Common,' 'A Voice from the Flames,' 'A Trumpet-Warning to Jericho,' 'The Flesh-Pots Broken, or the Converted Cannibal,' etc.; and who would give a tract to one of her peasantry, and order him to be converted, just as she would order a servant to take a dose of medicine. Observe this picture of a boy just 'turning from a gosling to a gander:'

'JAMES CRAWLEY, when his aunt had last beheld him, was a gawky lad, at that uncomfortable age when the voice varies between an unearthly treble and a preternatural bass; when the face not uncommonly blooms out with appearances for which ROWLAND'S Kalydor is said to act as a cure; when boys are seen to shave furtively with their sisters' scissors, and the sight of other young women produces intolerable sensations of terror in them; when the great hands and ankles protrude a long way from garments which have grown too tight for them; when their presence after dinner is at once frightful to the ladies, who are whispering in the twilight in the drawing-room, and inexpressibly odious to the gentlemen over the mahogany, who are restrained from freedom of intercourse and delightful interchange of wit by the presence of that gawky innocence; when, at the conclusion of the second glass, papas say, 'JACK, my boy, go out and see if the evening holds up,' and the youth, willing to be free, yet hurt at not being yet a man, quits the incomplete banquet. JAMES, then a hobbadehoy, was now become a young man, having had the benefits of a university education, and acquired the inestimable polish, which is gained by living in a fast set at a small college, and contracting debts, and being rusticated, and being plucked.'

THACKERAY in a few words, often 'hits the nail of a subject' plump, yet as playfully as the tap of an infant's hand:

'WHAT is the secret mesmerism which friendship possesses, and under the operation of which a person ordinarily sluggish, or cold, or timid, becomes wise, active, and resolute, in another's behalf? As ALEXIS, after a few passes from Dr. ELLIOTSON, despises pain, reads with the back of his head, sees miles off, looks into next week, and performs other wonders, of which, in his own private normal condition, he is quite incapable; so you see, in the affairs of the world and under the magnetism of friendship, the modest man becomes bold, the shy confident, the lazy active, or the impetuous prudent and peaceful. What is it, on the other hand, that makes the lawyer eschew his own cause, and call in his learned brother as an adviser? And what causes the doctor, when ailing, to send for his rival, and not sit down and examine his own tongue in the chimney glass, or write his own prescription at his study table? I throw out these queries for intelligent readers to answer, who know, at once, how credulous we are, and how skeptical, how soft, and how obstinate, how firm for others, and how diffident about ourselves.'

It is the gift of genius to dignify and invest with new interest the simple and the

common. Remark the following thoughts, suggested by a second-floor hall and stair-case of a London dwelling, where the coffin of the elder SEDLEY has been placed by the undertakers:

'THAT stair-case, by which young Master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the club; down which Miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and ball; or master TOMMY slides, preferring the banisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the Mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband's arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down stairs; up which JOHN lurks to bed, yawning with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages; that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick-room, and the undertaker's men to the upper floor; what a memento of Life, Death, and Vanity it is, that arch and stair, if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down! The doctor will come up to us too for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice; and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture-making!' . . . 'However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made; the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner; the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantel-piece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honor, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

'Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week's absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend or your first-born son; a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with JUDAH and SIMEON; our love and pity gush out for BENJAMIN, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be, or shall be—old and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself: 'These people are very good round about me; but they won't grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance; or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me.' . . . 'Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, '*To-morrow*, success or failure wont matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil!'

We leave our readers to the enjoyment of 'Vanity Fair' in its 'entirety;' having done little more, after all, toward affording them a 'taste of its quality' than did the Irishman who brought a few bricks to America to show the superiority of the architecture of Dublin.

CHARMS AND COUNTER-CHARMS: By MARIA J. MCINTOSH, author of 'Two Lives, or to Seem and to Be,' 'Conquest and Self-Conquest,' etc., etc. In one volume. pp. 400. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE are glad to see the name of the gifted author (why should we say '*authoress*,' which, as POLONIUS says, 'is a vile phrase?') at length prefixed to her works; for she has made it an honorable one in our literature. We have already, in our reviews of previous works from the same pen, spoken of the invariable moral and religious excellence of the inculcations educed, and the direct lessons of virtue taught, in her writings; and these rendered eminently attractive by the graces of a style as unpretending as it is natural and pleasing. Would that many popular writers, foreign and indigenous, could look back upon productions which have been sown broad-cast throughout the length and breadth of this great republic, with as little fear of pernicious consequence as the author of the volume before us. As a tale proper, 'Charms and Counter-Charms' possesses attractions of no common order. Its incidents are not over-strained, nor its characters overcharged, nor its dialogues over-written. It is a good work, with a good moral, and we need scarcely add, for the enlightenment of any reader, that it is well written. It will command a wide sale.

PROSPECTUS FOR PUBLISHING AN AMERICAN EDITION OF BOYDELL'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE. New-York: printed by JOHN REED.

DR. SPOONER, an eminent and opulent surgeon-dentist of this city, by a train of fortunate circumstances has become possessed of all the original one hundred copper-plates of BOYDELL'S folio Illustrations of SHAKSPEARE; and believing that he might render the public a service by restoring them to their original beauty, has applied himself with diligence, and with entire success, to effect this object. As a work of art, in design, in execution, in unlimited outlay of time and money, in the employment of the best talent in Great Britain, and in the patronage and cordial support of the king, nobility and gentry of England, BOYDELL'S Illustrations of SHAKSPEARE stands pre-eminent and wholly unrivalled. After having finished a number of the plates, the most worn and difficult to be restored, and taken proofs from them, all the most distinguished artists, engravers and connoisseurs in the city of New-York were invited to examine and scrutinize the work, and to compare critically these proofs with the best copies in America, some of which were engraver's proofs before the letter. The result of this trial was altogether satisfactory; and Dr. SPOONER has, upon their decision, and by the advice of his friends and the lovers of the fine arts, determined to push the work to its entire completion as rapidly as the necessity for accuracy and care will admit. To those who may not be acquainted with this great work, it is only necessary to say, that it contains one hundred plates, all of which are perfect studies, having from ten to twenty full-length figures in the fore-ground, most of which are genuine portraits, in every variety of grouping and composition, and every human passion faithfully delineated, forming a series of very original and striking pictures. Nothing can be done that will have a greater tendency to cultivate a taste for the fine arts in this country than a general circulation of these splendid prints, illustrating as they do the genius of the great poet, and emanating from the most distinguished British artists, such as Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Sir BENJAMIN WEST, Sir WILLIAM BEECHY, FUSELI, ROMNEY, NORTHCOTE, WESTALL, SMIRKE, OPIE, as painters, and SHARPE, BARTOLOZZI, EARLOM, THEW, SIMON, MIDDIMAN, WATSON, FITTLER, WILSON, and many others, as engravers. We have few public galleries of paintings, and must therefore mostly form our taste for this branch of the fine arts from engravings; and these plates are fit to grace the drawing-room or port-folio of any gentleman. Nothing, it is conceded, has a greater tendency to refine the mind, or to add to our harmless pleasure, than the cultivation of the fine arts. Dr. SPOONER will be instrumental in assisting to cultivate the growing taste for the fine arts, even though he should fail in reaping the pecuniary recompense which we are sure a liberal public will bestow upon a project of this nature, involving as it does a very heavy outlay of capital in the commencement, and much risk of loss in its prosecution. The publisher pledges himself to spare no efforts nor expense in perfecting the work, and making it in every way worthy of its magnitude, and of the subjects illustrated. He will issue it in monthly parts, of two or more plates each, at the unprecedented low price of one dollar a plate, to subscribers. BOYDELL'S subscription-price was two guineas, or ten dollars a plate, for the first three hundred proofs, and one guinea a plate for the prints; beside, many noblemen and others made handsome donations, in addition to their subscriptions, to encourage the work; and yet he failed for the enormous sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling! During the life-time of the BOYDELLS it was never sold for less than one hundred guineas a set. Some

of the proofs in former years have brought at public sales fifteen guineas each, in London, and twenty-five dollars in New-York. The work will be printed on thick linen paper, twenty-four by thirty inches, weighing one hundred and forty pounds to the ream. Each print will be accompanied with a stereotype letter-press description of the same, with quotations from the text which it illustrates, printed on the best hot-pressed linen paper, of the same size as the print, with tissue-paper between, which will add greatly to the beauty and interest of the work. In BOYDELL'S editions there is no description of the plates, nor tissue-paper, and only a list of the plates at the end of the volumes. The work, when completed, will form two volumes of surpassing beauty, far superior to any of the old copies now in the country. Two superb copies of the restored plates are now before us; WEST'S great picture of LEAR, the original of which is in Boston, and WESTALL'S King HENRY the Eighth. They could not be more beautiful if they were the original proof-impressions, so admirably has the re-cutting been accomplished. We cordially commend the work to the favor of the public.

CATLIN'S NOTES OF EIGHT YEARS' TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE IN EUROPE, with his North American Indian Collection. In two volumes, octavo. With numerous Illustrations. New-York: BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY.

WE give Mr. CATLIN due credit for these volumes, which are certainly replete with interest; containing, as they do, so many anecdotes and incidents of the travels and adventures of three different parties of American Indians, whom he introduced to the courts of England, France and Belgium. The natural curiosity, the surprise and wonder, which they excited, and the new and strange scenes which excited them, are well depicted by the author, whom we remember with pleasure, as we sat together in the Indian tent, which stood in the middle of his exhibition-room, many years ago, in this city, and the originals of which we had the good fortune to see last summer at Mackinaw, on the lonely Saint-Mary's river, and at the '*Saltstee-maree*,' as the Yankees 'out there' call 'Sault Ste. Marie.' But will our author pardon us while we say, that (most likely insensibly to himself,) his book seems rather a show-man's advertising pamphlet for 'gratuitous circulation' than a carefully-prepared volume for the public acceptance; such a work, in short, (and the hint should not be lost upon our friend of the American Museum,) as MR. BARNUM might easily prepare, with even so small a subject as THOMAS BARNUM THUMB, Esquire, whose carriage and out-riders in livery are passing by our window as we write. But let us not be misunderstood. We need not disclaim any attempt to underrate the services or talents of Mr. CATLIN. His work in two volumes, descriptive of his life and adventures in the 'far West,' while employed in procuring his now celebrated 'Indian Collection,' as our readers will remember, were favorably reviewed in this Magazine, as they well deserved to be. The present work, to adopt the language of a contemporary journal, will be deemed the complement, or filling out and conclusion of the former one; for although treating of Europe, it still turns mainly upon Indians and incidents connected with Indians. This was accidental; for when Mr. CATLIN was in London, exhibiting his Gallery, some parties of North-American Indians were carried over there on speculation, for exhibition. With the origin of the speculation Mr. CATLIN had no connection; but when arrived in London, the Indians themselves decided that CATLIN'S Gallery was the proper place for, and Mr. CATLIN the proper man to superintend, their exhibition. Mr. CATLIN, as some return for the kindness

and hospitality he had met with among the Indians, assented to the proposal of these parties; and the volume before us commemorates, not with much literary skill, to be sure, the incidents of Mr. CATLIN'S tour through England, France and Belgium, and exhibiting both live Indians and the curiosities of dress, arms and ornaments of races far away. The book is quite readable, and we commend its perusal, together with the remarks upon the red race in an article in preceding pages, to the readers of this Magazine throughout the Union.

THE SPIRIT AND SUBJECTS OF STUDY: an Address delivered before the Sigma Pi Society of Illinois College, at its Anniversary in July. By Rev. L. GROSVENOR. St. Louis: BREWSTER AND CASAMAYOU.

AN excellent address, full of thought, and the right kind of thought, plainly and forcibly expressed. We quote a single passage, for which only we have space, in justification of our encomium: 'Nothing is more necessary to the best success of the youthful student than an independent spirit. True learning is not simply to know what PLATO or LOCKE, CALVIN or ARMINIUS, or EDWARDS, has said upon a subject, but to have an opinion of one's own as to which of them has spoken the truth. It is the ability to tell not only what *is* true, but to give a reason *why* it is true. Without independence, a man can never discover what is his own mind, if indeed he have a mind of his own. The mind cannot take wing, any more than the bird, without breaking its shell. No one who suffers himself to be smothered under the eternal incubation of others can ever soar. Men must speak and act and think as living beings, having authority to do these things. It is the fear of darting out of the old turnpike-road that has chained so many down to a grovelling mediocrity. Who can tell how many a gem of genius has been buried in the 'dark, unfathomed mines' of dulness, merely from a slavish fear and unmanly dependence on the wisdom or folly of others? Such men, like the blind, *must* keep the beaten path, striking the staff on each side, and, like them, they go through the world, seeing nothing new, and creeping in privacy and at a snail's pace along the road of knowledge; for no one will act upon what another tells him is truth, unless it is made truth to him by his own convictions. That which appears false or indifferent to an individual is false to him, to all intents and purposes, for he will not act upon it; but a man will act upon what he really believes to be true, and even though it be false, he may do some good in the world, not indeed by his falsities, but by the energies of a believing, earnest spirit, bringing out some truth, which otherwise being cramped by dulness, unbelief or fear, might be hidden in a napkin. He who, by asserting even bold untruths, awakens dormant minds to new exertions in behalf of the truth, does more good than he who only rocks the world to sleep by a lullaby of stagnant common-places.' We are glad to find Mr. GROSVENOR commending old books, with souls in them, written by men because they had somewhat to say, and not merely because they had nothing else to do. It is true, as a quaint old writer remarks, that

> 'ALTHOUGH old writings spere to be rude,
> Yet notwithstanding they do include
> The pythe of a matter most fructuously.'

What CHARLES LAMB says of 'THOMSON'S Seasons' is truer of much older books: 'They look best a little torn and dog-eared.' Putting old books into modern foppish binding is putting old wine into new bottles. They seem desirous, like the ghost of HAMLET'S father, to burst their ceremonious cerements and revisit the glimpses of the moon in their stout old armor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FINAL MEMORIALS OF CHARLES LAMB.—We receive at a late hour from Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, the publishers, a volume entitled '*Literary Sketches and Letters of Charles Lamb.*' None of the contents of the work have ever before been printed. Mr. TALFOURD, the author, and one of LAMB's executors, in a feeling and well-written preface, expresses his belief that these sketches and letters were due to the public, and especially to LAMB's reputation, as throwing new and solemn lights upon his character, and exhibiting the painfully-exciting cause of those frailties for which that indulgence is demanded which he himself never failed to extend to all human weakness. His moral strength, and the extent of his noble self-sacrifice, hitherto unknown, are now given to the world, and will stamp forever the excellence of LAMB's character. What American reader has been aware, or indeed how many English readers until now, that his sister MARY was subject to periods of insanity, a malady hereditary in the family; that in one of her fits of derangement, she killed her own mother by stabbing her to the heart with a table-knife; and that LAMB himself was once insane, and confined for some six weeks in a mad-house? It is a wonder, says his biographer, that amidst all the difficulties, the sorrows, and the excitements of his succeeding forty years it never recurred. The exemption might have arisen, it is thought, from the sudden claim made on his moral and intellectual nature by a terrible exigency, and by his generous answer to that claim; so that a life of self-sacrifice was rewarded by the reservation of unclouded reason. We shall plunge into the volume, *inmedias res*, without farther remarks; quoting mainly from LAMB's epistolary correspondence, concerning which Mr. TALFOURD observes: 'There is scarcely a note, or 'notelet,' as he used to call his very little letters, which has not some tinge of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim, which distinguished him from all other poets and humorists.' In the following passages from two separate letters to COLERIDGE, LAMB describes his own attack:

'COLERIDGE! I know not what suffering scenes you have gone through at Bristol. My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and do n't bite any one. But mad I was! And many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told. COLERIDGE! it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy.'. . . 'I HAVE recovered, but feel a stupor that makes me indifferent to the hopes and fears of this life. I sometimes wish to introduce a religious turn of mind, but habits are strong things, and my religious fervors are confined, alas! to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion. A correspondence, opening with you, has roused me a little from my lethargy and made me conscious of existence. Indulge me in it: I will not be very troublesome! At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns

my phrensy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, COLERIDGE, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems to me vapid, comparatively so.'

LAMB while in his insane prison-house, in his lucid intervals, wrote respectable sonnets, mainly breathing tenderness and affection for his sister, and an equally tender sentiment toward his first and only inamorata. The following to Innocence, is very pretty:

'WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart:
But when, with show of seeming good beguiled,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart,
My loved companion dropt a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Belovéd! who shall tell me where thou art,
In what delicious Eden to be found,
That I may seek thee the wide world around?'

IN another letter to COLERIDGE, written about this time, LAMB says: 'Thank you for your frequent letters: you are the only correspondent, and I might add, the only friend I have in the world. I go no where, and have no acquaintance. Slow of speech, and reserved of manners, no one seeks or cares for my society; and I am left alone. A —— calls only occasionally, as though it were a duty rather, and seldom stays ten minutes. Then judge how thankful I am for your letters.' COLERIDGE, who was in the country, had written to LAMB to come and see him, who writes back: 'The uncertainty in which I yet stand, whether I can come or no, damps my spirits, reduces me a degree below prosaical, and keeps me in a suspense that fluctuates between hope and fear. HOPE is a charming, lively, blue-eyed wench, and I am always glad of her company, but could dispense with the visitor she brings with her — her younger sister, FEAR, a white-livered, lily-cheeked, bashful, palpitating, awkward hussy, that hangs, like a green girl, at her sister's apron-strings, and will go with her wherever she goes.' COLERIDGE'S '*Lines composed in a Concert-Room*' seem to have rather frightened LAMB for the safety of his friend:

—— 'I detest
These scented rooms where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.'

'Have a care, good Master Poet,' says LAMB, 'of the Statute *de Contumeliâ*. What do you mean by calling Madame MARAS harlots and naughty things! The goodness of the verse would not save you in a court of justice.' The following is LAMB'S account, in a letter to COLERIDGE, of the calamity which befel his sister:

'WHITE, or some of my friends, or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines: My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be removed to an hospital. GOD has preserved me my senses; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than to feel. GOD ALMIGHTY have us well in HIS keeping.'

The reader can fancy the dreadful scene presented to the eyes of an affectionate son and loving brother; 'his mother lifeless, pierced to the heart, on a chair, her daugh-

ter yet wildly standing over her with the fatal knife, and the old man, her father, weeping by her side, himself bleeding at the forehead from the effects of a severe blow he received from one of the forks she had been madly hurling about the room.' Here ensues a long extract, but it is too characteristic, too LAMB-like, to be omitted:

'MY poor dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the ALMIGHTY'S judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has past, awful to her mind and impressive (as it must be to the end of life), but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murderer. I have seen her. I found her this morning calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind, and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. GOD be praised, COLERIDGE, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that *most* supported me? I allow much to other favorable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than to regret. On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance like one dying; my father, with his poor forehead plastered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly; my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room, yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense; had endeavored after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the 'ignorant present time,' and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me; this tongue poor MARY got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me: 'If I give into this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses.' I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors,) as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused.) They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them; when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room; a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children's welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good. I mention these things because I hate concealment, and love to give a faithful journal of what passes within me.'

LAMB'S sister, while in the asylum, used to write to her brother, although they saw each other every day. In one of her letters she says: 'I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to awake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the ALMIGHTY has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better.' It is painful to read LAMB'S description of her successive attacks, extending through a series of years. At one time her life was in danger of being placed at the disposition of the crown, in the national asylum; but her brother came to her deliverance. He satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life; and faithfully did he keep his word. Yet he was at intervals, sometimes brief, obliged to write such letters as this, in which mention is made of the death of an aunt. He is writing as usual to COLERIDGE:

'I DON'T know why I write, except from the propensity Misery has to tell her griefs. HETTY died on Friday night, about eleven o'clock, after her long illness; MARY, in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, is fallen ill again, and I was obliged to remove her yesterday. I am left

alone in a house with nothing but HETTY's dead body to keep me company. To-morrow I bury her, and then I shall be quite alone, with nothing but a cat, to remind me that the house has been full of living beings like myself. My heart is quite sunk, and I do n't know where to look for relief. MARY will get better again, but her constantly being liable to such relapses is dreadful; nor is it the least of our evils that her case and all our story is so well known around us. We are in a manner *marked*. Excuse my troubling you, but I have nobody by me to speak to me. I slept out last night, not being able to endure the change and the stillness. But I did not sleep well, and I must come back to my own bed. I am going to try and get a friend to come and be with me to-morrow. I am completely shipwrecked. My head is quite bad. I almost wish that MARY were dead. GOD bless you!'

LAMB at length came to the determination 'to take what pleasure he could between the acts of his distressful drama,' and was gradually led into a wider circle of companionship, which educed sallies of broad mirth, that afterward softened into delicacy, retaining all its whim. The subjoined passage from a letter to his friend MANNING indicates a sort of compromise between a wild gayety and religious impressions obscured but not defaced; intimating his disapprobation of infidelity, with a melancholy sense of his own unworthiness seriously to express it: 'COLERIDGE inquires after you pretty often. I wish to be the pander to bring you together again once before I die. When we die, you and I must part; the sheep, you know, take the right hand, and the goats the left. Stripped of its allegory, you must know, the sheep are *I*, and the Apostles and the Martyrs, and the Popes, and Bishop TAYLOR and Bishop HORSLEY, and COLERIDGE, etc., etc.; the goats are the Atheists and the Adulterers, and dumb dogs, and GODWIN and M G, and that Thyestean crew. Yaw! how my saintship sickens at the idea!' The following is to the same correspondent, acknowledging the receipt of a present of game:

'YOU needed not imagine any apology necessary. Your fine hare and fine birds (which just now are dangling by our kitchen blaze,) discourse most eloquent music in your justification. You just nicked my palate. For, with all due decorum and leave may it be spoken, my worship hath taken physic to-day, and being low and puling, requireth to be pampered. Fah! how beautiful and strong those buttered onions come to my nose! For you must know we extract a divine spirit of gravy from those materials, which, duly compounded with a consistence of bread and cream (y'clept bread-sauce,) each to each, giving double grace, do mutually illustrate and set off (as skilful gold foils to rare jewels) your partridge, pheasant, woodcock, snipe, teal, widgeon, and the other lesser daughters of the ark. Mrs. FRIENDSHIP, struggling with my carnal and fleshly prudence (which suggests that a bird or man is the proper allotment in such cases,) yearneth sometimes to have thee here to pick a wing or so. I question if your Norfolk sauces match our London cookery.'

Here is a 'picture in little' of HAZLITT, the non-producer yet eternal commentator, a most disagreeable person, of bad manners and uncleanly habits, as we hear from those who have known him personally: 'W. HAZLITT is in town. I took him to see a very pretty girl, professedly, where there were two young girls — the very head and sum of the girlery was two young girls — who neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered — but they were young girls; and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper, in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls; they drove him mad.' Here ensue extracts from two letters, addressed to a friend afflicted with the rheumatism. In the first, he pretends to endure all the pain he believes his friend to be suffering, and attributes it to his own incautious habits; in the second he attributes the suffering to his friend, in a strain of exaggeration, probably intended to make the reality more tolerable by comparison:

'WE are afraid you will slip from us from England without again seeing us. It would be charity to come and see one. I have these three days been laid up with strong rheumatic pains in loins, back, shoulders. I shriek sometimes from the violence of them. I get scarce any sleep, and the consequence is, I am restless, and want to change sides as I lie, and I cannot turn without resting on my hands, and so turning all my body all at once, like a log with a lever. While this rainy weather lasts I have no hope of alleviation. I have tried flannels and embrocation in vain. Just at the hip-joint the pangs are sometimes so excruciating, that I cry out. It is as

violent as the cramp, and far more continuous. I am ashamed to whine about these complaints to you, who can ill enter into them; but indeed they are sharp. You go about, in rain or fine, at all hours, without discommodity. I envy you your immunity at a time of life not much removed from my own. But you owe your exemption to temperance, which it is too late for me to pursue. I, in my life-time, have had my good things. Hence my frame is brittle; yours strong as brass. I never knew any ailment you had. You can go out at night in all weathers, sit up all hours. Well, I do n't want to moralize; I only wish to say, that if you are inclined to a game at double-dumby, I would try and bolster up myself in a chair for a rubber or so. My days are tedious, but less so, and less painful than my nights. May you never know the pain and difficulty I have in writing so much!'

A week afterward he says, in a companion letter to the foregoing:

'I DO confess to mischief. It was the subtlest diabolical piece of malice heart of man has contrived. I have no more rheumatism than that poker. Never was freer from all pains and aches. Every joint sound, to the tip of the ear from the extremity of the lesser toe. The report of thy torments was blown circuitously here from Bury. I could not resist the jeer. I conceived you writhing, when you should just receive my congratulations. How mad you 'd be. Well, it is not in my method to inflict pangs. I leave that to heaven. But in the existing pangs of a friend, I have a share. His disquietude crowns my exemption. I imagine you howling; and I pace across the room, shooting out my free arms, legs, etc., this way and that way, with an assurance of not kindling a spark of pain from them. I deny that Nature meant us to sympathize with agonies. Those face-contortions, retortions, distortions have the merriness of antics. Nature meant them for farce — not so pleasant to the actor, indeed; but GRIMALDI cries when we laugh, and it is but one that suffers to make thousands rejoice.

'You say that shampooing is ineffectual. But, *per se*, it is good, to show the introvolutions, extravolutions of which the animal frame is capable: to show what the creature is receptible of, short of dissolution.

'You are worse of nights, a'nt you? You never was rack'd, was you? I should like an authentic map of those feelings.

'You seem to have the flying gout. You can scarcely screw a smile out of your face, can you? I sit at immunity and sneer *ad libitum*. 'T is now the time for you to make good resolutions. I may go on breaking 'em for any thing the worse I find myself. Your doctor seems to keep you on the long cure. Precipitate healings are never good. Do n't come while you are so bad; I shan't be able to attend to your throes and the dumby at once. I should like to know how slowly the pain goes off. But do n't write, unless the motion will be likely to make your sensibility more exquisite. Your affectionate and truly healthy friend,' etc.

A clear exposition of LAMB's generous character is afforded by the following passage. Elsewhere, in one of his letters, he exclaims: 'Oh! how I wish I were a rich man, even though I were squeezed camel-fashion through a needle's-eye!' Yet it was evidently not for himself that he desired money: 'He used to seek out occasions of devoting a part of his surplus to those of his friends whom he believed it would really serve, and almost forced loans, or gifts in the disguise of loans, upon them. If he thought one in such a position would be the happier for fifty pounds or a hundred pounds, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and perhaps for days before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, keep the note in his waistcoat-pocket, burning in it to be produced, and when the occasion arrived, 'in the sweet of the night,' he would crumple it up in his hand, and stammer out his difficulty of disposing of a little money: 'I do n't know what to do with it; pray take it — pray use it; you will do me a kindness if you will,' he would say; and it was hard to disoblige him! Let any one who has been induced to regard LAMB as a poor, slight, excitable and excited being, consider that such acts as these were not infrequent; that he exercised hospitality of a substantial kind, without stint, all his life; that he spared no expense for the comfort of his sister, *there* only lavish; and that he died leaving sufficient to accomplish all his wishes for his survivors; and think what the sturdy quality of his goodness must have been, amidst all the heart-aches and head-aches of his life; and ask the virtue which has been supported by strong nerves whether it has often produced any good to match it?' With these extracts we must take leave of the volume before us; leaving with a sad reluctance, many interesting matters, unindicated to the reader; including especially the editor's chapter upon the personal and intellectual characteristics of LAMB's more intimate companions. We commend the work to the cordial acceptance of LAMB's admirers in America, 'whose name is legion.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—You have heard, reader, of 'Sir John Maundeville, Knight,' and of the wonderful things which he encountered, on his way to Paradise, where, being fatigued with travel, he stayed three days, when he packed off, being 'not worthi' to make a more protracted sojourn; and you have not forgotten, let us hope, the wonderful tree which he saw by the way, on which grew small pigs, piglets, or rudiments of pig, bursting from their opening 'shucks' like a chestnut from its burr. You thought it odd, belike, that that kind of animal should in a single known instance grow upon a tree: but you have not been made aware, nor were we until recently, that an animal or an insect, as 'alive and kicking' as a pig could possibly be, might be planted and grew into a tree! Let us tell you, however, of an insect, like our hornet, abundant in Mayaguez, Porto-Rico, called *Abispéro*. We have it from Mr. Henry Pujos, chemist and druggist, at Number 30, Second Avenue, who is second to none of his profession in this metropolis, that at Mayaguez he has himself planted the *abispéro* insect, by dozens, on different days, and watched their progressive growth into a tree, or stout shrub, some three feet in height, armed with sharp-pointed leaves, which when touched so as to penetrate the skin sting with precisely the same effect as the venomous insect from whence they spring! The tree reaches its full maturity in a year and a half. Mr. Pujos watched the gradual developments of the 'plant,' from the insect to its vegetable maturity, in very many instances, as one would watch the different stages of the egg-hatching process by the *Eccaleiabion*. The first thing seen is a hollow in the middle of the body of the insect, whence shoots upward a sharp spiral leaf, from which, as it rises, other lateral shoots put forth, the legs of the insect having in the mean time taken root, and begun to spread in the ground! Is n't that curious, reader? It is strictly true, and confirmed by a 'cloud of witnesses.' Specimens of the tree, in its various stages, have been ordered for Professor Agassiz, which will soon arrive in this country. Can we wonder now at the sexes in vegetable productions? . . . An obliging correspondent in Utica, the residence of Mr. Henry C. Pancko, the celebrated colored bard, sends us an amusing account of the proceedings at a meeting of philanthropic ebonies, held previous to the assembling of the Buffalo Convention, for the purpose of selecting delegates to that body. Mr. Pancko, our poet, Mr. Smith, Tonsor, Mr. Peter Freeman, who, by always 'waiting,' has advanced, Mr. Tucker Woodson, 'a plugless word-spout' among orators of his sect, these, with a 'dim, dark audience,' were there. Some wags had persuaded Mr. Pancko that it was indispensable that he should go to Buffalo, to which he replied that he was 'pufficklY 'greeable;' although he was in favor of General Taylor, (himself, *he* was,) he would yet go 'cording to his 'constructions.' The proceedings seem rather to indicate his anxiety to go. They were as follow:

'Mr. Pancko. I move dat Mr. Freeman takes de cheer.

'Mr. Freeman. No, no! I doesn't hab not'ing to do wid no Convention.'

'Mr. Smith. I move dat Mr. Pancko takes de cheer.

'Mr. Pancko. Dar now! dat 's wat I was jes' goin' for to move myse'f, dat Mr. Smith takes de cheer; and I will, and second de motion myself, too, and put 'em. It 's carried. Mr. Smith, take de cheer.

'Mr. Woodson. I moves dat Mr. Pancko be Secretary.

'Mr. Pancko. No, no; I wants to do some speakin' myself. *(E'yah!—yah!)*

'Chairman. You will not be *pro*-hibited, Mr. Pancko.

'Mr. Pancko accepts; mounts a pair of spectacles, and begins to take notes, exactly as he has seen white folks do.

'CHAIRMAN. I would like uf some gemblum would state d' objec' ob dis meetin'. I does n't know, myse'f, an' I would like to know.

'PANCKO, (*with an air.*) Your honor and fellow-colored-people: as I understands um, d' objec' ob dis meeting *is*—called fur to cumerlate a pusson as is 'propriate fur to go to Buffalo on de ninth instance ob dis month, and dar' in dat Convention to represent de colored popelation ob dis Star-City ob de Empire State. And, feller-colored-people, uf dat pusson or uf dem pussons is not able fur to pay dare own 'spenses, bress GOD de colored popelation will come up and back 'em!

'Mr. WOODSON. Feller-colored-people: uf I was sure dat our delegate would be allowed to take a seat in dat Convention, I would luf to hab 'em. But, brederen, I t'ink dat white folks who 's so anxious fur to have us send a delegate, are not white men on the same side of politics with the white people who are gwine to meet at Buffalo, and they want us to send some one fur to be laughed at and insulted. Ah, bredren! UNCLE JO PANCKO is a eddicated nigger, and a scientific nigger, and TUCKER WOODSON is nuthin' but an illiterate nigger; but TUCKER WOODSON *dis* time is a leetle cuter dan UNCLE JO, and he has seed through all dis 'are talk, and he sees a brack dog behind de door; and TUCKER WOODSON does n't mean to ride dat dog, not no how; and he is 'stonished dat a colored gemblum of UNCLE JO's literary way has been so humbugged by white folks. He goes ag'in sendin' a delegate to Buffalo to make fun fur any body. Why, who would take 'em in? The Democrats would n't; the Semi-Democrats would n't; the Whigs won't, and the *defective* Whigs won't. No, *Sir!*—I does n't ride no black dogs behind no door!

'The Chairman pursued a similar strain of remark; and as PANCKO saw the chances of his complimentary trip begin to grow 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' he waxed warm. He rose. DANIEL WEBSTER never displayed more 'inner life.' He smoked, kindled, and presently broke forth in the following beautiful appeal to the pale-faces present:

'PANCKO. Dar now, you see, does n't you—you gemblum as has done us de comfort fur to come in here—you see how dey treat UNCLE JO! I hab lived in Utica twenty years, and have nebber been called an idiot—no, neb-ber. And you, I guess, nebber t'ought I was an idiot—did you? But I am; you hear 'em say I am. I t'ought I was a 'spectable brack man, but dey say I am an idiot! Well, bress 'e LORD, uf I *am* an idiot, why I AM an idiot—dat 's all dat is 'bout it. But,' continued the bard, 'Mr. SMITH and Mr. WOODSON—de honorable gemblum dat 's jes' sot down, and dat has tried fur to make out UNCLE JO a fool and an idiot—dey cum to me de oder day, and say dat I can write, and so I mus' stick up a notice in de church for dis meetin', and I done so; and now dey say dat UNCLE JO 's a fool! Well, bress GOD if he *is* a fool! But if dey won't send no one to Buffalo, ob course dey won't pay for de use ob dis room, because dey do n't include to send no one to Buffalo; and now UNCLE JO has got to pay three shillin's; and uf you will jes' put in a little bit a-piece, why it will come easier for UNCLE JO. And now, gemblum, jus' hear how dey say dat uf a brack man *tries* he can 't be 'spectable. Now I denounces dat doctrine, fur I am a specimen myself. Why, gemblum, w'at is de history ob dis subjec'? A few years ago I tried fur to do a little somethin' in de way of poemisin'—uf I *am* an idiot, and uf I *am* a fool, as de *honorable* Mr. WOODSON dat 's sot down says—and w'at was de result? My support! De friends of poemisin' clustered 'round me, and dey celebrated me. Why, jes' see here: a gemblum told me dat lass' winter he was in Rome, in Italy, and he heerd of Mr. PANCKO, dat 'ole idiot,' uf Mr. WOODSON ober dere tells de truff, and he see in Rome, in the KERNICKERBOGGER, some of his perductions. And, gemblum, w'at is dere furder on dis subjec'? On de fourteenf day ob June last, he presented UNCLE JO with a beautiful breast-pin. And w'at is dere furder? On de tenf day of last July the Hon. Mr. PHELPS, who knows all about dese Congressional things, he sent me a fine book; (one of the multitudinous 'pub. docs.' that occasionally reach every body!) And w'at is dere furder? Why, Mr. PETTIT, who is anoder ob de Congressional gemblums, *he* sent me anoder book. But a nigger can 't be 'spectable, and UNCLE JO must be an idiot! Dar now! you see, Mr. WOODSON, whether UNCLE JO is a fool! He can wear a brack coat, and spoke to a white man, and write varses, and putty *good* varses too, and here is some of 'em. (*Can 't quote.*) And yet UNCLE JO is a fool—Mr. WOODSON told you so—*he* did. Well, bress GOD fur it, uf he is, dat 's all; but I did n't know I was a fool before—*I* did n't!'

'The meeting broke up in 'most admired disorder,' and no colored delegate was sent to the Buffalo Convention.'

Mr. PANCKO's desire to be remembered as an 'idiot' reminds us of DOGBERRY's

anxiety to be 'written down an ass,' but if that it could not be done, it was not to be forgotten that he *was* one. But jesting and fun apart: let it not be inferred, because we occasionally give illustrations, kindred with the above, of the peculiar gifts of 'literaneous color'd pussons,' that we are unwilling to recognize 'colored merit.' We heard with pleasure the other evening, at a church-hall near the corner of Bleecker-street and Cottage-Place, a discourse from the lips of a young negro clergyman, a Mr. WILSON, a graduate of the Princeton Divinity School, which in logical acuteness, appropriateness of language, and excellence of manner, would have done credit to any white minister of the gospel in town. We confess to have been equally surprised and gratified. Ah! these 'images of GOD cut in ebony' may be 'washed and made white in the blood of the LAMB,' while fairer sons and daughters of ADAM shall come short of 'the great salvation.' . . . HERE is one of the poetical letter-superscriptions of our friend 'J. T. S.,' to which we alluded in a late number, but which we could not then quite remember:

'Ho! BOBBY MORRIS, quick take heed,
Nor let your head lie down
Until, with all convenient speed,
You search out CHARLEY TOWN.

'He lives on old Long-Island's shore,
He dances the Romaika;
This letter he is longing for,
So send it to Jamaica!'

IT will be some time, if not longer, before we shall awake the echoes of our quiet sanctum with a laugh so irrepressible as a guffaw which has just escaped us, at a mercantile anecdote inimitably related by a German friend. An old fellow, living at Frankfort-on-the-Main, sent to a business-correspondent at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a large consignment of cotton stockings, and at the same time, to another correspondent, in the same place, an equally large consignment of cotton night-caps, the product of his own manufactory. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell, but the sum designated was found to be too large, of which fact they took occasion to inform him. He yielded a little in his demand, but still there were no offers for his fabrics. Again he writes, in reply to other letters from his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount; but weeks elapse, and still no sale. At length he writes to each correspondent to make *some* disposition of his manufactures; if they can't get money for them, at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods. Under these instructions, the stocking-factor calls upon the night-cap agent, both unknown to each other in connection with their principal, and 'names his views;' he wishes to exchange a lot of superior cotton stockings for some other goods; he is not particular what kind, as the transaction is for a friend, who is desirous of 'closing his stock.' The man at first can think of nothing which he would like to exchange for so large a supply of stockings; but at length a bright thought strikes him. 'I have,' said he, 'a consignment of cotton night-caps from an old correspondent, which I shall not object to exchange for your stockings.' The bargain was soon closed. The stocking-factor wrote back at once that he had at length been enabled to comply with the instructions of his principal. He had exchanged his stockings for 'a superior article of night-cap,' in an equal quantity, which he was assured were likely to be in much demand before a great while! The next day came a letter from the night-cap agent, announcing his success, and appended to the letter was a big bill for commissions! As YELLOWPLUSH would say, 'Fanzy that gent.'s

feelinks!' . . . It was a very great pleasure, in our trip up the great lakes and rivers of the North-West, last summer, to be accompanied by Gen. Isaac Verplanck, and Messrs. Evans and Hart, his assistants, on their way to form a treaty with some remote tribes of Indians, under an appointment from the government. They left us at Sault Ste. Marie. On their return from the successful performance of their mission, they were not *very* backward in denouncing Mr. Charles Lanman's '*Summer in the Wilderness*' as a book utterly unworthy of credence. Its statements were contradicted by all whom they met in their journeyings, who had had the patience to read the work, and were familiar with the scenes pretended to be described. '*The Tribune*' daily journal of the tenth of August has a letter from an able correspondent, dated at Fond-du-Lac, a trading-post near Lake Superior, which exposes in detail, and in a masterly manner, the awful fibs and general humbugeousness of this '*Lanmaniana*.' The writer commences by saying that he has just reached Fond-du-Lac from the Falls of Saint Anthony, keeping all the while on the track of our veracious traveller, and hearing the remarks of the traders upon his book; and thus, as well as by personal observation, he acquired the authority to declare, and the ability to prove, that 'a more scandalous and miserable fabrication than 'A Summer in the Wilderness' never was printed.' Some of the 'fibs' are amusing enough, but their exposure is a great deal 'more so.' The stories about great falls, deer, bears, wolves, eagles, exploits in venery, etc., are disproved on undoubted authority. The writer closes as follows:

'According to the 'Summer in the Wilderness,' the author travelled in state in *his* canoe, not only to Sandy Lake, but to Mille Joe, to Leech Lake and Elk Lake, at the sources of the Mississippi. He dates letters there, and has interesting bear hunts and other incidents. Mr. Morrison, with whom he travelled, says he was no nearer Mille Joe than a day's travel, and no nearer Elk Lake and Leech Lake than between two hundred and three hundred miles. Lanman says he journeyed in *his* canoe *around both shores* of Lake Superior, and at Saint Mary's *gave* away his canoe to some favorite. Morrison says he travelled all the way from Crow-Wing to La Pointe as a free passenger in his (M.'s) canoe, and at La Pointe Lanman took the steam-boat direct for Sault Ste. Marie. Lanman says, that while sleeping with Morrison in the tent, a wolf stole away the pork; Morrison says, that some *five* years before, a *dog* stole his pork in that manner, and he mentioned the fact to Lanman. At the Rapids of the St. Louis there is in the book a dreadful scene, and a narrow escape from death, in which the author had a part. This, too, is an incident that happened to Morrison some years before, and not to Lanman! By the book, the mountains on the north shore of Lake Superior are three thousand feet high; but according to Captain Bayfield's Surveys, they are twelve hundred. I might add in great numbers other instances, equally glaring, of the deliberate and habitual falsity of Lanman's descriptions, to say nothing of the legends and Indian stories.'

Mr. Morrison is well known as a gentleman of probity, and is unimpeachable authority in the matters whereof he speaks. Let us hope that Mr. Lanman's '*Travels in the South*,' upon which he is now engaged, will be somewhat more reliable than the work in question. But 'while we hope we fear;' for we heard two or three Southern gentlemen, at the American Hotel, the other day, 'laughing consumedly' over a portion of the book which had transpired in the columns of a daily journal, descriptive of a visit which the writer had paid to the residence of a Southern novelist, more voluminous than readable, and the wonderful things he saw there. We doubt therefore but the Southern book must be taken something more than 'cum *grano* salis.' . . . Is n't this a beautiful little picture from Spenser of a dead knight, and a dying mother killed by her own hands?

'Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport, in stead of sorrow dew,
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!'

A CASUAL correspondent in Watertown, (N. Y.,) sends us the following extract from a temperance-lecture by BURCHARD, the eccentric 'revivalist,' lately delivered in that village. We mentioned in a recent anecdote the manner in which the speaker once obtained a quid of tobacco in church; and it seems but fair that we should set forth his subsequent trials in ex-chewing the weed: 'I was once,' said he, 'an inveterate lover of tobacco, and I know how difficult it is to break off the habit of using it; still it *can be done*. I indulged in the use of the weed to a great excess; I *loved* it; but knowing that its effects were bad, and especially ill-becoming a man of the gospel, I made one almighty resolve to quit it. With that resolution I took a tremendous 'cud,' which was to be my final wind-off. I chewed it and chewed it, and 'rolled it as a sweet morsel under my tongue,' and from one cheek to the other, for three weeks. 'Pears to me tobacco never tasted so good before; and I almost shed tears when I recollected that it was to be my last indulgence. When its strength was all gone, I threw it away: 'There, BURCHARD,' said I, 'there goes your last — your omega of quids!' Well, for a while it was very hard doing without it, and I was often sorely tempted to try it again. Old tobacco-chewers would pull out their rusty steel-boxes, give them a scientific snap, and say, 'BURCHARD, have a chew?' — and for a long time, whenever I heard the click of a tobacco-box, I involuntarily put my hand in my trowse's to get hold of my pig-tail. In fact I am afraid I sometimes blundered dreadfully in my sermons, my thoughts being more perhaps upon tobacco than upon the LORD. But I stuck to my resolution; and neither 'cavendish' nor 'pig-tail' has ever been between my teeth from that day to this!' What an 'old trump' he is, is n't he? . . . '*Thoughts on Death*' are well intended, but they do not contain any thing very original. This is the only subject upon which every body speaks and writes without a possibility of having experienced what they undertake to discuss. Certainly it is an awful moment when the last flutter expires on the lips; when the incomprehensible soul solves the solemn secrets of nature, and blends the past, the present and the future together. 'If death,' says an old author, 'puts an end to the enjoyment of some, it terminates the sufferings of all. I care not what becomes of this frail bark of my flesh, so I but save the passenger.' When 'gray hairs besnow the brow, and grayer thoughts the heart,' how many there are, as they lay their heads nightly upon their pillows, who could wish that the slumbers which fall around their heads were the forerunners of that sleep which shall restore their borrowed powers to their original non-existence! They have come to consider life as but a momentary convulsion between two tranquil eternities; an avenue to death, as death is the gate that opens to a new and enduring life. 'Ever close by the gate of the tomb,' says the thoughtful TEUFELSDRÖCKH, 'I look upon the hostile armaments and pains and penalties of tyrannous life, placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile.' The world is a prison, out of which many are daily selected for execution:

> —— 'DEATH anon must come
> To all; hot tears shall macerate
> Each hardened cheek of this vain multitude.
> When you are dancing, by and by, that fop,
> Wilted with grief, will lean upon an urn!
> All days are some one's black day; this is ours,
> To-morrow theirs. The Cap-and-Bells will drive
> Boys from the window where his child is dying.'

Who does not sometimes 'think on these things?' Who does not, in his thoughtful hours, at summer eventide, when the great sun has gone down the evening west, or

in the still night-watches, or on awakening in the serene morning, call to mind the solemn truth, that 'we must *all* lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover us?' But 'the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.' . . . A GOOD-NATURED correspondent writes us as follows: 'I sent you once a piece of what I called poetry; but you did not take the smallest notice of it. I might have worried you to within an inch of your life by writing constantly (postage not paid) to know if you could possibly have received my communication; I might have demanded a categorical statement of the reasons which you had for not publishing; I might have asked you kindly to point out the faults; I might have required at your hands general advice respecting my literary career; and lastly, I might have penetrated your sanctum in person, and with an awful assumption of composure, have insisted on a return of the manuscript which you, with your usual courtesy, would be obliged at least to pretend to look for! But there is a nobler revenge. You remember the Yankee deacon who took occasion at prayer-meeting to put up a long petition on behalf of a man with whom he had a quarrel? Somebody expressing surprise, 'Why,' observed the deacon, with a chuckle, 'do good to your enemies and you heap coals of fire on their heads; and I guess I gave that fellow a pretty smart singeing!' That is just *my* plan. So I send you *another piece* of poetry!' A very good piece it is, too, as to our readers 'will more fully appear hereafter.' . . . OUR friend and correspondent, 'CARL BENSON,' has a capital gossippy '*Talk about Tennyson's 'Princess'*' in a late number of '*The Whig Review*,' in which he repudiates, as we have so often done, the 'mutual *criticisms* of the Society of Mutual Admirationists' among us. He says, speaking in a vein of pleasantry of TITMARSH'S great 'JAWBRAHIM HERANDEE,' who after circumventing his enemies, and making a great fortune, 'spent his money in publishing many great and immortal works,' 'That 's what *we* mean to do some day, so help us PUFFER HOPKINS!' At which his imaginative coloquist naturally enough exclaims, 'Ominous invocation!' We are glad to see the common crotchet that 'flower' and 'power' are full dissyllables properly rebuked. . . . 'Death to all 'Skeeters!'—'Down with 'Skeeters!'—'A bas 'Skeeters!' There is no faith in 'em. A friend, a 'victim of misplaced confidence' in them, having been told, when one of 'em had alighted upon his hand and was briskly plying his pump, that if he would permit him to take his fill, he would go away, and 'leave no sting behind.' He 'followed instructions,' but very wincingly, by reason of the gradually-increasing sting. Presently, when the bore's red belly was 'as a round goblet that wanted not liquor,' he took up his bill, and made off like an apoplectic alderman. 'W'at is dere furder on dis subjec'?' as Mr. PANCKO would say. Why, that mosquito-bite swelled to the size of a walnut, and lasted about a fortnight! 'Catch *me*,' says our friend, 'letting a 'skeeter have 'his fill' again!' . . . OUR 'Graffenberg Pil' friend sends us another testimonial, dated 'At see, latitude several, longevity six foot,' giving an account of the cure, by the use of the 'pil,' of his 'dorter JEMIMER,' who by reason of her malady had 'bekame a newsance round the house to her frens, and very obknockshus to her payrents.' One box gave her such an appetite that extra bread and potatoes for her consumption were at once demanded; 'A remarkable instans of Proffidence, as revealed in the 'pil.'' A sister, who had 'been blind wif two eyes from her burth and earlyest inphancy,' was cured by the 'Green-Mounting Intement' in the same manner. 'Her muther made some spittul and whet her i's wif it, but they did n't *begin* to hopen; she then, as a last concourse, had the Balvanic Gattery put to her, which instantly did n't do no good;'

but a single application of the 'Intement, took from the lid of the box and put on to the lid of the i,' cured her to-once-t.' We have some reason to believe that the following touching '*Oad*,' although subsequently received, may claim a kindred paternity with the above:

OAD TO SIKNESS:

BYING LINES DEDDICATED TO A FIX FAIRRENT WHO IS CONNVALLESSENT.

TUNE: 'I'm Sittin' on a Rale, MARY.'

'IT greeved me very much, farthur,
Wen I sor you sik in bed,
Wich information I reseaved
From littel bruther NED;
And w'en I sor your reverent form
In that distrest posission,
I prayed the LORD wood send to you
A kaperbel fisishion.

'I'm riting in the office, farthur,
And I'm very bizy too,
But I olways let all bizness go
When thinkin' about you:
And oh! I've thort the lif-long day
Of your most dredful corf,
And long'd for the time to shet up shop,
That I might then be *orf*!

'I hope the pills you took, farthur,
Releeved your present wants,
And that you'll soon be abel, farthur,
To wear your summer pants;
For tho' it's raining hard to-day,
The sun agi'n will shine,
And tho' you now are sad at heart,
There's comin' a good time!'

Awaiting which, we beg the reader to 'accept assurances of the very distinguished consideration with which we remain, very respectfully'—and so forth. . . . AN eminent clergyman of Boston, well known for his love of truth, and his freedom of expressing it, has the following observations upon the *Society of Shakers*, in a letter now before us:

'I HAVE always admired the order, the neatness, the economy, the plenty and the peace which are noticeable in their establishments. I rejoice to confess that they have solved the problem of Association, at least so far as to show that men can live harmoniously in a community, and thereby make a great saving of time, labor and all the material things which help to make up the comforts of life. I think they have made a capital mistake in attempting to nullify the distinction of SEX. That is not a distinction of man's making, but of man's finding, as GOD made it. From that distinction there comes the union of one man and one woman, united by the most sacred and most beautiful and endearing ties; each a complement to the other. Out of this union grows up the family; each new-born child, to them a new MESSIAH, a new revelation of GOD. I admire the wondrous ways of GOD; I reverence HIS wisdom; I love HIS Love, as I find them every where; but I see no where more lovely instances thereof than in the very distinction of sex, and the effects which grow out of that cause. Yet I think I see the causes which led the founders of the Shakers to renounce all this. I know too the history of similar parties in other days, and the doctrine which led them also to renounce marriage. One thing more let me mention, and that is, the neglect of education in the Shaker establishments. The men who transact the business of the societies, and are in contact with the world, get some culture; but I have looked with great pain on the countenances of the young men and women that I have seen in Shaker settlements; they look so ignorant, so undeveloped, so clownish, and sometimes stupid and almost animal.' . . . 'GOD gave us many faculties,

all good in their place; certainly all good when acting in harmony, and each in its proper station. The problem of life is to tune all these strings to harmony. Now I think the Shakers found one or two strings a little difficult to tune, so they broke them off; then they tune the rest quite well. Still the cords broken off were wanted: so the Shaker music is not yet 'the whole human hymn.'

We confess that for ourselves the non-marrying rule of the Shakers is to us a great stumbling-block in the way of their faith. The heavenly sentiment of love, the sweet relations of domestic life, the blessings of children, of whom is the kingdom of Heaven, these plead against that part of their belief and practice. It is but just to mention, however, that they consider marriage, in the present state of the world, to be necessary; but they claim for themselves the right to set themselves apart from the world, and to emulate, as far as they may, the example of the 'just made perfect' in that final home, where there is 'neither marrying nor giving in marriage.' As it regards education among the Shakers, it is their aim, we are sure, to have children receive such an English education as shall fit them for ordinary business with the world, and make them useful to themselves and others. As touching the vacant, stolid appearance of some of the young men and women, it should be borne in mind that most of their children have been received as objects of charity, many of them from poor-houses and families entirely destitute, perhaps in some instances of diseased or mere animal parents; inheriting from their birth incapacities for much improvement; whose early years, it may be, were spent in suffering, perhaps in abuse; neglected and exposed to evil counsel and examples. Such, even with great care and labor, may hardly be made to unlearn their disagreeable habits and manners. It should be considered, too, that a considerable portion of their numbers have been literally brought in 'from the highways and hedges,' with the consequences of former abuses sticking to them, which require time, patience and labor to bring into any thing like decent order. The various constitutions and dissonant temperaments of such a motley gathering of different nations, also — some by nature or habit slothful, vulgar and dirty, others rude, passionate and head-strong — should be taken into the account. . . . Just concluded, sitting in twilight by a cool window of the sanctum, a skim over the evening papers. A description by our friend 'Harry Franco,' in the '*Evening Mirror*,' of a recent trip to New-Bedford, brought to mind our only visit to that flourishing, dusty town. Do you remember, 'Enoch,' the leisurely ride, in easy family-carriage, toward that town; the night passed on the way at a house standing near a calm still lake, over which the pale smoke-like mist hung like a silver veil, as we came away in the morning, after a delicious breakfast; you with your flavorous cigar, cheerful chat, and echoing laugh, and 'Old Knick.,' quite as happy as yourself, drinking in with delight the variety and freshness of every thing around him; till, rising an eminence, the distant town spread out to view, and far beyond it the blue-green waste of waters, whose salt-spray now began to ascend our nostrils? Ah! no money could purchase for us now the newness, the keen sense of life and its enjoyments, of that morning! It was pleasant too, we remember, to walk around the town with an old friend, Professor H——, long since in his grave; and especially charming the ride on horseback which we took together to the south end of the shore, looking toward Nantucket, past the tall corn-crib-like ocean-salt factories, with the dripping sea-weed hanging from their crevices. Much 'good society' we encountered there, which we have forgotten; but how well we remember the fine sea-view, and especially the peculiar color of that vast ocean-expanse, flashing here and

there with white sails, and the hoarse waves breaking upon the resounding shore! But 'it 's a good while ago, now,' since that time. . . . 'J. Y. H.' should have had no fears in sending us the following 'sumptewous' lines. The political allusion 'touches us not;' for are not ours 'the Principles of Ninety-Eight?' The lines were sent to a merchant of Cincinnati, from the interior of Ohio:

'No more old RUF-AND-READY in the field,
No more SANTANNER Mexican maid to yield;
The hour is past,
The deed is done—
The Equinoction hev crossed the sun:
The sword is still—the battel is done,
And CASS can 't set in Washingstone!'

Strong poetry, that, for as new a state as Ohio. There is hope of her now. 'Her literary equinoction hev crossed the sun!' . . . AN indignation-meeting was lately held in this city by the undertakers, to take measures against the coroner for favoring one of their profession against the interests of the remainder. In consideration of aid bestowed by our contemporary of '*The Commercial Advertiser*' daily journal, the undertakers, all 'heavy men,' passed a resolution to place our friend the editor upon their free-list, tendering their 'professional hospitalities, and mahogany coffins and fixings!' We trust it may be long before our contemporary shall require this kindness at their hands, either for himself or his. The offer reminds us of the country editor, who, upon being accused of the meanness of charging for the insertion of deaths in his journal, indignantly repelled the charge, concluding with: 'We shall be only too happy at all times to publish the deaths of any of our citizens, and particularly of our subscribers!' . . . WILL some one be good enough to explain to us why it is that a huge log of mahogany, or iron-wood, which will sink as quick as so much lead in water, will yet float if an iron spike is driven into the top of each end? This is a well-known fact at Campeachy, and perhaps among mahogany dealers generally. How can the fact be explained? . . . WE took a short 'sally-out' this morning 'cross lots' toward the Hudson, from the Bloomingdale Road, with a protecting umbrella against the burning rays of 'Old Sol.' How hot and still it was! No sound came from the landscape, save where myriads of

'Pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,
Piped giddily along the glowing hill.'

Since we have come back, a cloud which was no bigger than a man's hand when we reached home, has proved to be pregnant with wind and rain, of which there has been a very 'general delivery;' and now, how different is the air! We have been thinking of what CARLYLE says somewhere: 'The expression of the fluctuations and modifications of feeling in the heart of the heavens is made audible and visible and tangible on their face and bosom. O Heavens! what have I not felt in a summer shower!—the dry world all at once made dewy!' Apropos of heat in town: hear what a lady says, writing from Pittsfield, (Mass.,) on a day when our thermometers were 'ninety-six in the shade:' 'I have just looked at our thermometer, and it is not quite sixty degrees. 'T is now past eight o'clock, and I presume your city people are suffering with the heat, even at this moment, while I am really cool; indeed I have just left the kitchen fire, where I repair every morning to get sufficiently warm to be comfortable!' . . . AN esteemed friend, now at the west, whose early years were passed in New-Hampshire, in the course of an agreeable gossiping letter to the EDITOR hereof, says:

'I PERCEIVE you have just launched a monster steamer. I well remember hearing, when a

small boy, old 'SAM LAKIN,' who yet resides in Hookrell Woods, on the old Chester turnpike, tell by my father's hearth the impression made on a simpleton, named GREEN, by the first steamboat that ever plied on the river Merrimack. LAKIN was an old raftsman, accustomed for many years to pilot lumber to market on the spring and autumn floods. JOE GREEN, a very verdant oarsman, in company with another, was pulling away forward on a huge raft, while LAKIN steered. The morning was still and beautiful, so that the slightest sound was echoed far-off in the solitudes of the banks, now teeming with a busy population, and resounding with the noise of the hammer and the click of the loom. Suddenly a strange sound was heard, as of rushing waters, and a regular throbbing of the atmosphere. JOE was startled, and as is usual with those afflicted like himself, betrayed increasing alarm by the aggravation of a vocal impediment. '*Wh-a-a-t's that?*' said he. LAKIN winked *diableric* to the other oarsman, and exclaimed: 'JOE! look out forward!' At that moment the strange craft doubled a point, and came full in view, with the brake moving up and down, the wheels dashing the water into spray, and the whole concern moving against wind and current without the appearance of any human propulsion. 'O, w-h-a-t *is* t-h-a-t!' exclaimed JOE the second time still more imploringly. 'By the LORD!' said LAKIN, 'I don't know!' At that crisis in JOE'S doubt and alarm the steamer blew off a shrieking blast, to warn the lubberly raftsmen to clear the way. 'O, g-g-give me m-m-y o-o-ar!' cried JOE, in absolute despair; 'it is the De-de-devil co-co-coming with a s-s-saw-mill on his b-b-back!' — and he speedily 'put' for terra-firma.'

WE begin to be somewhat afraid that our correspondent 'R. B.' will be obliged to wait some time, if not till a more remote period, for a poetical exposition of the number of his 'nags, bags, rats, cats,' and things. It is a great clog, the stipulated verse. Here is a sort of hexametrical attempt, which the writer says, 'although not written by a young lady under eighteen is yet the production of a young man of that age, who does not claim the ten dollars' worth:'

'R. B.,' (Mr. ROBERT BURNS, I suppose,) never think you can find the eight nags,
Who can carry the cats, and kittens, and rats, in one hundred and sixty bags;
Let me see: that 's four thousand, eight hundred cats (JOHN BROWN must be one of the wags,)
And added to this, there was old BROWN himself and his seven cat-loving hags.
One hundred and ninety-two thousand rats; (oh! JOHN you were making your brags!)
Two hundred and forty thousand small cats, packed down and tied up in the bags:
The next time you meet old JOHN BROWN, just say that this tale of his horses drags;
He could 'nt have pulled them all down hill on good sledding with father's stags:
Now if 'R. B.' will tell, by each quadruped, the number of mittens desired,
I 'll tell him how many it takes to make the enormous sum total required! W. A. H.

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HERE are the illustrated London papers from BEDFORD'S again — where they can always be found, by the by, with the earliest copies of all foreign journals — full of pictures of great men and the movements of the QUEEN and royal family. Ah! we should think HER MAJESTY would rather be a subject. Surely she can have little privacy, and certainly she seems to have less independence of personal movement. 'Things of state' compose the element in which she lives. Doubtless she could say in her heart as King ROBERT of Scotland did to his brother the DUKE OF ALBANY: 'The throne is like a lofty and barren rock, upon which flower nor shrub can never take root. All kindly feelings, all tender affections, are denied to a monarch. I see from the height at which fate has placed me, that multitude whom you call my children; I love them, I wish them well, but they are many, and they are distant from me. Alas! even the meanest of them has some beloved being whom he can clasp to his heart, and upon whom he can lavish the fondness of a father. But all that a king can give his people is a smile such as the sun bestows on the snowy peaks of the Grampian Mountains — as distant and ineffectual.' . . . OUR friend J —— has a forcible illustration of the evasion of an intended rebuke. An old Yankee spinster, living formerly in Utica, returned to that pleasant city after a prolonged absence. She visited one evening a dwelling which her father had built, now occupied as a boarding-

house; and as she entered, saw with horror a party of gentleman playing whist in a lower apartment. 'I don' know if yeŏu know it,' said she to the landlady above, 'but there 's folks a-playin' *kairds* deŏwn stairs! I see 'em a-doin' on it as I come up!' The landlady manifested no surprise, nor did she make any response, and the spinster resumed: 'My father built this house; he was a pious man, *he* was; he brought up nine children, and brought 'em up well; he had every thing nice about him; and he had — he had *tew nice peach-orchards!*' The reader can easily see, from the commencement of the old maid's family-reminiscence, what she was *going* to 'drive at;' but what consideration it was which caused a sudden change of the subject is rather to be 'guessed at' than proved. . . . WALKING along the Battery, on our return this evening from a delightful trip down the Lower Bay, in the '*Orus*' steamer, we beheld a young man whom we had known many years since, but whom we had not seen for many months, zig-zag-ing along the middle walk, with a friendly supporter hold of each arm. He was 'boozy,' he was 'swipsed,' he was 'cut,' he was 'tight,' he was 'cizzled,' he 'was building,' he had 'a stone in his hat,' he was 'intoxicated'— *he was drunk!* He glanced at us with an unrecognizing, lack-lustre eye, and shambled on — his two friends seeming ashamed of their burthen — an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; scrutinized by strangers and stared at by fools. O! that the weak, the nervous, who 'feel a daily longing for some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to the ordinary pitch of all around them without it,' could have seen that spectacle; could have seen that young man 'struggling with the billows that had gone over him!' Where were his pride, his self-respect, his love of the world's esteem? It has always seemed inexplicable to us, that a man with the garb and feelings of a gentleman, conscious of what belonged to the character, should go on from day to day rivetting the chains of habit, until at length he finds himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; seeing his destruction, without the power to stop it, yet feeling it all the way emanating from himself; bearing about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin, the 'body of death, out of which he cries with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered;' until at last, forgetful of *all* self-respect, he falls into that taste for low society which is 'worse than pressing to death, whipping, or hanging,' and finally falls to rise no more. Wine, properly and moderately used, is 'a good familiar creature,' but 'every *inordinate* cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil;' and he who cannot avoid, or finds himself in any degree approaching, the 'inordinate cup,' should eschew it utterly; for at the last it 'will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder!' . . . WE have had our accustomed seven-mile walk to-day, hot and sultry as it is, together with a short ride in an omnibus; and now, after a cold Croton-bath, with subsequent dry linen, thread stockings, moccasin-slippers (thanks to a kind friend at 'Saltsteemaree,') and an open shirt-collar turned over a black ribbon, 'cool, refreshed, self-poised and self-sustained,' we sit down to write a word or two touching the thin, 'sallow-complected' broker-man, who sat at the farther end of the omnibus, cross as sin, growling about the sultry weather, and cursing the wind which '*would* hang eternally in the south-east;' and only bearable when he was handing up to the driver the sixpences of the passengers, in which he seemed to have a sort of grim professional satisfaction. Why did he not think of the 'kindly fruits of the earth' that the fervid sun, of which he complained, was ripening, so that in due time the husbandman and his family, fellow-citizens of our beloved republic, might enjoy them?' 'What made him act so?' Something had gone wrong in Wall-street. Suspect he 'd been 'cornered,' although doubtless he had still 'plenty

of men-nay,' as an English cockney would say. 'Poor devil,' though, notwithstanding. . . . Mr. 'BIRDO'FREEDOM SAWIN,' who is cousin-german on the Scotch side to Mr. LOWELL, the popular poet, thus forcibly 'defines the position' of a volunteer, writing from 'Very Cruze' after having 'seen the elephant:'

'I S'POSE you wonder where I be; I can't tell, for the soul o' me,
Exaktly where I be myself, meanin' by that the whole o' me:
When I left hum, I had two legs, and they worn't bad ones neither,
(The scaliest trick *they* ever played was bringing on 'me hither;)
Now one on 'em 's I dunno where; they thought I was a'dyin',
And sawed it off, because they said 't was kind o' mortifyin':
There 's one good thing, though, to be said about my wooden new one,
The licker can't get into it as 't used to in the true one,
So it saves drink; and then, beside, a feller could n't beg
A greater blessin' than to have one ollers sober peg;
It 's true a chap 's in want o' two for follerin' a drum,
But all the march *I'm* up to now is jest to 'Kingdom Come.'

'I 've lost one eye, but that 's a loss it 's easy to supply
Out o' the glory that I 've got, for that 'is *all* my eye;'
And one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever get by way of pay for losin' it:
Ofi 'cers, I notice, who git paid for all our thumps and kickin's,
Do well by keepin' single eyes arter the fattest pickin's;
So as the eye 's put fairly out, I 'll larn to go without it,
And not allow myself to be very much 'put out' about it:
Now le' me see, that is n't all; I used 'fore leavin' Salem,
To count things on my finger-ends, but suthin' seems to ail 'em.
Where 's my left hand! O, darn it yes, I recollect what 's come on 't,
I haint no left arm but my right, and that 's got jest a thumb on 't;
It ain't so handy as it was to callylate a sum on 't;
I 've had some ribs broke — six I b'lieve — I haint kep no account on 'em,
When pensions git to be the talk, I 'll settle the amount on 'em.'

'Down to Mexico,' it would appear, is not quite the Eutopia that was represented to the writer. He had no 'dig' at the gold-mines; he was wet through half of the time; 'COUGH and CRAMP were his companions, and they slept three in a bed:'

'THE consequence is that I shall take, when I 'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along, and that 's the shakin'-fever;
It 's reggilar employment, though, and that aint thought to harm one,
Nor taint so tiresome as it was with t'other leg and arm on;
And it 's a consolation too, although it does n't pay,
To have it said you 're some 'great shakes' in any kind o' way.
Tworn't very long, I tell yer what, I thought o' fortin-makin';
One day a reglar shiver-de-freeze, and next as good as bakin';
One day a-brilin in the sand, then smotherin' in the mashes;
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks and smashes:
But then, thinks I, at any rate there 's glory to be had,
That 's an investment, arter all, that mayn't turn out so bad;
But somehow, when we 'd fit and whipped, I ollers found the thanks
Got kind o' lodged afore they come as low down as the ranks:
The Gin'rals got the biggest share, the Cunnels next, and so on,
We never got a blasted mite o' glory, as I know on;
And s'pose we had? — I wonder how you 're goin' to contrive it's
Division so 's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits?
Ef you should multiply by ten the portion of the brav'st one,
You would n't git more 'an half enough to speak of on a grave-stone.
We git the licks, we're jest the grist that's put into War's hoppers,
Leftenants is the lowest grade that helps pick up the coppers.
No, glory is a kind o' thing I shan't pursue no furder,
All that 's the off'cers perquisite, and your'n is all the murder:
It may suit folks that go agi'n a body with a soul in 't,
Who aint contênted with a skin without a bagnet-hole in 't.'

Well, as our tonsor, 'JIM GRANT,' says, 'There 's a great deal of truth into that' poetry. We thought so, at any rate, when we saw the procession of the poor volunteers moving 'solemnly and slow' down Broadway the other day. . . . 'THERE are some people,' says a modern author who has a keen eye for the weaknesses and absurdities of 'the world,' 'there are some people who have no reverence except for

prosperity, and no eye for any thing beyond success.' These are the men who fasten on to rich folks so naturally, and whom the richer folks than themselves, for that very reason, always despise. These are the men who, when told that the young man next them at dinner, or whom they encounter at their club, has recently become the heir of half a million, regard him with an 'interest' that *he* sees through with half an eye, and speaks of elsewhere with an appropriate sneer. These men, who know their own fortuitous gains to be vastly overrated; whose affections rush out to meet and welcome money; whose sentiments awaken spontaneously toward the interesting possessors of it; these men don't consider themselves at liberty to indulge in friendship for any individual who is not richer than themselves; in consequence of which, it is difficult to say whether they are most despised by those who are above or those who are below them in a pecuniary point of view; while the irrepressible self-consciousness that they are mere DOMBEYS makes them even more distasteful to themselves than to others. These are the '*poor rich men*' whom Miss SEDGWICK has so well described. . . . THERE is in WEBSTER'S old spelling-book a spelling and defining lesson of words of four syllables. A friend mentions a ludicrous mistake made by a district-school-boy in the country, in the exercises of this lesson. One of the words happened to be '*Acephalous*, without a head.' It was divided as usual into its separate syllables, connected by a hyphen, (which 'joins words or syllables, as sea-water!') which probably led the boy to give a new word and a new definition: '*Ikun* spell it and d'fine it!' said a lad, after the boy above him had tried and missed; '*Ikun* do it;' and he did: '*A-c-e-p-h, cef*, ACEPH — *a lous without a head!*' 'Most all of 'em laughed,' our informant says, 'when the boy said that!' . . . WE have passed the last two hours in attentively examining four pictures, which have afforded us very great pleasure. They are from the pencil of a friend, an accomplished American gentleman, HENRY J. BRENT, Esq., who has recently returned to his native country from a prolonged residence abroad, chiefly on the estates of an eminent relative in Scotland, from the near or distant neighborhoods of which some of the views to which we have alluded were taken. The '*Entrance to Rothsay Bay, on the Clyde*,' is our favorite picture. It has that peculiar misty hue of distance, out of which the mountains loom in dim grandeur, the whole soft and deftly blended, like mountains seen in a dream. The rocky head-land in the left fore-ground is bold and picturesque; the water, the coloring of which reminded us of BIRCH, is replete with action; while a vessel in the distance, wearing-in, and white sea-gulls skimming and soaring, add greatly to the life-likeness of the scene. It is truly an admirable picture; and it was to us a study from nature of a land which, if it please PROVIDENCE, we hope some day to see for ourselves. '*A Shipwreck on the Coast of Scotland*' is another very fine painting, and is, we suspect, the 'first-born' of the artist's affections. The scene is well-chosen. Nothing could be more striking, more stormy and tumultuous. A vessel lies upon her beam-ends, on a towering rock-bound coast, over which the white-maned waves are rushing and roaring for their prey. In composition and coloring it is alike spirited and successful. '*The Stag-Hunt, an American Scene*,' is a painting which we should like better to possess than to write about. It embraces a calm variety, which fills the eye, and fully 'satisfies the sentiment' of the picture. On the right, from the fore-ground through the middle distance to the purple mountain-termination of the vision, stretches a perfect gem of quiet landscape, the original of which could only have been found in our native land. In the centre a lakelet of still water spreads its bosom to the sky, lapsing along a low and tranquil

beach. The tone and keeping are unexceptionable throughout. '*The Misty Morning*' is a composition which evinces the ability of the artist to embody from his imagination scenes in no respect inferior to his more elaborate and faithful transcripts from 'Nature in her loftiest moods.' Being as yet scarcely finished, however, we reserve our comments upon it until another occasion. When we reflect that Mr. BRENT was at the first but an amateur painter, having originally taken up his art among his other studies as a recreation and an accomplishment, we are surprised at the versatility and exuberance of his genius. We hope to see his efforts properly appreciated in our galleries and academies of art. . . . 'T. M.'s lines are quite HOODISH. His communications, as well as those of his friend, will always be welcome:

'MOORE talked of love and marriage too,
Was learned and pedantic;
He told of things that we would do,
And oh! was *so* romantic!

''We'll ford,' said he, 'the mountain stream;'
I said, 'I cannot brook it!'
I meant a joke, and it did seem
As if he really took it.

'My father was a man of men:
'I think,' he said, 'dear SALLY,
That he *did* take your joke, but then
He took it literally.

''Now you may make a simple pun,
That calls for no reflection;
If he takes that, you shall be one,
And I'll make no objection.'

'MOORE came at eve, with smile and bow,
And said his sweet things o'er;
I said, 'I have a lover now—
Ah! how I want one MOORE!'

'He stared at me with open eye,
And said, 'I'd have you know
One lover is enough—good bye!
Go get another beau!''

IN one of his communications to this Magazine, MR. WASHINGTON IRVING, speaking of the scenery of the Hudson, said: 'I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some great object in nature; a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying-point to call us home again after all our wanderings.' These thoughts of JEFFREY CRAYON came to mind to-night while reading JENNY DEAN'S response to the answer which was made to her, when she asked, on the last stage of her toilsome journey to London, to procure the pardon of her 'puir sister EFFIE,' what the character of the remainder of the road was to the metropolis: 'It was all plain road,' she was told, except a high mountain, called Gunnerly-Hill, about three miles from Grantham, which was her stage for the night. 'I am glad to hear there 's a hill,' said JEANNIE, 'for baith my sight and my very feet are weary o' sic tracts o' level ground; it looks a' the way between this and York as if a' the land had been trenched and levelled, whilk is very wearisome to my Scotch een. When I lost sight of a muckle blue hill they ca' Ingleboro', I thought I hadna a friend left in this strange land!' Poor girl! she had 'made a friendship' with the distant Pentlands, and 'Cheviot mountains blue,' upon which she had looked from her childhood up; they were objects of affection to her, the very thought of which bore her back to St. Leonards, in the darkest vicissitudes of her wanderings. . . . IN a certain town in New-Hampshire, a certain inhabitant thereof required for his comfortable enjoyment at least a pint of 'white-faced New-England,' daily. He had become reduced in his pockets, so that it became necessary for him, like the Israelites of old, to procure somehow a double portion on the day before the Sabbath, that he might quietly enjoy his church, of which he was a constant attendant. On one Saturday he had been very unfortunate; for the shades of evening began to fall, and yet he had not gathered his 'spiritual' manna for the day of rest. A neighbor at that moment requested him to throw some wood into his shed; and after the small job was com-

pleted, gave him a few cents. He saw that the old fellow looked sad and unsatisfied, and he said to him: 'Is n't that *enough* for the work? Why, you can get half-a-pint with that money; and can't you keep Sunday on *that?*' 'Why, I suppose I *could*,' Squire, but then,' (looking up with a most disconsolate visage,) but then, 'Squire, *how* would it be kept?' This anecdote by a clever correspondent reminds us of another, which we shall venture to relate in this connection, though it must needs suffer by the juxtaposition. Mr. G ——, who had by degrees become so attached to his cups that he could not comfortably go by eleven o'clock without his 'nip' of brandy, and who was yet anxious to avoid the suspicion of being an habitual drinker, was in the habit daily of inventing some excuse to the bar-keeper and those within hearing. He had used up all the stereotyped reasons, such as 'a slight pain,' a 'kind of sinking,' not 'feeling right,' etc., etc. One Saturday, at the usual hour, he called for his brandy-and-water, saying, 'I am extremely dry; *I am going to have salt fish for dinner!*' 'No excuse was better than none,' he probably thought. . . . We acknowledge the receipt from 'S. D.' of '*A Charade.*' We don't greatly affect that kind of literature, even when the specimens are good, and that afforded by 'S. D.' is very poor. The best 'charade' we ever saw is the following by an English cockney, upon the word asparagus, mispelled 'sparrow-grass:'

'My first is a little thing vot hops,
My second brings us good hay-crops,
My whole I eats with mutton-chops.'

Emulate the brevity and simplicity of this noble 'charade' in your next attempt, 'S. D.,' so that the true value of such intellectual exercitations may be made known to an astonished world. . . . Who is there among us, says 'one who knows,' that does not recollect hours of bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? — and how many of those gentle souls are degraded, estranged, tortured, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic, and miserable dog-Latin? With some persons school-boy awes and terrors last forever. I know, for instance, an old gentleman of sixty-eight, who said to me one morning at breakfast, with a very agitated countenance, 'I dreamed last night that I was flogged by Dr. R ——.' Fancy had carried him back only fifty years in the course of that evening. Dr. R —— and his rod were just as awful to him in his heart then, at sixty-eight, as they had been at thirteen. If the Doctor, with a large birch, had appeared bodily to him, even at the age of three-score and eight, and had said in an awful voice, 'Boy, take down your pant ,' he would have flown to me in an agony of terror!' . . . The recent death by drowning of Mr. George F. Moffatt, at the early age of twenty-five years, is an event which we cannot permit to pass without a brief tribute in these pages to the character of the deceased. He had been for many years relatively connected with the business duties of the Knickerbocker, which he discharged with marked faithfulness and assiduity. He was a young man of much intellectual promise, and of good acquirements; modest and unobtrusive in manners, and exemplary in all the relations of life. We who saw him every day shall hereafter miss him from his accustomed place, but the memory of his useful and blameless life will long be cherished. . . . We are rather amused with the pompous confidence manifested in the communication of 'S.,' who has been reading '*Poe on the Creation.*' We rather suspect Newton was '*some* punkins,' at least, and that his theory is *not* quite 'a mistake.' Some writer has said, that 'even Aristotle often pauses with a qualifying 'Perhaps,'

and the egotist CICERO with a modest 'It seems to me;' but our would-be-correspondent has no such reservations. It 'is in evidence' of 'S.'s ability to argue against NEWTON, that if his communication were published the spelling would have to be altered so as to suit the usages of the present day.

—

'LAY not thy unblessed head
Upon a prayerless bed.'

To a reader not accustomed to commend himself to his MAKER in prayer, before closing his eyes at night in sleep, we commend these words of Sir WALTER SCOTT: 'Without entering into an abstruse point of divinity, one thing is plain; the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer with feeling and sincerity, must necessarily, in the act of doing so, purify his mind from the dross of worldly passions and interests, and bring it into that state when the resolutions adopted are likely to be selected rather from a sense of duty than from an inferior motive.' . . . 'G. G. R.'s remark, toward the close of his welcome letter, reminds us of a certain Mr. C——, whom certain of our readers wot of, who when vexed by some weak movement of a political friend, exclaimed 'There are two kinds of fools in this world, natural fools and d—d fools! He is of the second kind.' . . . WE little thought, when alluding in a late number to Mr. EDMUND SIMPSON, so long the respected Manager and Proprietor of the Park Theatre, that we should so soon be called upon to record his lamented demise. He has left the stage of life; the curtain of death has shut him forever from the things of time and sense; but the memory of his manly virtues, his excellent qualities of character, will long be cherished by those who had learned, from a prolonged intimacy, to esteem and love him. He has left a family behind him, now deprived of their natural protector, whose claims will not be forgotten by the citizens of New-York, when the time shall have arrived for their appropriate presentation. . . . IS N'T this a fine picture of a river widening toward the sea, on a desolate coast? We almost snuff the salt spray brought on 'the wings of the wind' which opens the gaunt bird's pinions:

——'The river waxed
A broader and a broader stream;
The cormorant stood upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half opened to the wind.'

—

A REPORT has appeared of '*The Government Survey of Helle-Gadt.*' They are going to play the very deuce with 'the Pot,' the 'Frying-Pan,' the 'Gridiron,' the 'Bread-and-Cheese,' and the 'Hog's Back.' We wish they 'd 'jus' luf 'um be.' There are delicious fish lurking about the eddies that whirl round those black seaweedy rocks, that it is a shame to disturb with villanous gunpowder—blast it! We must ask our friend Mr. TALLMADGE, now of Congress, the excellent Chief of Police, and 'ALEXANDER the Great' Lawyer, (alas! that District Attorney PATTERSON and the gentle-mannered PRICE are not now within call!) to set their faces as flints against any disturbance of our fishing-holes about Helle-Gadt. It 's against the American Constitution and the 'Principles of Ninety-eight.' That was rather a perilous time when, by reason of staying too late, the above-named gentlemen ('Old KNICK' 'came also among them') in the 'government-boat,' rowed by six prisoners from BLACKWELL'S Island, got stuck upon the Hog's Back!' 'Ho! how the breakers roared!'—and what an *infernal* kind of a noise it was which that deaf-and-dumb convict made at the prospect before us! But we all 'took our hats and went

ashore!' . . . We heard an old cynic say the other day, that 'Man came into the world a half-bald, knobby kind of a thing, and he 'll go out of it *quite* bald, and knobbier than ever; and that 's his history!' 'Brief as the poesy of a ring.' . . . They must be a precious set of *men* in Kingston, Canada, to permit a poor mother to drop down dead in the street, at burning noon-day, in her distress at being unable to procure bail for her little boy who had been sent to prison for taking a few apples from the garden-orchard of a citizen! That citizen-prosecutor's name was Hamilton; and we hope the American press will aid us in passing it down to infamy. . . . We hardly know how to counsel our Amherst correspondent; save only to commend him to a continuance of his exertions. They cannot come to evil, and they may, and doubtless will, 'come to good.' Employment is of itself important; for

> 'Although the wished-for *end*'s denied,
> Yet while the busy *means* are plied,
> They bring their own reward.'

'Philos' daguerreotypes the different kinds of snuff-takers very well; but John Waters, in a description heretofore in these pages of the old-school gentleman-snuff-taker, has 'satisfied the sentiment' of that variety. 'Philos' is quite right in saying that women who inhale the weed are more sociable than the men. 'I have seen,' he says, 'a box at church go the rounds of a whole neighborhood of pews, and come back again, like some sacred trust, to the owner.' The 'shneezin' is partaken in quiet at conventicle, and seems to increase attention to the sermon, or lessen the sense of its dulness . . . 'G. P. R.'s anecdote is good; but then it is for the private not the public eye. We are not the less obliged to him, however. . . . What a splendid 'organ of language' the author of '*Gowdie or the King's Pot*,' in the last number of the '*Spirit of the Times*' weekly journal must have! He beats 'Alphabet James,' the never-ceasing novelist, on his own ground. We venture to say that the *ideas* to be gained from the following are as two to one in comparison with any opening chapter of James's. Pray scan it closely:

'It was near midnight, toward the close of the afternoon, on a sultry morning in December 19—, previous to the revolution of the last war, when the burning moon was just setting in the eastern sky, casting a brilliant shadow upon the gorgeous clouds which entirely obscured the firmament, and the unclouded sun was sending down its noonday beams with an intensity of heat far exceeding the temperature of the frigid zone, that the sweet songsters of the deep had retired to their daily rest, and were now filling the empyrean with their silent and redolent music, and the carolling of the farmer's herds upon the fertile and moss-covered lake, fell upon the eyes with a soothing energy, like the shrieking of heavy thunder through the deep mountain gorges of the Western prairies. The calm and tempestuous breezes rippled the glassy sky, as they swept across the bosom of the plain, and bent the umbrageous rocks that reared their smiling heads upon the summit of each meandering hill-side. Myriads of stars shed their pale moonbeams upon the balmy atmosphere, and the hum of distant birds spread their spicy fragrance through the tall groves of low whortleberry bushes, which here and there might be seen dotting the mountain side, upon whose level face reposed the tired and tender oaks of a thousand centuries' growth, which had, during their yet infantile existence, given food to the flocks of speckled trout which filled the air with the shadows of song. Above the summit of the valley, stately ships manœuvred, and evolved their dazzling perfumes, and greeted the wanderer with a round of well-filled baskets, verging upon the sublime.

'Lovely indeed was the sound of such a spectacle to the feet of the weary traveller; for three feline monsters of the deep were just gathering together for their evening meal, and separating, ere yet the sun was risen, for the sports of the chase, and all things betokened a repose too deep for utterance. While they were thus gazing at the sound which had just alighted over the chasm, the clouds broke away, and an awful storm, which had been raging for several weeks afterward, drove them from their shelter into the gigantic vicissitudes of every-day life. The streets were lined with multitudes of people, and the utter desertion of the crowded thoroughfares of every thing like a human being, and the death-like stillness which agitated the noisy crowds in the market-places, showed that it was no ordinary occasion which had dispersed together so large a mass of people, but that it was an every-day occurrence, which often happened twice in a century.

'In the ensuing Autumn, about two years previous to the above-mentioned merry catastrophe, two pedestrians might have been seen, riding upon horseback, in a three-wheeled carriage up the brow of a precipice under the side of a forest, which had been cut down before the trees

had begun to take root, and engaged in eating their evening dinner by the roadside in the arms of MORPHEUS. The eldest of the three gentlemen was a young lady, of about fifty-three, and about two years younger than the other man, which latter gentleman, was, from the manner in which she addressed him, evidently her only and youngest daughter. She was elegantly attired in a female riding habit, which consisted of a coarse, blouse frock, highly ornamented with brass buttons, made of cow's horns (which material was unknown at the time we speak of,) which almost concealed her person from view, and plainly disclosed to the delighted gaze of the other traveller, a face of exquisite model, variegated with blushes of a verdant paleness.'

A style like this affects all readers alike, and leads one to exclaim, in the language of a poet whose organ of language is of kindred expansiveness:

> 'WHERE is CUPID'S crimson motion?
> Billowy extacy of wo!
> Bear me safe, meandering ocean,
> Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

—

THRICE welcome to PUTNAM'S new and exceedingly handsome edition of '*Knickerbocker's History of New-York, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty!*' Familiar as it is to us, we have re-read it with an almost new delight, impressed as it is with large clear types upon linen paper of the finest color and texture. 'That which was history yesterday,' says a quaint old author, 'becomes fable to-day, and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.' Not so with KNICKERBOCKER'S immortal history. Its records are as implicitly believed in now, and will be relied upon with as entire confidence for ages to come, as when the work burst for the first time upon the world. Mr. IRVING, in his preface to the new edition, gives an interesting account of the origin of the work; which is followed by the several notices that were published in the daily journals previous to the appearance of the History; making inquiry after the venerable historian, who had mysteriously left his lodgings, and had not since been heard of. The ruse was rendered complete when the landlord of the 'Columbian Hotel' came out with an advertisement, announcing the continued absence of the old gentleman, and the discovery in his room of 'a curious kind of written book, which was to be sold to pay the author's unsettled bill for boarding and lodging.' . . . 'I SHOULD be more happy to be unhappy in hell!' The Scandinavian 'Scald' who wrote that sentence must have been in very hot water at the time! LAMB quotes it as a very powerful expression — and it is, is n't it? . . . WHEN old MEG MURDOCKSON sought in a Scottish criminal court for her daughter 'MADGE WILDFIRE,' who had been privately arrested and imprisoned, the judge, hearing her in high windy clamor among the officers outside the bar, put on his spectacles, and looking down from the bench with dignified gravity upon the scene of tumult, said: 'What does that old woman want here? Can't she tell her business, or go away?' 'It 's my bairn I 'm wantin'!' answered the beldame, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice; 'have n't I been tellin' ye so this half-hour? And if ye 're deaf, what need ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk screeching to ye this gate? Gie me my bairn — an honest woman's bairn!' 'An *honest* woman's bairn?' answered the magistrate, smiling, and shaking his head, with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew. 'If I 'm no honest now, I *was* honest once,' she replied; 'and that 's more than *you* can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kenned ither folks gear fra' your own since the day ye was hatched! '*Honest*,' say ye? — ye picked your mother's pouch o' twal pennies when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the foot of the gallows!' She 'had him there,' as was well remarked at the time. . . . 'P.' *is* 'misinformed.'

The passage he speaks of never appeared in *our* department of the KNICKERBOCKER, and we are quite sure in no other of its pages. If there is any thing we especially disaffect, it is a narrow-minded religious bigot; a man pinned down to circulate on a pivot like the hands of a watch, possessing no power of shifting his central point and extending his circle. No bigotry of any kind ever received the sanction of this Magazine. . . . 'Is this thing so,' ladies? 'This I set down as a positive truth: a woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry WHOM SHE LIKES. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and do n't know their own power!' . . . WE understand that a new cemetery has been laid out on Long-Island, some three miles east of Williamsburgh, bearing the appropriate name of '*Cypress-Hill Cemetery*.' The location is an excellent one. It presents a fine view of the ocean for hundreds of miles, and the land is studded with a great variety of trees, and has several lovely white-sand-bottom lakes; and from these features, and from its undulating surface, it will doubtless soon be one of the most attractive places of sepulture on the island. We shall advert more particularly to the project in another number. . . . 'WE may be pretty certain,' says a late writer, 'that the persons of either sex, whom all the world treats ill, deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.' 'True as gospel.' . . . IT is a fine picture which 'D. D.' draws of the 'pomp and circumstance' of war. It *is* a stirring scene, no doubt, and one to be long remembered, when

> —— 'AN army, wakening with the sun,
> Starts to its feet, all hope, spear after spear
> And line on line refündulating light,
> While night's dull watch-fires reek themselves away.'

But how do the 'lines refündulating light' look after the battle, when 'the keen sword has gored the finely-fibred human frame?' How do they look *then?* . . . OUR sporting readers must not fail to obtain from Messrs. BURGESS AND STRINGER, the publishers, '*Frank Forrester's Field-Sports*,' a work profusely embellished with admirable and correct drawings of land and water game, by the author himself; so that in every thing connected with his work he may be said to be *facile princeps*. The book will undoubtedly be considered indisputable authority on the subjects whereof it treats. . . . THIS 'wooden country' of ours is really beginning to be thought something of 'on the other side!' As the English cockney said of Niagara Falls, 'it is very clever—very!' AMERICA!—let us think how many at this moment are 'on the seas' approaching our shores! Every hour on the coasts of the old world representatives from the different nations of the earth are departing for this republic; every hour some vessel crowded with exiles from tempestuous kingdoms and principalities is nearing our shores, or, while the 'shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail' in our harbor, is landing its human freight upon our piers. Come along, future 'fellow-citizens!' We have thousands of square miles where the epidermis of the earth has never been scratched. There is room enough and there is work enough for all; nor on *this* side of the 'big brook' shall any of you 'come nigh to perish with hunger.' What a proud thing it will be deemed, by-and-by, to be able to say, '*I am an American citizen!*' . . . AN ex-governor, 'whose name we suppress out of regard for his family,' relates a good story of a man whose life had not been entirely unspotted, who applied to a worthy deacon for admission into his church. Unwilling to offend

him, and yet uninclined to receive him, the deacon replied: 'The church is full just now; when there is a vacancy, I will notify you!' . . . 'WHEN I am a man' is the poetry of childhood; 'when I was young,' is the poetry of old age. SACKVILLE, a quaint poet of the ELIZABETHAN age, has vividly depicted a man far declined into the vale of years, and awaiting that death which is hovering near, the sad but sure remedy for mortal evils, and decider of all doubts and uncertainties:

'THERE heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of JOVE beseek!

'But an the cruel fates so fixed be,
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of JOVE yet prayed he:
That in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompanied with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it wo and grief,
He might awhile yet linger forth his life:

'And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it;
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

'But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast — as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone —
He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fain,
Yet know full well life doth but lengthen pain.'

'Let no man,' says the author of 'MARGARET,' 'fear to die. All ages and all hours call us. 'T is so common, easy, that little children tread those paths before us.' . . . IT was positively delightful the other morning to step on board that fast and comfortable steamer, '*The Orus*,' at Fulton-slip, and set sail — with our old friend Captain HAGGERTY, whom we had not met for four years — for Shrewsbury. There were the same superb views which we used so much to admire when we summered on the 'Little Silver;' the 'great and wide sea,' the sweeping shores toward Amboy, the light-house crowned Highlands, and the wooded island of Sandy-Hook, and moreover, an air that it was luxury to breathe. Why do n't our citizens take this same trip more frequently than they do? Why, an hour with our old fellow-townsman WILLISTON, the prince of hosts, at his excellent '*Ocean House*' — with its surf-bathing accompaniments, its breezy seats in the shade, its capital table, the very sight of which will beget the appetite of a hungry lion — is enough to repay a week's absence; and yet all these luxuries and blessings can be attained unto in two hours, and these two hours will themselves be full of enjoyment, when passed on board Captains PRICE and HAGGERTY's staunch 'Orus,' and the whole can be done so 'ridiculously cheap!' 'Put out' and try it, reader. . . . SYDNEY SMITH, in one of his '*Plymley Letters*,' addressing the English bishops in palliation of what were considered the offences of the Catholics, says: 'The State has nothing to do with theological errors; it leaves all these to you and to such as you. Don't you have every tenth porker in your parish for refuting

them?' We thought of this remark while reading recently in SCOTT the account of the death of the old Laird of DUMBEDIKES. 'Could ye think,' said he, lying on his death-bed, to a clergyman who was present, 'could ye think o' rattling ower some bit short prayer, it wad do me gude may be, and keep some queer thoughts out o' my head. Say something, man.' 'I cannot use a prayer like a rat-rhyme,' responded the honest clergyman; 'and if you would have your soul redeemed like a prey from the fowler, you must needs show me your state of mind.' 'And shouldna ye ken that without my telling you?' answered the patient. 'What have I been paying stipend and teind, parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughty-nine, and I canna get a spell o' a prayer for 't, the only time I ever asked for ane in my life? Gang awa' wi' ye, if ye canna do sae mickle as that! Doctor, let's see if ye can do ony thing better for me.' The Doctor assured him that the medical art could not prolong his life many hours. 'Then d — n ye baith!' cried the furious and intractable patient. 'Did ye come here for naething but to tell me that ye canna help me at the pinch? Out o' the house! — and may my curse and the curse of CROMWELL go wi' ye! Pleasant frame of mind that, for a dying man, was n't it? . . . AN irreverent correspondent at Cincinnati speaks of that bit of 'chaste practice' in the Bowling-Green, as that 'almighty stone-heap, with the water b'iling over it; a specimen of fountain-architecture which ought to be peppered with forty-two pounders, until, as an old clerical friend of his used to say, we have 'decapitated its head off' and blown it sky-high.' 'It always reminds me,' he says, 'of the refined Yankee cockney, who visited the 'Notch' in the White Mountains, on seeing which he exclaimed, 'My Golly! what a pile o' rocks!' . . . WE have sometimes depicted in these pages our great abhorrence, a '*Conversational Bore.*' Sir WALTER SCOTT describes in the annexed sentences quite a different personage: 'He had a melodious voice, fluent and happy expression, apt language, and fervid imagination. He was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to outrun either the patience or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unintermitting flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others who aimed at distinction in conversation rush along like the turbid gush from the sluice of a mill-pond, as hurried and as easily exhausted.' . . . A FRIEND writing from Newport sends us a store of 'good things' for future discussion, and among them the following epitaph, copied from an old tomb-stone in an antediluvian grave-yard of that 'old town, fenced by the surge, and left alone for a hundred years:'

'HERE doth SAMUEL PARROT lye
Whose wrongs did for justice cry,
But none could hêve;
But now the grave
Keeps him from injurye.'

'Do you remember,' writes our friend, 'the two boys who were going through a church-yard, one of them with a gun? They heard something in one of the trees, when the young sportsman fired, and down came a whacking big owl. 'Oh! BILLY,' said the other, 'what have you did? You 've gone and shooted a cherubim!' The carving of a 'heavenly dove,' unknown to ornithology, had probably suggested the comparison. . . . THE man-of-the-world who asks the ensuing questions we rather suspect has seen husbands played for and won, although he has never been at Saratoga, or Newport, or Lebanon, or Sharon Springs: 'What causes young people to 'come *out*,' but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning through

a whole mortal season? What causes them to labor at piano-forte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, but that they may bring down some 'desirable' young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball-suppers and iced champagne? Is it the sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Pshaw! they only want to marry their daughters.' 'Likely as not.' . . . WHAT a delightful artist is Count D'ORSAY! Observe his picture of '*The Doves*,' in one of Messrs. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS' great plate-windows. Could any thing be more beautiful? The lovely maiden, so exquisitely graceful, so simply clad; the doves, who have been 'sunning their milky bosoms on the thatch,' alighting on her head and hand; are these not charming? Pause a moment, as you pass down Broadway, and look at this picture. You will not soon forget it; for 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.' . . . A FRIEND gave us a vivid picture the other evening of a visit he had recently paid, after an absence of nearly twenty years, to the home of his childhood. His father and mother were dead; his brothers and sisters were married, and widely separated; the 'magnificent distances' of his boyhood were now but a stone's-throw off; the old homestead, the barn, the out-houses, were dropping piece-meal away; nothing remained to remind him of old days but the decayed well-curb and well-sweep, and the 'moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.' 'I drew up a pail-full of the pure water,' said our friend, 'rested it upon the curb, inclined it to my lips, and in one cool draught, with tears in my eyes, I drank oblivion to the past, which had in it little save pain and regret.' . . . We shall miss hereafter from our streets the erect form and pleasant countenance of Mr. GEORGE F. HOPKINS, the veteran printer, who recently departed this life at Rahway, New-Jersey. Mr. HOPKINS was a 'gentleman of the old school;' of unsullied probity of character, great amenity of manners, and with a warm and generous heart. He was a friend of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, when that great man was living, and continued through life his fervent admirer. As a writer Mr. HOPKINS was always entertaining and instructive. Many of his communications to this Magazine were widely copied and much commended by the public press. We offer his survivors our sympathy with their bereavement. . . . THANK you for nothing, 'MR. JONES!' You have sent us a story of our own, published in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER months ago. Somebody did us the same favor about a twelve-month since, with the anecdote of LAMB'S 'being all full inside' with that 'last piece of pudding at Hampstead,' which was told us by Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, (who was present in the coach when the witticism was perpetrated,) and which we first published at the time. . . . W. R. H.'s 'Miss FISH' story lacks stamina. Briefly, two ladies were bathing at night-fall, with a boat near them. They were carousing and splashing about, and making a deal of noise, all of which the writer took for death-struggles and cries for assistance. He strips and puts off to them, when one of them exclaims, 'Go back, Sir! How dare you, Sir, intrude upon our recreation?' He paddled shoreward; and the head and front and tale of his offending hath this extent — no more. . . . THE flowing and musical lines by H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq., in a late number of GODEY'S 'Lady's Book,' entitled '*Sleepy Hollow*,' were not descriptive of ICHABOD CRANE'S place of abode, but of '*Constant's Glen*,' on the banks of the Hudson, near 'DOBB, his Ferry;' one of the most delightful spots on the eastern shore of that noblest of rivers. How many pleasant hours

have we passed there! . . . HERE is an instance of a 'test of friendship' that has touched us a good deal in the perusal. Perhaps it will you, reader:

> —'I WILL bewail his ashes!
> His fortunes and poor mine were born together,
> And I will weep e'en both. I will kneel by him,
> And o'er his hallowed earth do my last duties:
> I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him;
> Woodbines shall grow upon his honored grave,
> And as they prosper, clasp, to show our friendship;
> And when they wither, I'll die too.'

'THIS is a subject,' said a western orator, of the MALAPROP school, 'of triangular magnificence, which ought to be severed down upon the audience of the people! We want the spirit of our fathers, who wan't afraid to run the gantelope of public opinion!' Speaking of the potato-rot, he said: 'It 's appeared again, that dreadful disorder, which is more p'isonous than the *bite* of the Bohan-Yewpaz! The disconsolation at the roots is as great as it was last year!' It was thought the speaker meant 'discoloration.' . . . AUTUMN has not yet come, but there is a faint wail in the August wind to-night, precursive of 'the Fall;' and we are thinking of autumnal eves, and 'fall fires,' and the bright warm light of our *Parisian Carcel Lamp*, what time we shall be 'snugified' in our sanctum. By the way, is n't this the time to prepare to 'let your lights shine' in your parlors? — and should you not soon visit our friend DIACON, at his '*Mechanical Lamp Dépôt*,' Number 377, Broadway, where may be found lamps of every style and variety of excellence and beauty? Think — and then decide. . . . ALL communications intended for the pages of this Magazine should be addressed to 'LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, 139 Nassau-street, New-York.' Letters on business should be directed to the business-partner, Mr. JOHN ALLEN, at the same address. . . . IN ROBERT CADELL'S superb '*Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels*' there are many new notes, some of which seem to have been appended by the editor or publisher. In a note to 'The Heart of Mid Lothian' we find the following: 'The magistrates were closely interrogated before the House of Peers concerning the particulars of the PORTEUS mob, and the *patois* in which these functionaries made their answers sounded strange in the ears of the English nobles. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE having demanded to know with what kind of shot the guard which PORTEUS commanded had loaded their muskets, was answered naïvely: 'Ow, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools wi'!' This reply was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the Provost would have suffered accordingly, had not the DUKE OF ARGYLE explained that the expression properly rendered into English meant 'ducks' and 'fowls!' . . . '*A Bostonian*' sends us a note from the American Hotel, in this city, (sealed with a seal from which we intend to 'galvanize' a copy, so chaste and beautiful is it,) in which the writer says: 'I thank you for indicating to me, through the KNICKERBOCKER, the American Hotel, under the superintendance of our Mr. TABER and Philadelphia's Mr. BAGLEY. I 'put up' here on my arrival in New-York; and after due experience I can truly say, that I never stopped at a better hotel in my life. For neatness, comfort, and order; for the variety and excellence of its table — 'fish, flesh and fowl,' and generous wines — for nice sleeping-apartments and pleasant parlors, and 'last, but not least,' for unremitting courtesy and attention on the part of the proprietors and their assistants, I repeat, the 'American Hotel' is not surpassed by any similar establishment in the Union that *I* have ever seen.' Praise well deserved and well be-

stowed. . . . HERE is another poetical solution of 'R. B.'s arithmetical enigma. We shall advise the writer, if it prove the true one:

'EACH on a nag, in lordly state
The farmer and his daughters sate;
Sev'n blooming damsels, fair to see,
And pleasing to a father's e'e.
BROWN said he had some cash to spare,
So journeyed to a neighboring fair,
And bought some stock to carry down
To his new farm beyond the town.
They open'd all their bags for me,
And bade me come—their purchase see.
Full twenty sacks each had—*no more!*
In all a hundred and three score.
In each I counted thirty cats,
And forty lean and hungry rats,
While fifty kittens hail'd me too
With one long, loud, unearthly *m-e-w!*
Which meant, I fancy, 'How d 'ye do?'
These in each bag of ev'ry twenty,
Pray do n't you think that there were plenty?
Four thousand and eight hundred cats,
With forty times as many rats,
Two hundred forty thousand kittens,
And ev'ry one of these in mittens—
Cats, kittens, rats, and all the folks!
(Now do n't, I pray, think this a hoax.)
Yes, ev'ry hand and ev'ry paw
Envelop'd close and snug I saw.
One million (that alone no joke I call,)
Sev'n hundred forty-sev'n thousand
two hundred sixteen mits in all!
The train of people, nags and cats,
Of kittens, mittens, bags and rats,
Was such a goodly sight, I ween,
As now-a-days is seldom seen;
Believe me, that together counted,
The nags and the good people mounted,
The bags, cats, rats, kits, mits I name,
To just two good round millions came,
And when you reckon up the score,
One hundred eighty-four thousand
one hundred ninety-two odd more!
My eyes bewildered by the sight,
I bade old farmer BROWN 'good-night!'
Wish'd him joy full many a time,
Right glad the bargain was not mine!
I 've told the tale—with your permission,
Am I not an arithmetician?'

J. P. L.

THE well-known anecdote of 'JARVIS and the melancholy Frenchman' with the segar-box had its parallel here a short time since. A gentleman of bituminous complexion, dressed all in sables, with black coat, black vest, black gloves, black pantaloons, and black hat, with a very long black streamer depending therefrom, was walking alone through Broadway 'with solemn step and slow,' bearing a very small baby's coffin under his right arm. A brother 'darky' coming from the opposite direction, with a recognitive grin, exposing a row of teeth like the keys of a piano, hailed him: 'Well, JOE! where is you bound dis mornin' wid yu box?' 'SAAM!' said the mourner, with a look of offended dignity, and a 'stand-aside' wave of the arm, 'Go 'way!—don't you see dat I is *a funeral?*' . . . '*The Globe Hotel*,' a large and admirably-arranged house, recently opened at Number 200 Fulton-street, Brooklyn, is worthy of a more extended notice than our limits will permit. It can scarcely fail, under the able management of its worthy proprietor, Mr. SMITH, to secure that patronage at the hands of the public which we are certain no efforts on his part will be spared to deserve. . . . WE have room but for a word or two touching the prospective theatrical season in this city. The time-honored PARK, the first theatre in the new

world, has been most tastefully and even gorgeously renovated and embellished. The outward improvements are numerous and important, and the interior attractions are to be even still more marked and decided. Of these external and internal features we shall speak at large in our next number. 'THE BROADWAY,' as we write, has opened, after numerous beautifyings, and new beneficial arrangements, with Mr. FORREST, in his usual rôle of characters, who is crowding the theatre from pit to dome nightly. '*Dombey and Son*,' at the Chambers-street Theatre, (late PALMO's,) has been well attended. Captain CUTTLE, JOE BAGSTOCK, Mr. TOOTS and Mrs. SKEWTON being the 'moving why.' . . . WE cannot resist the inclination to present an additional passage or two from '*Philo, an Evangeliad, by the Author of 'Margaret,'*' from the manuscript of which we copied several extracts in our last number. The influence of the tender passion upon a young lover is well depicted in these lines:

'THERE were bright eyes that heavenized his own,
A voice that spake to him in Pythian tones,
A bosom, ebbing, flowing as the sea,
That made his own a child in the sweet surf,
And lips, warm lips, touched his, whereto he clung
As he would grow to them, and they should be
His mouth. It was his wont to cross a brook,
And on the farther bank his secret tend
As a wild flower.'

These strike us as natural thoughts upon a deep and awful mystery:

—— 'DEATH affrights me not; but face
To face with it, beneath its eye alone,
Within the very wind of that fell besom,
To knock at portals of the vast unknown,
To see the darkness, nor a thing beside—
This disconcerts me!'

There is something that reminds us strongly of the characteristics of the Elizabethan poets in the ensuing lines spoken to a mother who has lost an infant daughter:

'SHEETED, composed, impassive, will she lie
To-night, meanwhile to wake in Heaven, where
The gentle angels, nurses of the soul,
Will tend the new-born child, that Time brings forth
Into Eternity.'

'ROSE STANDISH' did not require an apology for sending the article in preceding pages 'upon so trite a theme as '*The Visit of Lafayette to America.*' We saw it, and remember it well; and can well understand how a little girl, who had been deputed to present flowers to the good old hero, should love to dwell upon the recollection of her emotions. Apropos of LAFAYETTE: we have never seen any single passage touching his visit to this country that approached this, by the poet SPRAGUE. Some portions of the oration whence it is taken approached tumidity, but this is perfect:

'AMONG these men of noble daring there was one who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he come to succor were not his people; he knew them only by the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoils of the vanquished; for he ranked among nobles and looked unawed upon kings. He was no nameless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; his friends were about him—his wife and his children were before him. But from all these he turned away and came. As the lofty tree shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter storm, he threw aside the trappings of pride and place to crusade for Freedom in Freedom's holy land. He came, not in the day of successful rebellion, when the newly-risen star of independence had burst the cloud of time and careered to its place in the heavens; but he came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover; he came when even the pious began to doubt the favor of GOD!'

This passage we don't quote because it is new, but rather because it is one of those richly-florid things which one admires when a boy, and which needs no after-revision.

We have had an opportunity of examining, through the courtesy of Mr. Wood, at Number 23, Park-Place, some of the most rare and elaborate *Specimens of Carving on Wood* that we have ever beheld. In infinite variety and matchless richness of form it is very remarkable. And yet, strange to say, the whole is performed by machinery; and copies of any pannelling, moulding, etc., howsoever elaborate, can be multiplied five-thousand-fold in one week. We may have more to say of this important invention hereafter. . . . Well, 'here we are,' at the end of another number. If our readers do n't like our own poor portion of it, pray let them remember what a sweltering season, for the most part, we have been compelled to 'do our spiriting' in; and know also, O 'complainant!' that *another* 'work,' ('what a *piece* of 'work' is man, when he is a lactiverous baby 'and nothing else!') in which we have a joint interest, has been issued 'since our last,' (before that) which has already attained quite a 'circulation,' and seems destined, so far as one can judge, to 'make a good deal of noise in the world.' In its more prominent features, it has been a great deal 'perused' already. . . . Correspondents' favors, new publications, and private letters, not already alluded to, noticed, or answered, will, *Deo volente*, receive present attention at our hands. . . . 'Enough said' for the present.

Literary Record.—We have received and read with pleasure a poem by Mr. James Linen entitled '*Apolyon*.' It is of sustained excellence throughout; while in portions it combines a high reach of imagination with easy and felicitous versification. We regret that it is not in our power to afford our readers a 'taste of its quality,' but our limited space compels us to forego that gratification. We can but commend it to public acceptance as a poem well calculated to reward perusal. . . . Mr. George Virtue, No. 26 John-street, continues the regular publication of his *Illustrated Family Bible*. The engravings, after drawings by W. H. Bartlett, are truly superb. We have seen in no kindred publication, American or English, a more exquisite picture than that of 'The Baths and Sea of Tiberias,' in one of the numbers before us. The letter-press and paper maintain their usual excellence. . . . By the death in June last of Mr. Daniel Williams, late editor and publisher of '*The Tailors' Magazine and Repository*,' the editorship and publication of that old and authentic journal has devolved upon his son, Mr. T. P. Williams, who will sustain, if he is not enabled to enhance, the claims of a work which was the repository of the correct principles of cutting and fitting garments to the human frame, to the practical testing of which the late editor devoted twenty-five years of the vigor of his life. The present editor discharges his functions with evident knowledge and taste, as the present number of his Magazine will sufficiently attest. He sends us with the 'Repository' a large and well-executed colored print of the '*New-York and Boston Fashions for the Fall and Winter of* 1848,' containing some twenty expositions of outside and dress garments for big and little people. They are not exact copies of imported English fashions, in which those wonderful young gentlemen with quizzing-glasses, holding on to small boys with exceeding large eyes and curly hair, ogle ladies in riding-habits, prancing by the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park; but pictures of fashions quite as tasteful and quite as comfortable. We could 'go in' for an outer-garment after the costume of Number Eight or Number Eleven, in the sheet before us, with a consciousness of both good taste and comfort. The 'Magazine and Repository' is issued four times a year from Number 170 Broadway, (with plates and pattern-sheets twice a year,) at four dollars per annum, in advance. or five dollars at the end of the year. . . . '*The West, a Metrical Essay*, by Francis Lieber, Esq., is a patriotic and creditable performance. The versification, when it is considered that the writer is by birth a German, must be pronounced singularly correct and pure. The volume contains beside four or five briefer pieces, to which a kindred praise might well apply. . . . There is much of interest, much, if well pondered, of valuable instruction, in an '*Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities and Citizens of Lowell*' on the Fourth of July last, by Elisha Bartlett, Esq. Appropriate and sound reflections upon the stability of our institutions are followed by a glance at, and judicious comments

upon, the changes taking place in other countries. The contrast between the condition and prospects of the people of the old and new world are exceedingly well set forth and discriminated. . . . PUTNAM, No. 155 Broadway, has issued the first part of a very excellent work on the '*Study of Modern Languages.*' In the present issue, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German and English, are presented in one comparative view on the same page, an arrangement which possesses all the advantages, without the disadvantages, of literal translations. The elementary phrases, conversations, cards, letters, proverbs, etc., form a very useful feature of the work, which has the exterior recommendation of being well printed in large quarto with large types on nice paper. . . . MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN, of Boston, have published a handsome volume under the title of *Modern French Literature,*' by the eminent L. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR; the whole revised, with notes alluding particularly to writers prominent in late political events in Paris, by WILLIAM STAUGHTON CHASE, A. M. The merits of the work are endorsed by Mr. LONGFELLOW, Mr. GEORGE TICKNOR, Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, Rev. Mr. KIRK, and other competent Boston judges. An authentic and well-engraved portrait of LAMARTINE, evidently taken when his oldest hat was new, faces the title-page. . . . FOWLER AND WELLS, at Clinton-Hall, publish monthly, under the editorial supervision of JOEL SHEW, M. D., '*The Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Reforms:*' devoted to the philosophy and practice of the Hydropathic System of curing and preventing disease. The work has reached its sixth volume. . . . ATWILL, Number 201 Broadway, has completed the first year of his popular '*Beauties of the Opera,*' and now offers it elegantly bound for the small sum of five dollars. The volume embraces a large number of songs, trios, duetts, solos and other pieces for the piano and voice, embellished with superb portraits of some of the most admired prima-donnas that Italy has ever produced. The cheapness and beauty of the work are unrivalled. . . . 'TOM OWEN, THE BEE-HUNTER,' equally well known as 'TOM THORPE,' his real patronymic, is the author of a very entertaining work from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON, entitled '*Anecdotes of Zachary Taylor and the Mexican War,*' together with a '*Life of General Taylor, and his Letters.*' The volume is liberally illustrated, is full of spirit and variety, and will serve to add more to Gen. TAYLOR'S popularity than any other work touching the late Mexican campaign and the battles which have made it so famous. . . . '*Chambers' Miscellany*' published by Messrs. GOULD KENDALL AND LINCOLN of Boston, maintains its accustomed variety and excellence of matter as the numbers increase. It is a work of entertainment and permanent value, the numbers of which are liberally illustrated. . . . '*France, its King, Court and Government,*' by General LEWIS CASS, has been republished by Mr. LEONARD SCOTT. A comparison between the condition of France, political and social, in 1840, ably delineated by so distinguished a man as Mr. CASS, and its position in 1848, after the radical change that has taken place in all its relations, cannot be without interest to American readers; nor will the political views of the author, as set forth in the book, be overlooked either by his friends or his enemies on this side the Atlantic. It would not have been amiss to have included the other articles upon Paris and LOUIS PHILIPPE'S court, which were written for these pages by Gen. CASS while minister to France. . . . MANY readers will be interested in a well-written pamphlet on '*The Seat of Government of the United States;*' a review of the discussions in Congress and elsewhere on the site and plans of the 'Federal City, with a sketch of its present condition and prospects, and a notice of the 'Smithsonian' Institute' The author is JOSEPH B. VARNUM, Jr., who seems fully to understand 'whereof he writes.' The pamphlet is from 'HUNT'S Magazine.' . . . SEVERAL publications have been laid on our table from the press of H. LONG AND BROTHER, No. 46 Ann-street. Among them are the popular novels of 'The Hen-pecked Husband; 'JACK ARIEL, or Life on board an Indiaman,' by the author of 'The Post-Captain;' The Student of Salamanca,' a Tale of the Carlist War in Spain, the work which proved so popular in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine; 'FRANK GERNON, or a Cadet's First Year in India,' by Captain BELLEW; together with three works vividly illustrating our criminal annals: 'The Life and Adventures of the accomplished forger and swindler. MONROE EDWARDS; of JOSEPH T. HARE, the bold robber and highwayman; and of JOHN A. MURRELL, the great western land-pirate; each well written and liberally 'adorned with cuts.' . . . '*Magnall's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions, with Additions by Mrs. Julia Lawrence,*' a book which has run through eighty-four editions in England, certainly holds out a very fair promise of being possessed of considerable merit, and in view of the eagerness with which republications are here undertaken, it is somewhat surprising that it has not been sooner introduced to the American public. But perhaps this is a fortunate circumstance, for it needed some modifica-

tions from its original form to adapt it to general use in our schools, and these modifications required a judicious and experienced hand. The delay then has secured the services of the present editor, and the task she has assigned to herself has been successfully executed. We could indeed have wished for other changes, and think that the work is susceptible of farther improvements. These, however, are not essential to its present utility. The volume comprises a great amount of valuable information, exceedingly well stated in catechetical form. Mrs. LAWRENCE states in her preface that she has used the work in its original form for many years in the education of her own children and in her school. This is good testimony in its favor; and if it was useful then it must be much more valuable now that it has been improved by her supervision, and especially by her judicious alterations and additions. These we need not point out, because any parent or teacher proposing to introduce the book into a family or a school will of course give it an examination, and the preface states what has been done. We need only to say in conclusion then, that Mrs. LAWRENCE's additions are by no means the least valuable, or the least well-executed portions of the book, which as a whole we esteem a valuable accession to the cause of education . . . PUTNAM, Number 155 Broadway, has published a second edition of a popular work, '*The Spaniards and their Country*,' by RICHARD FORD, author of 'The Hand-Book of Spain.' Its reputation as a work of interest and value is established . . . THE last number of Mr. EDWARD DUNIGAN'S 'Popular Library of Instruction and Amusement' contains a charming little story, beautifully illustrated by CHAPMAN, entitled '*Clara, or the Red and White Roses*,' from the German of CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMIDT. The same popular publisher, under the title of 'KIRWAN Unmasked,' has sent us six sarcastic and trenchant letters, addressed to the Rev. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D. D., of Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, by the Right Rev. JOHN HUGHES, D. D., Bishop of New-York. . . . Mr. BARTLETT, of the well-known house of BARTLETT AND WELFORD, has recently issued, in a large volume, '*A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States*,' which will not only be found very rare and curious, but which will be of great use to those who desire to speak the English language in its purity. Let the reader of this dictionary remark how many words, for the use of which 'the Yankees' have been ridiculed by the British press, have come from Great Britain itself. In the great number of words and phrases given in this large volume, accurate definitions, with abundant authorities, are presented. We hope to see a work evincing such great research, and of so permanent a value, widely circulated. . . . If our readers desire to obtain one of the best descriptions that has yet appeared of one of the most distinguished battles fought during the Mexican campaign, let them repair to the Messrs. HARPERS and purchase '*Carleton's History of the Battle of Buena-Vista*.' We read it through from title-page to colophon, with unabated interest. Its style is simple and pure, and its pictures vivid in a marked degree; for the writer, distinguished in the service, has depicted scenes and events 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.' A correct map of the battle-ground accompanies the work. . . . LET us indicate to the reader, with the expression of our regret that we can do no more this month, the publication of a work in two interesting volumes, containing '*The Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*,' from his accession to the death of Queen CAROLINE. Think of the famous characters and events involved in that era, set down by LORD HERVEY, and edited from the original manuscript by Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL. D., F. R. S., etc. TWO volumes containing more agreeable and instructive reading we have not encountered for many months. They are well printed, upon large and legible types. . . . JUST as the present sheet is passing to the press, we receive from Messrs. BURGESS, STRINGER AND COMPANY, '*The Oak-Openings, or the Bee-Hunter*,' by J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. It will constitute our first reading. Its very title indicates what a novel thus called would be, in the hands of a writer so capable as the author of 'The Path-Finder.' It is well printed, and afforded at a very reasonable price. . . . WE commend with full confidence to our readers a work of great interest and permanent value, in '*Remarks on the Past and its Legacies to American Society*,' by J. D. NOURSE, of Kentucky. It is the result of sound thought, and the reading of many years, compressed by repeated revision into the smallest possible compass. The writer deserves the thanks of every true lover of his country for the well-written volume which he has laid upon the altar of patriotism. . . . E. ANTHONY, the well-known publisher of the engraving of the 'United States' Senate Chamber,' has recently issued a likeness of General TAYLOR, carefully engraved from Daguerreotype, by RITCHIE, of Boston. It is uniform in size with those of WEBSTER and CLAY, to which we have before alluded, and both as regards likeness and artistic excellence is equal if not superior to either of the above mentioned prints.

'We regard it as the very best work of its kind in the Union.' — *St. Albans (Vt.) Journal.*

'The Knickerbocker was received with unfailing punctuality on the first of the month, which however is the least merit of this agreeable miscellany; for its contents are as invariably good as its appearance is punctual.' — William Cullen Bryant, in *the New-York Evening Post.*

'The last Knickerbocker is exceedingly good. There are no less than twenty-four original articles, and all of the right sort; some of them worthy of Blackwood's palmiest days. The *Editor's Table* is in Mr. Clark's happiest vein; varied and racy in a remarkable degree.'
New-York Commercial Advertiser.

'The Knickerbocker seems to increase in attraction as it advances in age. It exhibits a monthly variety of contributions unsurpassed in number or ability.' — *National Intelligencer.*

'The Knickerbocker is one of the most valuable Magazines of the day, and outstrips all competition in the higher walks of literature.' — *Albany Argus.*

'We have here an old and general favorite; one among the pioneers of the American periodical press; the venerable Knickerbocker. The 'Editor's Table' is always the most attractive portion of 'Old Knick.'s' monthly bill of fare — to us at least; and in the present number we have found it —— more so!' — *New-York 'Gaz. and Times.'*

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OF THE

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'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK's supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'—*New-York Daily Tribune.*

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☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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EASTERN SKETCHES.

BY OUR ORIENTAL CONTRIBUTOR.

IT is generally admitted that the Bosphorus is the fairest stream in the world. Even citizens of the United States, who are always fond of expressing their admiration of the fair Hudson, or as the New-Yorkers love to fancy it, the 'North River,' are willing—reluctantly, of course—to admit that it possesses extra features of scenic beauty which their beloved river has not. The admirers also of that sweet picture, the Bay of Naples, be they native Italians or wandering Britishers, raise the hand of admiration before the surpassing charms of this magnificent stream of the farther East. Each of the three differ materially in character, and they offer little comparison the one with the other. If not indeed to find a simile in animated nature, it should be said that they are like three rival maidens, one tall, another *en bon point*, and the third small of stature and delicate in form.

The inhabitants of Constantinople are very justly strongly attached to the Bosphorus. Indeed, the great capital of the East may be said to extend along its banks from the sea of Marmora to the Black Sea, and that even the large town of Scutari, with many smaller ones, along the Asiatic shore, are but suburbs of the city. Many persons reside on the Bosphorus during the whole year, while others only resort to it in the spring and summer months. The Pacha, or Effendi, whose business calls for his absence to the distant parts of the empire, seems to bear with his exile in the consoling prospect of being enabled, by his gains there, to return and enjoy the close of his life in the yalee, or summer dwelling, which he hastens to erect on the stream of his affections. Again, even those who without any expectation of being permitted by the sovereign, or by a prolonged life, to gaze upon its beautiful banks and waters, are satisfied in expend-

ing their means in adorning its shores with fairy gardens and picturesque edifices. The old Pacha of Egypt is now erecting an immense palace on the spot where the Russians in 1834 encamped on the Bosphorus, to prevent his seizing upon the capital; and as it will require several years to finish it, he cannot expect to inhabit it himself. They turn away with disgust at the sight of the murky streams of the interior of Asia, and sigh for the straits which separate two of the greatest continents of the old world. The Egyptian, fond of his classic Nile, pines until he can again drink of its turbid though sweet waters; the wandering Arab or Turcoman, in truth, calls the mighty Euphrates his sea, while it is hallowed in his affections by tales of the valor and romantic generosity performed on its banks; but neither can at all lay claim to the natural beauty and almost artless graces which enthral the eye of the visitor to the fair shores of the Bosphorus.

Notwithstanding the superior position of the promontory of ancient Byzantium, projecting out from the immense city of Constantinople into the Bosphorus, just at its entrance into the sea of Marmora, the Sultan deserts it and his old 'Seraglio' for the newer palaces erected on the former. The banks of the Golden Horn, or harbor of the city, are mostly occupied by buildings for purposes of trade and traffic, and resound to the noise of the boatmen and the sailor. Nor are its waters as pure as those of the more favored stream, and the cooling breezes from the Euxine or Black Sea bring more wealth and riches to this most commodious harbor than comfort and health and freshness to its tenants. Turn the point formed by the juncture of the streams, and with the old seraglio at your back, row up the Bosphorus; proceed toward the Black Sea, and for a distance of some twenty miles the fair stream is covered with scenes too numerous and extensive to be comprised in one picture, and which must therefore be beheld, as the traveller visits them one after the other, under the shades of morning, noon and night.

The winter residences of the pachas and effendis are in Constantinople generally hidden from the eye of the stranger, who wonders where the higher officers of the government, with their numerous train of attendants, are located during the cold and wet seasons of the year, behind high walls. Here their comforts are composed of spacious court-yards, neat halls, and richly furnished harems. Soon after the Sultan has moved from the European to the Asiatic shore, that is to say, left his winter for his summer residence, all his officers, commencing with the Sheik ul Islam and the Grand Vizier, crave permission to fly from the dull streets of the city to the green banks of the Bosphorus. None can change their domicil without authority, and those who from ill health desire to remove there earlier than usual must make a request to that effect of the sovereign.

In no country in the world do men rise so fast as in Turkey; the tide of favor carries them swiftly; and as they generally start from a low origin, and with small means, the first object to be attained on which caste and social opinion depends, is a vast yalee, or summer house on the Bosphorus. Here delightful indeed must be the change

from the noisy streets of the city, small apartments, and view bordered by jealous walls, to the magnificent and glorious scenery of the straits, where the eye rests at option upon a silvery stream or green hills rising a thousand feet above the level of the waters. In the city, the corpulent pacha, on leaving his conack, or winter residence, to repair to his bureau, or office, enters an easy coach, others mount the richly-caparisoned horse, and are thus followed by a host of attendants, borne to the sill of the entrance to the Porte, or whereever his occupation calls him. In the country he steps from his doorway into the cushioned caïk, or boat, peculiar to the Bosphorus, and rowed by a crew of two, four, or six men in number, graded according to his rank, is carried hastily down the stream to the landing in the city where his carriage or horses await him. Thus, healthy exercise he never takes, and the vapor-bath performs for him what would otherwise be unnecessary.

Some parts of the Bosphorus are made especial to the Mussulmans, others are for the Armenians, the Greeks and the Jews. The edge of the shore is generally occupied by the extensive yalee of the wealthy officer or banker. The heights are mostly the residence of the poor classes, though indeed there are many fine dwellings, sufficiently high up to enjoy fresh breezes and command extensive views. The numerous palaces of the sultan and the members of his family are all on the water's edge, though he has likewise many kiosks, or belvederas, covering the highest peaks of the Bosphorus, where the young sovereign is fond of passing a day withdrawn from business or the enthralments of his harem. The banks of the straits are generally too precipitate to admit of gardens of much extent, and consequently they are formed in terraces one above the other, having a most pleasing and fanciful effect, planted with green trees and fragrant flowers. The choicest positions are those at the mouths of the many small ravines, leading in gentle descent from the heights down to the water's edge. Down these little valleys the wind seems to blow from the more heated heights above to the cooler vales beneath. The points formed by the irregular channel of the Bosphorus are not generally esteemed, for there the north winds often blow with uncomfortable impetuosity and violence; and the bottom of the little gulfs between them are still less prized, on account of the stagnation of the eddies and the absence of cooling breezes. On the heights too the objection is the strength of the winds, which prevent the growth of fruit-trees and the prosperity of most flowering shrubs; they are mostly therefore covered here and there with pines, their tall and tapering forms presenting striking objects in the distance, and groups of oak and walnut, whose attractive shades are the scenes of pic-nics and pleasure-parties, which form one of the most agreeable pastimes of the resident on the Bosphorus.

The architecture of the houses is quite eastern, and peculiar to Constantinople. The inhabitants believe that dwellings built of stone are damp and unhealthy, and therefore nearly all of those in the city and on the Bosphorus are constructed of wood. Those on the water have their basements generally of stone. Few or none

are more than two stories high; their windows are incredibly numerous, and the lower ones are as near to the water as practicable. The front of the chief entrance is paved with marble from the island of Marmora, (which word signifies 'marble;') the floor of the court is also paved in the same manner. The forms of the houses are very irregular, sometimes projecting out on the water, and at others receding a few feet from the shore; the apartments are generally vast and spacious, very plainly furnished, with low, broad divans, or sofas of woollen mattresses covered with calico, on which the effendi lolls in listless apathy for every thing beyond his pipe, (tchibook,) or water-pipe, (narguilay,) and his bowl of icy sherbet. The windows of the male apartments are partly exposed, but those of the harem, or female apartments, are closely latticed, to prevent the inmates from being seen by the inquisitive or curious passers by.

The members of the diplomatic corps, and some of the wealthier European merchants, reside during the summer at a village near the Black Sea, on the European shore, called Bugukdéré. It would seem as if the Turkish government had located the former there, so as to place them as far distant from it as possible; and its position, though commanding an extensive water view, is only a third or fourth-rate one in point of comfort or beauty. Bebek, Candilli, Esnerghen and Canlija, are villages of superior attractions, and the two former are certainly unequalled by any others on the Bosphorus.

Europeans are not allowed to reside in any place they may choose on the straits, nor in the close vicinity of the yalees of the 'faithful,' who have a particular aversion to having their quiet pastimes broken in upon by the undignified vivacity and prying curiosity of the 'Infidel.' To this place he has transferred his rich pipes and coffee-cups, his numerous servants, his love of ease and his lofty humors. He can receive his equal in state and ceremony, or make merry with his subordinates and dependants in the most private seclusion. His wife, women and children can pass the day in innocent pic-nics at the many shady nooks which are around his yalee, and on Fridays, when the Porte is closed, he also can repair to the valley on the Asiatic shore, called 'The Heavenly Waters,' and stretched out on his rich carpet, partake of his evening meal, under the shade of some lofty oak, with the silvery gleam of his beloved Bosphorus and its beautiful scenery always before his eyes.

Perhaps the preceding may have conveyed an imperfect idea of the Bosphorus in its general appearance. It requires nevertheless, as afore stated, to be seen in detail, so as to be properly appreciated. Its sinuosities prevent its being beheld entire from any one point; each curve in the stream leaves you to gaze upon another lake-like scene from which you see no exit; and this succession of distant views, continues on from the Marmora to the point from which the Black Sea first breaks upon your view. Its features are also different as the several portions of the day, viz., morning, noon, evening, or by moon-light. In the winter season, much of what renders it so beautiful, viz., its verdure, has disappeared; the bright sun and clear sky has given place to lowering clouds and a half concealed lumi-

nary: or the warmth and freshness of spring and summer are lost amidst coldness and rain. May and June are consequently the choicest periods of the year on the Bosphorus; it is then that the buds in its fairy gardens are swelling, there is then the music of nature, songs in its rippling currents; its breezes are filled with health, and its superbly beautiful scenery fills every bosom with delight. Your eyes then rest as if by enchantment upon the green banks which rise on either side of you, their bases ornamented with the tasteful country-houses, their acclivities covered with clusters of oak and pine, and their summits spreading away in rich meadows and vineyards. Land at one of the numerous little nooks already alluded to, and in the thick clusters of brush-wood you may hear the little nightingale calling or singing to his mate, with a tone so sweetly thrilling that you gladly remain a moment to hear a little longer his untiring strain, and your eyes in vain seek for the form of the warbler among the rich foliage of spring. On a line parallel with the second story of the Effendi's dwelling, perhaps near his harem windows, you see a bowery of roses in full bloom, of varied geraniums, of fresh hyacinths, of odoriferous jessamines, for these are his favorite flowers; or stretching up beyond his roof you observe a garden made on graded terraces, rich in nature's beauties. One of my sketches was made early one morning in June, and the dwelling which I occupied, is situated on one of the finest spots of the Bosphorus. It was not written with the design of appearing before you, but is so true that I cannot help copying it.

'It is a glorious spectacle to see the sun rise over the Asiatic banks of the Bosphorus, and cast its morning rays upon the calm, silvered surface of its waters. The silence and serenity of the night has not yet been broken in upon by the voices of the day; the air is fresh and cool, almost completely calm; the little village below me seems sleeping; here and there only a straggler is seen to wander along the forsaken streets; a sailor of the morning watch yet walks the lonely deck of his vessel lying at anchor near the shore; or a solitary caik quietly glides down the swift current, as if its oars were uselessly employed, and it only needed to be guided to its desired haven. As yet the shades of night hang over the water, giving them a dark and repulsively sombre hue. The opposite shores as yet seem of but one color; but remark the heavenly tints of the sky above it; of the motionless clouds which hang over them. Man's arts are helpless; he lets fall the pencil or the brush in hopelessness at the sight of the heavenly colors which announce the coming of the Peruvian god. Now its edge of burnished gold peeps over the extreme summit of that more distant ridge; thousands of bright rays spread over the firmament, and the great luminary bursts into view with so much celerity that you almost fancy you can see its increase. As yet however, you but behold its refracted disk; in another moment, its own burning features will prevent you from fixing your gaze upon its dazzling face. It is now wholly above the hills, they are all alive in its rays. Nature arises from her slumbers, and shakes off the dull repose of night. The sun's gleams have now shot down the sides of

the hills, lightening up the mono-tints of their trees and enlivened them with shades of varied colors.

'There! the shores on which I stand have all become brightened up; the Bosphorus on its European sides is glittering with the beams: a light breeze, as if rushing from before the sun, has sprung up along the surface of the stream; the world begins to move about, and the Bosphorus is again alive with busy men. Now the breeze which sprang up from the north increases; the current nearest the European shore on which I sit seems to flow faster than it did; the surface of the water is of a brighter, more silvery tint; the little eddies are more visible, and give the stream the appearance of being obstructed by rocks hidden in the depths below; beyond them however, the same mirror-like smoothness of the earlier morn, again recommences; there glides down to the Golden Horn a frail caïk impelled by one rower, and containing but one passenger, leaving as it passes by a streak like that of distant quicksilver. Beautiful stream! Like the unceasing motion of the celestial bodies, which revolve around our great unknown, these also are no unfit emblem of Eternity; these waters as well as those of the ten thousand streams which furrow the surface of the earth, flow on eternally down, where none can tell. Although the sun is now quite above the water, those edges of the opposite shore are still darkened by the shadows of the heights above them, and those shadows are here and there spotted with passing *caïks*, whose tracks are lost in the distant shades.

'Of the splendor of the scenery of the opposite shore, that of Asia, here only about half a mile distant from that of Europe, I despair of conveying a just and proper idea. The Yalis of the Effendis who prefer to reside in one continent and perform their daily occupations in another; that is, who pass the day in Europe and the night in Asia, seated immediately on the water's edge, and are laved by the swift current, have the appearance of being places of comfort and ease, coolness and quietness; some are large, others small; their colors are as varied as their form, from the whiteness of silver to the dark dun color of unburnished copper; the green gardens around them vie with each other in luxuriance and tinted flowers, and even the walls that separate them from the surrounding heights are mantled with evergreens and ivy. Here and there a tall elm, an oak, a towering cypress, or a trembling poplar, raise their heads above these summer retreats, like guardian giants watching over the human spirits who have taken refuge under the protection of their arms. But the sides of the hills which rise above them all, above Yalli, garden and green trees, how indescribably magnificent in the early morn! Here their acclivities are shaded with dense dark green foliage, rendered irregular by the diversity of the trees; there is a deep ravine, also filled with vernal vegetation, and clusters of walnut trees, inviting you to fly to their shades when the day has grown older, and there passing the time which would otherwise be spent in a closed apartment. Then, between these and the summit of the heights, are spots green and golden with ripening grain, and the almost level summits remind you of the rich meadows of more christian lands.'

A few years ago the Bosphorus had as yet never been furrowed by the noisy steamer; sails and oars alone had been the means of its navigation; but now there is scarcely a day in the week in which one or more steamboats ply up and down it, to and from the Black Sea, and Sea of Marmora; others also are used as ferries for passengers, to the great loss of the caiks, and the alarm and molestation of the finny occupants of its waters; among which the porpoise, sword-fish and young mackerel, *born* in the Euxine and *bred* in the Atlantic, form a numerous body. This innovation was not introduced without some trouble and opposition on the part of the boatmen, and it is said that several lost their lives by their temerity. Accidents have not unfrequently happened, through the imperturbable heedlessness of the Turks, who seem rather to trust to 'destiny' when the swift steamer comes upon them, than to the strength of their arms and the impulses of self-preservation.

In the winter also, when north winds from the Black Sea, the inhospitable Euxine of the ancients, blow with fearful violence down the Bosphorus, its navigation in the frail caik is not unattended with danger. Many a hardy boatman in crossing from Scutari on the Asiatic shore to the mouth of the Golden Horn, has been carried out by the strength of the wind and the current into the Marmora, and without he may chance to reach one of the rocks of the Prince's Islands, is never heard of more. A few years ago an Armenian bridal company, composed of the ladies from the families of either party, dressed out in all their jewels and costly attire, met with this fate, and though a large sum was offered by the survivors of the families to recover the *lost jewels* it was without success. In calm weather, the current of the Bosphorus always runs four miles an hour; with a north wind it is still stronger, and yet the southerly gales which sometimes blow on it during the winter are so violent as to turn the current against itself and cause it to flow back to the Black Sea. Rafts anchored in the evening near the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Sea of Marmora have been found in the morning more than half way up the straits; vessels are not unfrequently lost on its shores, boats of a large size are foundered, and the basements of the Effendis' yallees, though constructed of stone, suffer greatly from the lashing which they receive from the angry winter waves.

The whole face of nature is then changed: the smiles and voices of the spring, its flowers and its verdure, the temperate atmosphere, the inviting bowers of summer, all are replaced by bleak winds, incessant rains, falls of short lasting snows, and the barren hills and chilling waters are as uninteresting as repulsive. In this season many stout ships are lost in endeavoring to find an entrance into the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, and are wrecked along the shores of the latter. The light-houses, erected on either continent, are visible only in clear weather and during the thick fogs of winter are of but little use to the tempest-tossed mariner. The Cyenian rocks, during the 'expedition of the Argonauts,' floated about the mouth of the Bosphorus, now lie firmly anchored under the Pharos of Europe. At the other end of the straits, a small light-house erected on the walls

of the city and another on the Asiatic shore, where once stood the city of Chalcedon, direct vessels how to enter the Bosphorus on their arrival from the Dardanelles. A small tower called by the Turks, *Kiz Kalasee*, or the 'Maiden's Tower,' built on a rock at the entrance of the Bosphorus, once contained another light to guide the mariner, but for several years past it has not been in operation.

It is a beautiful sight to look out of the mouth of the Golden Horn upon Scutari, ancient Chalcedon, the Gulf of the Prince's Islands and the distant shores of Bithynia, with the heights of Mount Olympus covered with a hoary head of snow. The view is finest in the afternoon when the rays of the declining sun fall upon these different objects. At that hour too, the inhabitants of the Bosphorus are leaving the busier scenes of the bazaars of the city to return to their cool abodes on the water's edge. Thousands of caïks, from those of the Grand Vizier and Sheik ul Islam, each of six pair of oars double banked, to that of the humble clerk and merchant with but one, and from the well-crammed passage-boat, called 'bazaar caïk' with four pair of oars, and containing some sixty or eighty passengers, to the smaller one of even one pair of oars, yet crowded to a degree, alarming and threatening the loss of life. The costume of the caïkjis on the Bosphorus is peculiar; the head is covered only in part by a scull-cap of thick red woollen texture, and their other garments are a wide half-silk, half cotton shirt, open at the heart, and thin trowsers of white cotton. Their legs from the knees are bare, and they wear red shoes. When not rowing they wear also, a vest, or throw a thick jacket over their shoulders. The caïks of two pair of oars, to wit, two men, comfortably accommodates two inmates, and yet it is not unfrequently seen filled with ten or more. Having no seats, the floor is covered with a soft cushion and surrounded with pillows on which the passenger reclines; the more elevated part of the stern, though decidedly the most comfortable and coolest part of the caïk, is dedicated only to the use of servants. The caïkjee, who sits facing the stern, will request you to balance the boat to larboard, so as to raise his left arm above the right and prevent its massive handle from striking against the one that holds the other. The broad blade of the oar just feathers the surface of the water, as the caïkjee leans toward the passenger, then dipping it gently beneath the surface he raises his head, and bending backward with a graceful exertion of his arm, drives his frail bark speedily on its way. The sharp bow of the caïk, now plunging into the current, cuts, as it were, a passage for itself in the liquid element, or now rising on the puny waves of the Bosphorus, seems to bound onward to its haven. In the idiom of the boatmen of the Golden Horn larboard and starboard, are called 'Roomali' and 'Anadoli,' after the shores of the Bosphorus, and on the latter you hear them crying out, as they swiftly approach and pass each other to *âtch*, or *all*, 'open' and 'take,' that is to turn toward the shore, or into the stream. The large boat of the Pacha passes you with no other noise or voice than that of the plunging of the oars; the Effendi, in his 'three pair,' glides along almost in profound silence, and even the other caïks are easier seen than heard. In consequence of this, the

boatman pulling the forward oar, keeps a lookout now and then over his shoulder to see who is coming upon him, and you are now and then startled with this sudden sharp cry of warning.

If the evening is not very windy, you proceed up the Bosphorus, rocked by the gentle motion of the caïk, fanned by the breeze, and delighted by the beautiful scenery which surrounds you, and varies at every moment. How fair are the elevated shores, colored by the mellow rays of the setting sun, or darkened by the growing shades of evening!—how quiet do the handsome edifices seem, in the petty bays and gulfs of this magnificent stream!—how cheerful those erected on its points! As the sun sets behind the hills of Europe, it casts their shadows upon the cool mirrored stream. At first they darken only their own shores; now they extend out over the waters; there they cross the Bosphorus, yet of a richly golden bright color, and raise up its Asiatic heights so fast that you can see them growing in extent, until the summits only bear the rich mellow tints of the golden hue, until they are completely lost from sight. This is now the most delightful moment on the Bosphorus, and amateurs of water scenes may gloat their eyes upon some which are of unparalleled beauty. Lofty vessels lying quietly at anchor at your left, or others sluggishly floating down the stream; the near wharf of the European shore, covered with idle spectators; the animated flocks of caïks hurrying up the stream, the broad Bosphorus spread out to your right, presenting a mirror of liquid glass, increasing in hue until it reaches the opposite banks, where on their very edge you see palaces, more or less extensive, of different colors, the dark green sides of the hills clothed with rich verdure, with golden harvests, or the many-colored foliage of autumn. While the sky is cloudless, a few miles distant from the Bosphorus it is not uncommonly overhung on either shore, particularly that of Asia, with scattered clusters of clouds, floating down as it were from the Black Sea; and the picture can safely be closed with a flight of these, and yet indicate no rain or change of weather. The row up the Bosphorus against the current is toilsome; at more than one place the caïk must be towed round the points, by which the water flows with fearful violence. Men are there standing to perform this service, and on reaching the points they cast a light cord into the bow of the boat, where it is soon fastened, and then running along the wharf, drag the caïk faster than it was previously propelled by its oars. The row down the stream in the evening, when the sun is setting, is even more agreeable than that up it. The caïk then keeps in the middle of the Bosphorus; the scenes on the shores are at equal distance; the passage is smoother and fleeter, and the oars are scarcely heard.

But of all scenes, that by the moon-light must be the most difficult to describe. Those on the Bosphorus I have frequently admired, and felt that they were indeed indescribably beautiful. To stand on some one of the heights of Europe and gaze down over the slope leading from your feet, over the neighboring ridge, the hill-side, covered with gardens and green trees, the summer dwellings on the

water's edge, the noble stream spread away before you to the opposite shore of Asia, all covered with the peculiar chiaro-scuro tint of the moon, form one of the most delightful sights that I have witnessed. There you see the silver beams of the fickle Diana shining resplendently on the waters, constantly changing in form, with the rippling of the current, or the gentle waves made by the soft night-breeze; and hark! from the minaret of the Moslem mosque below you, behind you, or away in yon more distant village, the melodious voice of the muezzin calls the faithful to their yatsee, or prayer, which they offer up just before retiring for the night. All other noises are quieted; and the sound of the human voice, the breaking in upon the dead hour of night, strikes upon the ear a thousand times more impressively than the sound of the Christian bell. Even his words are distinctly heard as he proclaims 'ALLAH is the greatest (of all gods;) ALLAH is the greatest! There is no god but ALLAH, and Mahommed is the prophet of ALLAH! Come to prayer! come to prayer!'

Finally, the yalees of the pachas and effendis on the Bosphorus, quiet abodes of ease and happiness as they seem to be, not infrequently are the scenes of melancholy occurrences. In them the ottoman lords create for their enjoyment in this world a paradise, modelled, one would suppose, upon that greater one promised them in the other. Here his numerous white female slaves from Circassia pass lives of rivalry for the affections of their master, doubtless giving rise to innumerable scenes of envy, jealousy, hatred and despair; or here the beauteous wife, the mother of his children, heart-broken, must silently see herself neglected in favor of the newly-purchased slave, or the passion on which Hafiz and Anacreon have written so many sweet odes. While the master will have many such objects of his pleasure, the fair slave must have no offspring; she must bear him no incumbrances, and must prevent it as best she can. O! what must be the grief of the young mother, when, after her sufferings are passed, and she asks to see her infant, she learns that it did not live; the father having forbidden it!

I cannot close this little sketch of the Bosphorus in a better manner than by mentioning an occurrence of last year, which doubtless reached the public prints of the United States. A Turkish gentleman of high rank, of pleasant manners and exterior, possessed a slave from Circassia, for whom he paid a large sum of money. She was celebrated throughout all Constantinople for her beauty and grace, and it was said that he was devotedly attached to her; yet it was reported that he was led away by others to indulge in the unnatural passion before alluded to.

His female slave, now the mother of two children, learned it, and became unhappy. She reproached him for it, and he chose to punish his slave for having thus entertained most natural feelings. In despair she endeavored to destroy herself by drowning in the Bosphorus, and was saved when half dead by one of her master's caikmen. She next in revenge bestowed her affections upon another, a

young Greek physician, in the employ of the highest officer of the empire. The amour was discovered by her visiting a small house prepared by him for her, near one of the most famed spots on the Bosphorus, called 'The Valley of Celestial Waters.' A ring which she had presented to him was also recognized on his finger by another lady of rank, with whom the female slave (herself considered as a wife and a lady) was visiting, and the news soon reached her husband. A few years ago her fate would have been instant death, by means of the 'fatal cord;' but in the present advanced state of the Turkish government, the Greek was banished to Candia, and her culpability left for the decision of the grand vizier. It is said that the husband, still strongly attached to his erring wife, awaited the result of the decision with great anxiety; and on learning that there was no doubt of her guilt, became wild and frantic with the affliction. Throwing himself upon one of his fleetest horses, and putting him to his full speed, he fled toward the forest of Belgrade. Some of his friends, fearful lest he should put an end to his grief and life at the same time, pursued and persuaded him to return to his home. Of the frail slave, the unmarried yet legal wife, the mother of his children, the fairest woman of Constantinople, but little can be said with any degree of certainty. Some say that she was given to her father, an aged Circassian mountaineer, whom in her prosperity she had sought for and brought to this place, with the injunction that he should take her away immediately to Circassia; others say that she is living with her father in exile on the banks of the Black Sea; but the last account, and that which is most credible, is that she is long since in another paradise than that of which she was the chief ornament on the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus.

STANZAS: DEATH.

Yes, thou mayst sigh
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank and sky and ground,
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die!

Yes, lay thee down!
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the gray priest his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter,
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.
'T is but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever-fit, and then a chill;
An then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead!

HARLEY RIVER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

Harley River 's a pleasant stream,
Stealing through meadows and pastures green,
Gleaming here and there in the grass,
Like a serpent a moment hid and seen;
Winding along through clover-fields,
And orchards by greenest hedges crossed,
It hurries away with its silver feet,
And at last in the distant sea is lost.

II.

It lies like a mirror before me now,
Glassing the sky with its clouds of snow;
And long green grass and slender reeds
And bushes beside the margin grow;
A breath of wind steals over its face
And ripples a moment the tranquil tide,
And the willows wave, and the long boughs dip,
And circles are spreading on every side.

III.

Hard by the bridge, and over the dam,
The little mill standeth, mossed and gray;
The gates are up, and the water falls,
And maketh a sleepy noise all day;
The heavy old wheel is turning round,
Grinding the farmers' wheat and corn,
And the chaff floats out, and the yellow meal,
Like golden mist from the fields at morn.

IV.

A little way from the pebbly shore
Flags wave, and the water-cresses float,
And whitest lilies, that look like tents,
Or folded sails of a fairy boat;
The sand at the bottom is silver bright,
And shines through the water pure and clear,
And wavering, brokenly, weeds and stones
And wrecks of the fallen bridge appear.

V.

The boys of the village are often here,
Beguiling in play their leisure hours;
Launching their argosies, dug from chips,
Laden with pebbles and weeds and flowers:

Wading in for calamus-roots,
And lilies and shells that pave the sand,
And sailing away on crazy planks,
Stoned by the shouting lads on land.

VI.

And women come from the cots hard by,
And dip their pails in the water clear;
And the widow at day-break gathers a store
Of cresses for gentle people near;
The simpler, straying with staff and scrip,
Culls his rarest herbs on the brink,
And the way-side traveller, dusty and dry,
Stops by the cooling stream to drink.

VII.

The angler comes with his bending rod,
And lieth beneath a shady tree,
Feeling his baitless line for hours—
A quiet and patient man, perdie!
And oftentimes, in his pleasure-boat,
Moored but a little way from shore,
He sits in the stern and falls asleep,
And nodding leans on his dripping oar.

VIII.

Wagoners, urging their loaded wains
To market, water their horses here,
And the plough-man, driving a-field at morn,
Stops with his yoked and lowing steer;
Cattle stand in the cooling tide,
In August noons, by the insects stung,
And the snowy lambs and the shepherd's dog
Lap the water with panting tongue.

IX.

In winter, when ice has fettered the stream,
The boys come hither before the sun,
And skate away till the school-bell rings;
And afternoons, when the school is done,
And the lesser children, muffled up warm,
Drag each other on sleds about,
And slide in a row on slippery paths,
And fall in heaps with a mighty shout.

X.

Sweet Harley River! my early days
Beside thy beautiful banks were passed;
We parted, and years and youth have flown—
Vanished since I beheld thee last!
A wrinkled and care-worn man, I stand
And gaze on thee with a throb of pain,
And dream of the Past, and sigh that Time
Can never restore my youth again.

August 27, 1848.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

LEST you may apprehend some horrible recital, gentle reader, I declare as I make my bow, that I have not a word to say about the enthusiastic avenger of injured France: it is enough on one subject to read the chronicles of the present revolutionary struggle there, without going back to the reign of terror. What I am about to relate occurred scarce a twelvemonth back; its hero is a young man with a fine figure and intellectual face, which bear the stamp of Nature's nobility. The son of a wealthy Connecticut farmer, FRANK FARNHAM, graduated at Yale college with an honor, and what is rarer, good sense enough to perceive that all the professions were overstocked, and that it would not be derogatory to enter a counting-room. He soon obtained a clerkship in a New-York importing house, in due time acquired a knowledge of the business, and then went abroad as the purchasing partner.

There are often a hundred of these fancy-goods purveyors in Paris, and when I arrived there in 1842, the favorite of the clique was Frank Farnham. Well informed, a scholar, with one of those happy characters which so yield to those around as to find a place in every heart, Frank was a valuable friend for all his young countrymen in Paris, while his experience enabled him to act as the mentor of many. No American gathering was deemed complete without his presence, and any one of his many guests will uphold me in testifying to the snug comforts of his commodious suite of rooms on the '*Boulevard Montmatre, au premier.*' A drawing-room filled with antique furniture, a cosy dining-room, with a dreamy bed-chamber and a well stocked library, were all redolent with an air of refinement, and the *petit soupers* on Wednesday evenings were delectably worthy of their locality. The sectional prejudices which Americans persist in carrying abroad began to vanish the moment they unfolded their napkins at Frank's mahogany. The soup dissolved the frost of suspicion; the fish set conversation smoothly afloat; frozen champagne thawed the stiffest sprigs of southern chivalry; racy Burgundy warmed the cold hearts of the New-Englanders; and genial sympathies were excited by every succeeding course placed on the festive board. Eugene Guinot used occasionally to drop in, bringing the gossip in advance of his next morning's article; a royal aid-de-camp contributed the court scandal; Sheridan, (he is dead now, poor fellow!) brought the diplomatic news from the British legation; Levassor sang his inimitable *chansonnettes;* in short, there was no place that would compare with Frank Farnham's. A London man would have called him 'a perfect brick.'

The fund of gossip thus brought to Frank, he retailed out with such discretion as to render him equally popular with his countrymen in the Gallic capital, who have a most voracious appetite for scandal. The papas, (who are generally much annoyed by 'the lingo' and milliner's bills,) liked his chat on their favorite topics, ballasted with in-

formation of sterling merit, and pronounced him a clever young man. His good looks and strong waltzing-arm won the damsels, and as he was rapidly accumulating a fortune, many a connubial net was thrown with wary skill in his path. But Frank was not apparently to be tempted from a life which he found to be truly one of 'single-blessedness,' nor did any of his acquaintances dream when he left Paris for the States in January, 1847, that he would return there a Benedick.

Master Cupid so willed it though, inscribing Frank among the victims under the marriage head of the 'Boston Atlas,' somewhere in the month of June following, so that the news went out to Paris by the steamer of the fifteenth.

'Married! you don't say so? what sort of a body is the lady?' was in every one's mouth who knew him, but no one could give any information on the subject. For myself, I never expected to see Frank in Paris again, when one hot July afternoon, to my great surprise, I met him in the '*Passage des Panoramas.*' The first glance assured me that he had 'caught a tartar,' for submission was clearly depicted on his long rueful countenance; his coat was out of fashion, his pantaloons were of some horrid substantial material, and he who was once the mirror of elegance now reflected little credit on his tailor, beside carrying a cotton umbrella. I have always fancied that he tried to dodge me, but I had no idea of being cut by an old friend, and hailed him with a reproach for not having called on me the moment of his arrival, as of yore. Then he used to bring me news from my loved New-England home, but this time he had not even presented himself.

'My dear Perley,' he replied, 'I intended to have seen you ere this, but Mrs. F —— is not yet accustomed to the noise of Paris, and I have not left her until this moment.'

'Apropos, let me congratulate you, Frank.' The words nearly stuck in my throat.

'Thanks, *mon cher*, I am the happiest of men,' said he, with a tell-tale sigh any thing but joyous, and after a short conversation he hurried off, leaving me an invitation to tea for the next evening.

I was as punctual as a tailor with his 'little bill,' and was duly introduced to Frank's 'better-half,' a pretty, fragile, blue eyed creature, with one of those fair complexions, too transparent to screen the blush of truth. Her really fine hair was twisted into villanous corkscrew ringlets, falling on the high shoulders of a most unshapely garment, and the mass of 'leather and prunella' on her feet would have shod a plough-boy. All these defects might have been easily remedied, but when conversation commenced, (or rather when *she* commenced talking.) I saw that Frank was regularly sold; the slave of a slave to the most absurd ideas, deeply tinged with indigo. Her weak mind had evidently seized with eagerness a parcel of vague notions as the truth, because it was unable to test them, and embarking with them on the trackless ocean of error, fancy soon wafted her into troubled water. The rights of woman seemed to be her favorite theme, and though some of her arguments may sound well in Boston, they suffered by transplantation. That which is indigenous to one soil may blossom

on another, but it will be in so sickly a manner, and so unlike its original life, that the flower is not pleasing; the transcendental champion of her sex did not appear to advantage in Paris.

Poor Frank! — he never ventured to put in a syllable; and when a dead calm succeeded to the storm of sentences that had rained for twenty minutes from the lips of his *cara sposa*, he appeared, for the first time in my recollection, to be at a loss for words. Suddenly he turned to me and asked:

'How do you think a lady's hair should be *coiffed?*'

Before I could reply, the rested member of Madame was in full play.

'Why I always wear mine in curls,' said she; and she went on to Queen Victoria's auburn curls, the capillary properties of hair, leaden water pipes, the artesian well, and the fountains at Versailles.

'I did not allude to fair hair,' said Frank, with great meekness, when she had stopped to breathe; 'that looks best in curls, as you wear it, but is not dark hair more showy in bandeaux?'

To me it is, and I said so; an avowal which brought such a cloud over the lady's brow as to frighten me into a speedy retreat. By way of excuse I mentioned that I had a box-pass for the opera, and Frank, evidently as glad to escape as I was, accompanied me. Not a word was exchanged between us about his marriage, though when we said '*bon soir*' I fancied he envied me; at any rate I did not envy him. A wife is ever the angel of life, in weal or in wo; but if false education pervert her mission, the wing that should warn off the world's unkindness from one's path only darkens it with a black shadow. The sensitive mind of woman is invariably moulded by the invisible power of the atmosphere in which she lives; and in these agitated days of reform, it is a difficult matter for a man to find a generous-hearted, noble-souled bride:

'WHO never answers 'till a husband cools,
And if she rules him, never *shows* she rules.'

Early the next morning Mademoiselle Rachel sent me a couple of tickets for her coming benefit, (to be paid for on delivery,) and recollecting that Frank Farnham used to doat on her acting, I sent one of them over to him. About an hour afterward it occurred to me that Mrs. Farnham might not approve of purchasing tickets from actresses, and I determined to call and explain that it is a French custom, lest Frank should get into trouble.

'Monsieur was out,' their concierge said, 'but Madame was up stairs.' I sent up my card, received word that I would be admitted, and was met by Mrs. Farnham at the door of their parlor.

'Ah!' she exclaimed in an agitated tone,' so you have come to exult over your victim, monster that you are!'

Had she made me a declaration of love, followed by an invitation to elope immediately, I should not have been more astonished. To make such a to-do about a theatre-ticket, seemed to me a waste of passion, and thoughts of poor Frank's former happiness flitting across my mind, I involuntarily replied:

'Victim, indeed!'

'Yes, victim to you and to the fiendish customs of Paris. I came here a happy woman; loved, honored, cherished, esteemed, reverenced, obeyed! Frank was the jewel of my proud heart! Now all is lost, gone, vanished! I have nothing to live for! My joys are flown! Despair has dragged Hope under the waves!'

Here the excited lady sank upon an ottoman, her whole frame quivering with nervous anger, while I stood gazing at her in profound bewilderment, with a vague wish that I was on the stage of a theatre, standing on the trap-door through which Hamlet's father makes his exit. I would cheerfully have ascended five hundred steps, could I have been suddenly let down, *solus*, as many feet below the floor I stood on. At last I stammered out:

'But, my dear Madame —'

'Do n't dear Madame me, Sir!' she screamed out, her eyes flashing fire; 'do n't add insult to injury, Sir! Indeed it is an insult for you to come here, privy as you are to my husband's desertion of me!'

This was personal, and with rather more than the customary quantity of blood coursing in the veins of my cheeks, I demanded an explanation. After some words, rather sharp on both sides, I had it. Mrs. Farnham's jealousy had been awakened by the previous evening's conversation on hair-dressing, and Frank's subsequent absence gave her time to fan the spark into a flame. When he returned she feigned sleep; the next morning no persuasion could induce her to open her eyes. While Frank was dressing, a messenger brought him a note which he read and then went out, having locked up the epistle in his desk.

'But I was watching him,' concluded the weeping spouse, 'and opening his desk with a duplicate key I retained when I gave him the desk, in case of such an emergency, I found this note; read it!'

I took the convicting missive, which may be thus translated:

'MONSIEUR: The hair-dresser will call this morning to arrange CHARLOTTE'S coiffure. You were undecided about it yesterday, and will perhaps come and direct the man this morning. She is really charming, and well worth your money. Your very devoted servant,

CLARA.'

'Eureka!' I exclaimed after a moment's reflection. 'This letter, Mrs. Farnham, coupled with last night's conversation, is certainly suspicious, but is it not well to act in accordance with the doctrines of Sartor Resartus. Disregard both as outward evidence, but peer with curious eye into the mysterious truth concealed (as you will perceive by the address in the corner,) at 'Number 24 Rue Montmatre.' I will cheerfully conduct you there, in the hope that I may clear up Frank's reputation — and my own.'

In ten minutes we were elbowing our way through the *Rue Montmatre*. The indicated house has a most suspicious external appearance, and as we ascended its slippery, dirty staircase, sounds of noisy merriment from an *estaminet* on the first floor elicited a convulsive shudder from my companion. I opened the door of the third story; we entered: Frank's voice was heard in an inner room, and his wife rushed in. There she found her husband, lolling on a sofa, directing

a hair-dresser how to arrange the magnificent raven tresses of — a — wax figure, ordered by an American milliner, who is one of his best customers. Beside it, stood Madame Clara, a worthy old lady who gains her livelihood by manufacturing these gigantic dolls, and near by was her model — a bust of CHARLOTTE CORDAY! PERLEY.

MEDIÆVAL BARDS.

A GROVE there is in Elfin land,
Where closely intertwine
The Grecian myrtle's branches light,
With Gothic oak sublime:
Beneath its canopy of shade,
Their temples bound with bays,
Are grouped the minstrels, that adorn
The Mediæval days.

The laurelled Ghibelline,[1] who saw
The Stygian abyss,
The fiery mosques, and walls that gird
The capital of Dis;
The realms of penance, and the rings
Of constellated light,
Whose luminous pavilions hold
The righteous robed in white:

Uranian groves, and spheral vales,
Saturnian academes,
Where sainted theologues abide,
Discoursing mystic themes.
Him next, the sweet Valclusian Swan,[2]
Love's Laureate, appears,
Who bathed his mistress' willowed urn,
With Heliconian tears.

Certaldo's storied sage,[3] a bard,
Though round his genius rare
The golden manacles of verse
He did not choose to wear.
Those rosy morns that usher in
Each festal-gladdened day,
His *prose* depicts in hues as bright
As could the poet's lay.

His ultramontane brother, born
In Albion's shady isle,
DAN CHAUCER, of his tameless race
APOLLO's eldest child;
The Medicean Banqueter,[4]
Whose fescennines unfold
The deeds of heathen Anakim
Restored to PETER's fold.

[1] DANTE. [2] PETRARCA. [3] BOCCACCIO, who was born at Certaldo, a town in Tuscany.
[4] THE distinguished poet and wit, who flourished at the court of LORENZO DE MEDICI, LUIGI PULCI, author of the 'Morgante Maggiore,' a burlesque poem.

Ferrara's MELESIGENES,[1]
Who o'er a wide domain
Of haunted forests, mounts and seas,
Exerts his magic reign,
A glowing Mœnad wild and free,
Dishevelled by the wind,
His fancy wantons far and near,
From Thule unto Ind.

Now from her griffin steed alights
Alcina's gardens near,
Now in the Patmian prophet's[2] car,
Ascends the Lunar sphere.
Or with RINALDO wanders through
The Caledonian wood,
Amid whose shades and coverts green
Heroic trophies glowed:

Or paints the mighty Paladin,[3]
Transformed to monster gross,
Whose mistress[4] drank, in Ardennes lone,
The lymph of Anteros.
Next hapless TASSO, pale and wan,
Released from dungeon grates;
The sacred legions of the Cross
His genius celebrates:

Armida's mountain paradise,
Amid the western seas,
Her dragon-yoke, whose wingéd hoofs
Career the viewless breeze:
The sombre Forest, where encamped
Dark EBLIS' minions lay,
With shapes evoked from Orcus gloom,
To scare his foes away.

Lo! marble pontifices spring,
To arch illusive streams;
And swans and nightingales rehearse
Their most melodious themes;
The centuried trees are cloven wide,
And forth from every plant
A maiden steps, whose tears would melt
A heart of adamant.

Nor absent from the tuneful throng,
That dainty bard,[5] I ween,
Who hung the maiden empress' throne
With garlands ever green.
The Elfin Court's DEMODOCUS,
His lay he carols light,
His phantasy's exhaustless urns
Still brimmed with waters bright.

B. W. BALL.

1 ARIOSTO. 2 ST. JOHN: See the 'Orlando Furioso.'
3 ORLANDO. 4 ANGELICA. 5 SPENSER.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY F. PARKMAN, JR.

INDIAN ALARMS.

'To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Were worth an age without a name.' OLD MORTALITY.

WE began our journey for the frontier-settlements on the twenty-seventh of August, and certainly a more ragamuffin cavalcade never was seen on the banks of the Upper Arkansas. Of the large and fine horses with which we had left the frontier in the spring not one remained: we had supplied their place with the wild and rough breed of the prairie, as hardy as mules, and almost as ugly; we had also with us a number of the latter detestable animals. In spite of their strength and hardihood, several of the band were already worn down by hard service and hard fare, and as none of them were shod, they were fast becoming foot-sore. Every horse and mule had a cord of twisted bull-hide coiled around his neck, which by no means added to the beauty of his appearance. Our saddles and all our equipments were by this time lamentably worn and battered, and our weapons had become dull and rusty. The dress of the riders fully corresponded with the dilapidated furniture of our horses, and of the whole party none made a more disreputable appearance than my friend and I. Shaw wore an old red flannel shirt, flying open in front, and belted around him like a frock; while I, in absence of other clothing, was attired in a time-worn suit of leather. If our cavalcade could have filed through the streets of our native city of Boston, it would have created a sensation not much in our favor in the breasts of its excellent though somewhat precise inhabitants. The charmed circle of good society would have been closed against us forever.

Thus, happy and careless as so many beggars, we crept slowly from day to day along the monotonous banks of the Arkansas. Tête Rouge gave constant trouble, for he could never catch his mule, saddle her, or indeed do any thing else without assistance. Every day he had some new ailment, real or imaginary, to complain of. At one moment he would be wo-begone and disconsolate, and at the next he would be visited with a violent flow of spirits, to which he could only give vent by incessant laughing, whistling and telling stories. When other resources failed, we used to amuse ourselves by tormenting him; a fair compensation for the trouble he cost us. Tête Rouge rather enjoyed being laughed at, for he was an odd compound of weakness, eccentricity and good-nature. He made a figure worthy of a painter as he paced along before us, perched on the back of

his mule, and enveloped in a huge buffalo-robe coat, which some charitable person had given him at the fort. This extraordinary garment, which would have contained two men of his size, he chose, for some reason best known to himself, to wear inside out, and he never took it off, even in the hottest weather. It was fluttering all over with seams and tatters, and the hide was so old and rotten that it broke out every day in a new place. Just at the top of it a large pile of red curls was visible, with his little cap set jauntily upon one side, to give him a military air. His seat in the saddle was no less remarkable than his person and equipment. He pressed one leg close against his mule's side, and thrust the other out at an angle of forty-five degrees. His pantaloons were decorated with a military red stripe, of which he was extremely vain; but being much too short, the whole length of his boots was usually visible below them. His blanket, loosely rolled up into a large bundle, dangled at the back of his saddle, where he carried it tied with a string. Four or five times a day it would fall to the ground. Every few minutes he would drop his pipe, his knife, his flint and steel, or a piece of tobacco, and have to scramble down to pick them up. In doing this he would contrive to get in every body's way; and as the most of the party were by no means remarkable for a fastidious choice of language, a storm of anathemas would be showered upon him, half in earnest and half in jest, until Tête Rouge would declare that there was no comfort in life, and that he never saw such fellows before.

Only a day or two after leaving Bent's Fort Henry Chatillon rode forward to hunt, and took Ellis along with him. After they had been some time absent we saw them coming down the hill, driving three dragoon-horses, which had escaped from their owners on the march, or perhaps had given out and been abandoned. One of them was in tolerable condition, but the others were much emaciated and severely bitten by the wolves. Reduced as they were, we carried two of them to the settlements, and Henry exchanged the third with the Arapahoes for an excellent mule.

On the day after, when we had stopped to rest at noon, a long train of Santa Fé wagons came up and trailed slowly past us in their picturesque procession. They belonged to a trader named Magoffin, whose brother, with a number of other men, came over and sat down around us on the grass. The news they brought was not of the most pleasing complexion. According to their account, the trail below was in a very dangerous state. They had repeatedly detected Indians prowling at night around their camps; and the large party which had left Bent's Fort a few weeks previous to our own departure had been attacked; a man named Swan, from Massachusetts, was killed. His companions had buried the body; but when Magoffin found his grave, which was near a place called 'The Caches,' the Indians had dug up and scalped him, and the wolves had shockingly mangled his remains. As an offset to this intelligence they gave us the welcome information that the buffalo were numerous at a few days' journey below.

On the next afternoon, as we moved along the bank of the river,

we saw the white tops of wagons on the horizon. It was some hours before we met them, when they proved to be a train of clumsy ox-wagons, quite different from the rakish vehicles of the Santa Fé traders, and loaded with government stores for the troops. They all stopped, and the drivers gathered around us in a crowd. I thought that the whole frontier might have been ransacked in vain to furnish men worse fitted to meet the dangers of the prairie. Many of them were mere boys, fresh from the plough, and devoid of knowledge and experience. In respect to the state of the trail, they confirmed all that the Santa Fé men had told us. In passing between the Pawnee Fork and the Caches their sentinels had fired every night at real or imaginary Indians. They said also that Ewing, a young Kentuckian in the party that had gone down before us, had shot an Indian who was prowling at evening about the camp. Some of them advised us to turn back, and others to hasten forward as fast as we could; but they all seemed in such a state of feverish anxiety, and so little capable of cool judgment, that we attached very little weight to what they said. They next gave us a more definite piece of intelligence; a large village of Arapahoes was encamped on the river below. They represented them to be quite friendly; but some distinction was to be made between a party of thirty men travelling with oxen, which are of no value in an Indian's eyes, and a mere handful like ourselves, with a tempting band of mules and horses. This story of the Arapahoes therefore caused us some anxiety.

Just after leaving the government wagons, as Shaw and I were riding along a narrow passage between the river-bank and a rough hill that pressed close upon it, we heard Tête Rouge's voice behind us. 'Hallo!' he called out; 'I say, stop the cart just for a minute, will you?'

'What 's the matter, Tête?' asked Shaw, as he came riding up to us with a grin of exultation. He had a bottle of molasses in one hand, and a large bundle of hide on the saddle before him, containing, as he triumphantly informed us, sugar, biscuits, coffee and rice. These supplies he had obtained by a stratagem on which he greatly plumed himself, and he was extremely vexed and astonished that we did not fall in with his view of the matter. He told Coates, the master-wagoner, that the commissary at the fort had given him an order for sick-rations, directed to the master of any government train which he might meet upon the road. This order he had unfortunately lost, but he hoped that the rations would not be refused on that account, as he was suffering from coarse fare and needed them very much. As soon as he came to camp that night, Tête Rouge repaired to the box at the back of the cart, where Delorier used to keep his culinary apparatus, took possession of a sauce-pan, and after building a little fire of his own, set to work preparing a meal out of his ill-gotten booty. This done, he seized upon a tin-plate and spoon, and sat down under the cart to regale himself. This preliminary repast did not at all prejudice his subsequent exertions at supper; where, in spite of his miniature dimensions, he made a better figure than any of us. Indeed, about this time his appetite grew quite vora-

cious. He began to thrive wonderfully. His small body visibly expanded, and his cheeks, which when we first took him were rather yellow and cadaverous, now dilated in a wonderful manner, and became ruddy in proportion. Tête Rouge, in short, began to appear like another man.

Early in the afternoon of the next day, looking along the edge of the horizon in front, we saw that at one point it was faintly marked with pale indentations, like the teeth of a saw. The lodges of the Arapahoes, rising between us and the sky, caused this singular appearance. It wanted still two or three hours of sunset when we came opposite their camp. There were full two hundred lodges standing in the midst of a grassy meadow at some distance beyond the river, while for a mile around and on either bank of the Arkansas were scattered some fifteen hundred horses and mules, grazing together in bands, or wandering singly about the prairie. The whole were visible at once, for the vast expanse was unbroken by hills, and there was not a tree or a bush to intercept the view.

Here and there walked an Indian, engaged in watching the horses. No sooner did we see them than Tête Rouge begged Delorier to stop the cart and hand him his little military jacket, which was stowed away there. In this he instantly invested himself, having for once laid the old buffalo-coat aside, assumed a most martial posture in the saddle, set his cap over his left eye with an air of defiance, and earnestly entreated that somebody would lend him a gun or a pistol, only for half an hour. Being called upon to explain these remarkable proceedings, Tête Rouge observed, that he knew from experience what effect the presence of a military man in his uniform always had upon the mind of an Indian, and he thought the Arapahoes ought to know that there was a soldier in the party.

Meeting Arapahoes here on the Arkansas was a very different thing from meeting the same Indians among their native mountains. There was another circumstance in our favor. General Kearney had seen them a few weeks before, as he came up the river with his army, and renewing his threats of the previous year, he told them that if they ever again touched the hair of a white man's head he would exterminate their nation. This placed them for the time in an admirable frame of mind, and the effect of his menaces had not yet disappeared. I was anxious to see the village and its inhabitants. We thought it also our best policy to visit them openly, as if unsuspicious of any hostile design; and Shaw and I, with Henry Chatillon, prepared to cross the river. The rest of the party meanwhile moved forward as fast as they could, in order to get as far as possible from our suspicious neighbors before night came on.

The Arkansas at this point, and for several hundred miles below, is nothing but one broad sand-bed, over which a few scanty threads of water are swiftly gliding, now and then expanding into broad shallows. At several places during the autumn the water sinks into the sand and disappears altogether. At this season, were it not for the numerous quicksands, the river might be forded almost any where without difficulty, though its channel is often a quarter of a mile wide.

Our horses jumped down the bank, and wading through the water, or galloping freely over the hard sand-beds, soon reached the other side. Here, as we were pushing through the tall grass, we saw several Indians not far off; one of them waited until we came up, and stood for some moments in perfect silence before our horses, looking at us askance with his little snake-like eyes. Henry explained by signs what we wanted, and the Indian, gathering his buffalo-robe about his shoulders, strode before us toward the village without speaking a word.

The language of the Arapahoes is so difficult, and its pronunciation so harsh and guttural, that no white man, it is said, has ever been able to master it. Even Maxwell the trader, who has been most among them, is compelled to resort to the curious sign-language common to most of the prairie tribes. With this Henry Chatillon was perfectly acquainted.

Approaching the village, we found the ground all around it strewn with great piles of waste buffalo-meat in incredible quantities. The lodges were pitched in a very wide circle. They resembled those of the Dahcotah in every thing but cleanliness and neatness. Passing between two of them, we entered the great circular area of the camp, and instantly hundreds of Indians, men, women and children, came flocking out of their habitations to look at us; at the same time, the dogs all around the village set up a fearful baying. Our Indian guide walked toward the lodge of the chief. Here we dismounted; and loosening the trail-ropes from our horses' necks, we held them securely, and sat down before the entrance, with our rifles laid close by our sides. The chief came out and shook us by the hand. He was a mean-looking fellow, very tall, thin-visaged and sinewy, like the rest of the nation, and with scarcely a vestige of clothing. We had not been seated half a minute before a multitude of Indians came crowding around us from every part of the village, and instantly we were shut in by a dense wall of savage faces. Some of the Indians crouched around us on the ground, others again sat behind them, others, stooping, looked over their heads, while many more stood crowded around, stretching themselves upward, and peering over each other's shoulders, to get a view of us. A hundred pair of keen glittering eyes were rivetted upon us. I looked in vain among this multitude of faces to discover one manly or generous expression; all were wolfish, sinister and malignant, and their complexions, as well as their features, unlike those of the Dahcotah, were exceedingly bad. The chief, who sat close to the entrance, called to a squaw within the lodge, who soon came out and placed a wooden bowl of meat before us. To our surprise, however, no pipe was offered. Having tasted of the meat as a matter of form, I began to open a bundle of presents, tobacco, knives, vermilion and other articles which I had brought with me. At this there was a grin on every countenance in the rapacious crowd; their eyes began to glitter, and dozens of long thin arms were eagerly stretched toward us on all sides to receive the gifts.

The Arapahoes set great value upon their shields, which they trans-

mit carefully from father to son. I wished to get one of them; and displaying a large piece of scarlet cloth, together with some tobacco and a knife, I offered them to any one who would bring me what I wanted. After some delay a tolerable shield was produced. They were very anxious to know what we meant to do with it, and Henry told them that we were going to fight their enemies the Pawnees. This instantly produced a visible impression in our favor, which was increased by the distribution of the presents. Among these was a large paper of awls, a gift appropriate to the women; and as we were anxious to see the beauties of the Arapahoe village, Henry requested that they might be called to receive them. A warrior gave a shout, as if he were calling a pack of dogs together. The squaws, young and old, hags of eighty and girls of sixteen, came running with screams and laughter out of the lodges; and as the men gave way for them, they gathered round us and stretched out their arms, grinning with delight, their native ugliness considerably enhanced by the excitement of the moment.

Mounting our horses, which during the whole interview we had held close to us, we prepared to leave the Arapahoes. The crowd fell back on each side, and stood looking on. When we were half across the camp an idea occurred to us. The Pawnees were probably in the neighborhood of the Caches; we might tell the Arapahoes of this, and instigate them to send down a war-party and cut them off, while we ourselves could remain behind for a while and hunt the buffalo. At first thought this plan of setting our enemies to destroy one another seemed to us a master-piece of policy; but we immediately recollected that should we meet the Arapahoe warriors on the river below, they might prove quite as dangerous as the Pawnees themselves. So rejecting our plan as soon as it presented itself, we passed out of the village on the farther side. We urged our horses rapidly through the tall grass, which rose to their necks. Several Indians were walking through it at a distance, their heads just visible above its waving surface. It bore a kind of seed, as sweet and nutricious as oats; and our hungry horses, in spite of whip and rein, could not resist the temptation of snatching at this unwonted luxury as we passed along. When, about a mile from the village, I turned and looked back over the undulating ocean of grass, the sun was just set; the western sky was all in a glow, and sharply defined against it, on the extreme verge of the plain, stood the numerous lodges of the Arapahoe camp.

Reaching the bank of the river, we followed it for some distance farther, until we discerned through the twilight the white covering of our little cart on the opposite bank. When we reached it we found a considerable number of Indians there before us. Four or five of them were seated in a row upon the ground, looking like so many half-starved vultures. Tête Rouge, in his uniform, was holding a close colloquy with another by the side of the cart. His gesticulations, his attempts at sign-making, and the contortions of his countenance, were most ludicrous; and finding all these of no avail, he tried to make the Indian understand him by repeating English words

very loudly and distinctly again and again. The Indian sat with his keen eye fixed steadily upon him, and in spite of the rigid immobility of his savage features, it was clear at a glance that he perfectly understood his military companion's character and thoroughly despised him. The exhibition was more amusing than politic, and Tête Rouge was directed to finish what he had to say as soon as possible. Thus rebuked, he crept under the cart and sat down there; Henry Chatillon stooped to look at him in his retirement, and remarked in his quiet manner that an Indian would kill ten such men and laugh all the time.

One by one our visitors arose and stalked away. As the darkness thickened we were saluted by sounds as wild and awful as ever fell upon mortal ears. The wolves are incredibly numerous in this part of the country, and the offal around the Arapahoe camp had drawn such multitudes of them together that several hundreds were howling in concert in our immediate neighborhood. There was an island in the river, or rather an oasis in the midst of the sands at about the distance of a gun-shot, and here they seemed gathered in the greatest numbers. A horrible discord of low mournful wailings, mingled with ferocious howls, arose from it incessantly for several hours after sunset. We could distinctly see the wolves running about the prairie within a few rods of our fire, or bounding over the sand-beds of the river and splashing through the water. There was not the slightest danger to be feared from them, for they are the greatest cowards on the prairie.

In respect to the human wolves in our neighborhood, we felt much less at our ease. We seldom erected our tent except in bad weather, and that night each man spread his buffalo-robe upon the ground with his loaded rifle laid at his side or clasped in his arms. Our horses were picketed so close around us that one of them stepped over me as I lay. We were not in the habit of placing a guard, but every man that night was anxious and watchful; there was little sound sleeping in camp, and some one of the party was on his feet during a greater part of the time. For myself, I lay alternately waking and dozing until midnight. Tête Rouge was reposing close to the river bank, and about this time when half asleep and half awake, I was conscious that he shifted his position and crept on all-fours under the cart. Soon after I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was aroused by a hand shaking me by the shoulder. Looking up, I saw Tête Rouge stooping over me with his face quite pale and his eyes dilated to their utmost expansion.

'What's the matter?' said I. Tête Rouge declared that as he lay on the river bank, something caught his eye which excited his suspicions. So creeping under the cart for safety's sake, he sat there and watched, when he saw two Indians wrapped in white robes, creep up the bank, seize upon two horses and lead them off. He looked so frightened and told his story in such a disconnected manner that I did not believe him, and was unwilling to alarm the party. Still it might be true, and in that case the matter required instant attention. There would be no time for examination, and so directing Tête Rouge to

show me which way the Indians had gone, I took my rifle and left the camp. I followed the river bank for two or three hundred yards, listening and looking anxiously on every side. In the dark prairie on the right I could discern nothing to excite alarm; and in the dusky bed of the river, a wolf was bounding along in a manner which no Indian could imitate. I returned to the camp, and when I came within sight of it I saw that the whole party was aroused. Shaw called out to me, that he had counted the horses and that every one of them was in his place. Tête Rouge being examined as to what he had seen, only repeated his former story with many asseverations, and insisted that two horses were certainly carried off. At this Jim Gurney declared that he was crazy, Tête Rouge indignantly denied the charge, on which Jim appealed to us. As we declined to give our judgment on so delicate a matter, the dispute grew hot between Tête Rouge and his accuser, until he was directed to go to bed and not alarm the camp again if he saw the whole Arapahoe village coming. Tête Rouge's valor was not more conspicuous than his other martial qualities, and the story he told us was probably nothing more than an offspring of his imagination, excited no doubt by the remnants of fever which still lingered upon his brain.

The rest of the night passed without farther alarm. The Arapahoes did not attempt mischief, or if they did the wakefulness of the party deterred them from effecting their purpose. The next day was one of activity and excitement, for about ten o'clock the man in advance shouted the gladdening cry of *buffalo, buffalo!* and in the hollow of the prairie just below us, a band of bulls were grazing. The temptation was irresistible, and Shaw and I rode down upon them. We were badly mounted on our travelling horses, but by hard lashing we overtook them, and Shaw running alongside of a bull, shot into him both balls of his double-barrelled gun. Glancing round as I galloped past, I saw the bull in his mortal fury rushing again and again upon his antagonist, whose horse constantly leaped aside, and avoided the onset. My chase was more protracted, but at length I ran close to the bull and killed him with my pistols. Cutting off the tails of our victims by way of trophy, we rejoined the party in about a quarter of an hour after we left it. Again and again that morning rang out the same welcome cry of *buffalo, buffalo!* Every few moments in the broad meadows along the river, we would see bands of bulls, who, raising their shaggy heads, would gaze in stupid amazement at the approaching horsemen, and then breaking into a clumsy gallop, would file off in a long line across the trail in front toward the rising prairie on the left. At noon, the whole prairie before us was alive with thousands of buffalo, bulls, cows, and calves all moving rapidly as we drew near; and far-off beyond the river the swelling prairie was darkened with them to the very horizon.' The party was in gayer spirits than ever. We stopped for a nooning near a grove of trees by the river side.

'Tongues and hump-ribs to-morrow,' said Shaw, looking with contempt at the venison steaks which Delorier placed before us. Our meal finished, we lay down under a temporary awning to sleep. A

shout from Henry Chatillon aroused us, and we saw him standing on the cart-wheel stretching his tall figure to its full height while he looked toward the prairie beyond the river. Following the direction of his eyes, we could clearly distinguish a large dark object like the black shadow of a cloud passing rapidly over swell after swell of the distant plain; behind it followed another of similar appearance though smaller. Its motion was more rapid and it drew closer and closer to the first. It was the hunters of the Arapahoe camp pursuing a band of buffalo. Shaw and I hastily caught and saddled our best horses, and went plunging through sand and water to the farther bank. We were too late. The hunters had already mingled with the herd and the work of slaughter was nearly over. When we reached the ground we found it strewn far and near with numberless black carcasses, while the remnants of the herd, scattered in all directions, were flying away in terror and the Indians still rushing in pursuit. Many of the hunters however remained upon the spot, and among the rest was our yesterday's acquaintance, the chief of the village. He had alighted by the side of a cow, into which he had shot five or six arrows, and his squaw who had followed him on horseback to the hunt, was giving him a draught of water out of a canteen, purchased or plundered from some volunteer soldier. Re-crossing the river, we overtook the party who were already on their way.

We had scarcely gone a mile when an imposing spectacle presented itself. From the river bank on the right, away over the swelling prairie on the left, and in front as far as we could see, extended one vast host of buffalo. The outskirts of the herd were within a quarter of a mile. In many parts they were crowded so densely together that in the distance their rounded backs presented a surface of uniform blackness; but elsewhere they were more scattered and from amid the multitude, rose little columns of dust where the buffalo were rolling on the ground. Here and there a great confusion was perceptible, where a battle was going forward among the bulls. We could distinctly see them rushing against each other and hear the clattering of their horns and the hoarse bellowing that rose from far and near. Shaw was riding at some distance in advance, with Henry Chatillon, I saw him stop and draw the leather covering from his gun. Indeed, with such a sight before us, but one thing could be thought of. That morning I had used pistols in the chase. I had now a mind to try the virtue of a gun. Delorier had one, and I rode up to the side of the cart; there he sat under the white covering, biting his pipe between his teeth and grinning with excitement.

'Lend me your gun, Delorier,' said I.

'Oui, Monsieur, oui,' said Delorier, tugging with might and main to stop the mule, which seemed obstinately bent on going forward. Then every thing but his moccasins disappeared as he crawled into the cart and pulled at the gun to extricate it.

'Is it loaded,' I asked.

'Oui, bien chargé, you 'll kill, mon bourgeois; yes, you 'll kill — c'est un bon fusil.'

I handed him my rifle and rode forward to Shaw.

'Are you ready,' he asked.

'Come on,' said I.

'Keep down that hollow,' said Henry, 'and then they won't see you till you get close to them.'

The hollow was a kind of ravine very wide and shallow; it ran obliquely toward the buffalo, and we rode at a canter along the bottom until it became too shallow; when we bent close to our horses' necks and then finding that it could no longer conceal us, came out of it and rode directly toward the herd. It was within gunshot; before its outskirts, numerous grizzly old bulls were scattered, holding guard over their females. They glared at us in anger and astonishment, walked toward us a few yards and then turning slowly round retreated at a trot which afterward broke into a clumsy gallop. In an instant the main body caught the alarm. The buffalo begun to crowd away from the point toward which we were approaching, and a gap was opened in the side of the herd. We entered it, still restraining our excited horses. Every instant the tumult was thickening. The buffalo pressing together in large bodies crowded away from us on every hand. In front and on either side, we could see dark columns and masses half hidden by clouds of dust, rushing along in terror and confusion, and hear the tramp and clattering of ten thousand hoofs. That countless multitude of powerful brutes, ignorant of their own strength were flying in a panic from the approach of two feeble horsemen. To remain quiet longer was impossible.

'Take that band on the left,' said Shaw; 'I'll take these in front.'

He sprang off, and I saw no more of him. A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my wrist; I swung it into the air and lashed my horse's flank again and again with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, her head stretched forward, her belly close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew that it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffalo. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust and stunned by the trampling of the flying herd, but I was drunk with the chase and cared for nothing but the buffalo. I laid on the lash without intermission. Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming through the dust; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs flying out beneath, the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly to my utter amazement, the hoofs were jerked upward, the tails flourished in the air, and amid a cloud of dust the buffalo seemed to sink into the earth before me. One vivid impression of that instant remains upon my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffalo dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it about twelve feet deep and not quite twice as wide. It was impossible to stop; I would have done so gladly if I could; so down plunged the little mare in what manner I can hardly tell. I believe she came down on her knees in the loose sand at the bottom;

I was pitched forward violently against her neck and nearly thrown over her head among the buffalo, who amid dust and confusion came tumbling in all around. The mare was on her feet in an instant and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment that she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered out and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back I saw the huge head of a bull clinging as it were by the forefeet at the edge of the dusty gulf. At length I was fairly among the buffalo. They were less densely crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of a herd. As I passed amid them, they would lower their shaggy heads and turning as they ran, attempt to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows amid the throng. One just in front of me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack and I lost sight of the wounded animal amid the tumultuous crowd. Immediately after, I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in succession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed thundering onward. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo galloping heavily. In a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My firearms were all empty and I had in my pouch nothing but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols and too small for the gun. I loaded the latter, however, but as often as I levelled it to fire, the little bullets would roll out of the muzzle and the gun returned only a faint report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly exploded. I galloped in front of the buffalo and attempted to turn her back, but her eyes glared, her mane bristled, and lowering her head she rushed at me with astonishing fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element. She dodged her enemy at every rush, until at length the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts; she panted heavily, and her tongue hung lolling from her jaws.

Riding to a little distance, I alighted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve the purpose of wadding, and load the gun at my leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground than the buffalo came bounding in such a rage toward me that I jumped back again into the saddle with all possible despatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife; but the experiment proved such as no wise man would repeat. At length, bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buck-skin pantaloons, I jerked off a few of them, and reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place;

then approaching, I shot the wounded buffalo through the heart. Sinking to her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that instead of a fat cow I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer wondering at the fierceness he had shown, I opened his throat, and cutting out his tongue, tied it at the back of my saddle. If the reader is inclined to laugh at my mistake, I can assure him that it is one which a more experienced eye than mine may easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

Then for the first time I had leisure to look at the scene around me. The prairie in front was darkened with the retreating multitude, and on either hand the buffalo came filing up in endless unbroken columns from the low plains upon the river. The Arkansas was three or four miles distant. I turned and moved slowly toward it. A long time passed before, far down in the distance, I distinguished the white covering of the cart and the little black specks of horsemen before and behind it. Drawing near, I recognized Shaw's elegant tunic, the red flannel shirt conspicuous from afar. I overtook the party, and asked him what success he had met with. He had assailed a fat cow, shot her with two bullets, and mortally wounded her. But neither of us were prepared for the chase that afternoon, and Shaw, like myself, had no spare bullets in his pouch; so he abandoned the disabled animal to Henry Chatillon, who followed, despatched her with his rifle, and loaded his horse with her meat.

We encamped close to the river. The night was dark, and as we lay down, we could hear mingled with the howlings of wolves the hoarse bellowing of the buffalo, like the ocean beating upon a distant coast. There were two wearied men in the camp that night, whose dreamless sleep the thunders of an avalanche would not have disturbed.

LINES TO KATE.

WRITTEN AT INDIAN FALLS, OPPOSITE WEST-POINT.

I.

'Ye foaming rills that twine the rocks among,
Tell me why thus in solitude I sigh?'
Breathless I hear the waters' chiming song,
As 'Kate! Kathleen!' the dashing waves reply.

II.

Responsive echoes whisper to the gale
The name I murmur in my dreams of love:
'Tell me who stole my heart, ye leafy vale?'
And 'Katy did!' resounds through all the grove.

A. M.

THE CORSAIR: AN EXTRACT.

Where now the barks whose broadsides gave
A ruddy radiance to the wave,
While the stern voice of War from sleep
Awoke the monsters of the deep?
One floats with helm and cordage gone,
And deck in carnage deeply dyed,
Unguided through the sea, whereon
She lately rode a thing of pride:
With spar of strength, and mast that vies
In grace the palm, the other flies,
And proudly on the water flings
The shadow of her mighty wings.
The dolphin in her dazzling track
Comes up to 'bare his golden back,'
And with the rustling of her shroud
The white surge blends its murmur loud.
With glance expressive of command
Her turbaned captain waves his hand,
And, courted by the whistling gale,
Streams haughtily the crescent pale.
Rich goods and bags of Jewish gold
Are lying in her darksome hold;
Ferocious is the chief whose sway
The tenants of that ship obey:
On his forbidding brow and cheek
Deep scars his bloody trade bespeak:
With hasty stride and eye of fire
He walks the deck in proud attire;
A scarlet turban, fringed with gold,
Begirts his brow with silken fold:
Beneath his oriental vest,
With jewels sparkling, heaves a breast
Wherein compassion never dwelt,
That never thrill of terror felt.
One gazing on his swarthy face
The darkness of the soul would trace,
And inly whisper, 'Not more vain
Would be petition to the main
When tempest-sprites their wings unfold,
And revel on its bosom bold,
Than wild appeal to him for life
From lip of foeman in the strife:'
The crooked weapon at his side
In many a battle had been tried,
And never more unsparing sword
Drank blood in grasp of ocean lord.
At times he cast his vengeful eye
Upon a group of captives nigh,
Replying to the word of fear,
And anguished cry, with brutal jeer;
Surveying chain-encircled limb
And gaping wound with visage grim,
Then murmuring with purpose dark,
'A pretty banquet for the shark!'
Or drowning with his crew, in song,
The wailing of the captive throng.

W. H. C. Hosmer.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

—— 'A PLEASANT glade,
With mountaines rownd about evironed,
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itselfe into a spatious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.'

FAERIE QUEEN.

THE traveller by the windings of the romantic Susquehanna, after passing its confluence with the Chenango, soon comes in sight of the pretty little village of Greysburgh, situated upon the east bank of the stream. About half a mile beyond the village the road turns suddenly to the left, and discloses the four walls of a stone house, roofless, and broken down in many places. The solitary ruin arrested my attention. It stood upon a knoll overlooking the river, which widens here into a little lake, bordered with willows and shrubbery. In front of the house were the remains of a garden; here and there an unthrifty flower struggled into life among the rank weeds; behind it, a lawn covered with thistles and white daisies, sloped to the pebbled brink of the stream, where stood a huge elm uplifting the convolutions of a gigantic vine, like a rare old friendship which had survived adversity. The ruin, the old tree and the opposite banks were distinctly painted in the moveless bosom of the stream; a few fleecy clouds dappled its glassy breast, and the declining sun cast a melancholy tone over the whole picture.

A little beyond the house I observed an old man, who was resting his arms upon the rails of a rustic bridge. 'You were looking at the old house?' he said.

'Yes.'

'Ah! I know'd all about the man that lived thar years ago,' he said; 'I know'd all about him, and I know'd his father afore him.'

Curiosity induced me to remain a day at Greysburgh to get the particulars of the history, and omitting the peculiar *manner* of the narrator, I 'tell the tale as it was told to me:'

About the middle of the last century, a Danish gentleman, by the name of Herrman, had been obliged to leave his native country for some political offence. England offered him a temporary asylum. A short time after his arrival there he was induced to join his fortunes with a small band of adventurers, and with his wife was soon on his way to the new world. Here he became the father of a boy, which proved to be his only one; for his mild blue-eyed Danish wife died a few months after. It is said that during the 'Old French War' he was a sturdy partisan of the British; and upon its conclusion, with a few of his old comrades, he struck across the lakes in the cen-

tre of the State of New-York, and founded a little colony among the wild woods of the Susquehanna.

The boy grew to man's estate; the war of the Revolution broke out; and the son emulated the deeds of his father. Eric Herrman was scarce thirty at the termination of the war, when he loved and married. A few more years, and a son and daughter prattled beside the mother's chair. The eldest, a boy, strong and bold; the youngest, a girl, pale and delicate. Yet it was a pleasing sight to view the tender solicitude of that hardy urchin for the little sensitive flower which was springing up by his side, so fragile that it seemed as if a wintry wind would have swept her from the earth like a thread-hung blossom. Yet a few years, and the elder Herrman died; then fell Eric's wife, (her grave-stone stands on the green bank on the opposite side of the stream,) and soon came many neighbors. The wealthy Mr. Grey, from New-York, purchased a large domain, and the village became 'Greysburgh.'

Herrman and Grey were firm friends. The latter was also a widower, with an unmarried sister, a young daughter, Edla, scarce eight years of age, and two younger children, John and Philip. By the advice of Grey, Herrman entered into speculations. Grey advanced the money, upon good security, and piece by piece the fine grazing-lands of Herrman were added to the wide-spreading possessions of his friend, who generally managed to escape the losses in every operation by a timely prudence. We often find men like Herrman, ready to dispose of their fast-anchored property to embark on bubbles. They depart from the real springs of wealth, and seek the mirage that glitters in the distance. The epidemic spreads; the blacksmith leaves his anvil, the farmer his plough; agriculture and manufactures, the two great hands upon the dial-plate of prosperity, stand still while men are grasping at shadows.

At the end of the summer of 1805 Herrman was obliged to go to the city that he might glean the remnants of a fortune which had been sowed in vain. And now, most patient reader, let us stand upon this green knoll, and watch that tiny skiff upon the Susquehanna. See the vigorous arm of the young oarsman! — that boy of sixteen is Harold, Eric's eldest, and his companions are his sister Alice, her father's lily-girl, and sweet Edla Grey, both of an age, and nearly twelve. Now they round yon point of land, and we lose them; again they reäppear beyond, on the long reach of the river, where the bushes, with here and there a willow-tree, are doubled in the dark water. A clear summer evening, I ween, and wondrous calm! — to say nothing of the green hills near us, and the blue hills in the distance, so mist-like that it seems as if their feet rested on shadow-land, look at the pure azure of the East, with that one tremulous star upon its frontlet, and in the deepening west the clouds of crimson lava and molten sulphur, beautiful as slumbering passions in a virgin bosom. And now the sound of the row-locks, and the skiff shoots toward us from behind the point, and approaches that stone house, where the woman at the door holds up a letter. Swifter are the strokes of the oars; bend to thy work, gallant boy: the

water curls from the keen prow, and the long bubbled wake stretches far behind. So! high and dry on the sand; help out thy sister and Edla. Well! thou wouldst not enjoy the pleasure alone of hearing from thy father. The seal is *black!* The letter is from the hospital physician in New-York; the pestilence is abroad, and Harold and Alice are orphans!

CHAPTER SECOND.

'For him was lever han at his bedde's hed,
Twenty bokes, clothed in blake or red,
Of ARISTOTLE and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.' CHAUCER.

UNDER the supervision of Mr. Grey, who assumed the executorship, Herrman's small estate afforded a comfortable maintenance for the bereaved children. And now the fresh and misty Spring had passed, and Summer, spreading her yellow mantle, and hoary Winter, ermined with snow and crowned with icicles. Eight times the Susquehanna had burst its shining fetters at the dawn of the year, and Harold, scarce knowing it, found himself a man. The brother and sister were seated in the little porch at the back of the house, which overlooked the river.

'It is just eight years this day,' said Alice, 'since we lost our dear father;' (how womanlike it is to remember days and dates!) 'I was but a little thing then, and yet it seems to me as if it were but yesterday.'

'And it was well that you were but a little thing,' replied Harold: 'grief weighs down the young heart like the dew in a rose, but the morning comes, and it is gone. It is not so when we grow older; I could scarce bear such a loss now.' And as he looked upon her delicate features, so pale and transparent that they seemed almost spiritual, a secret misgiving stole into his heart. But Alice raised her beautiful eyes and said:

'Dear Harold, fear not; I may yet live many years, and if it be otherwise — as you read to me the other day, 'above us is ALL-FATHER'S home:' and shall I not see our lost parents? And soon you too, Harold, the best, the dearest friend——'

A noise which had been gradually approaching now broke in full chorus in front of the house. A voice which had some difficulty in sustaining itself was heard singing the old Continental song:

'THRICE agin they us attack,
And thrice agin we drive 'em back
Tew soon for peowder we did l-a-c-k
Or we'd kill'd every soger of Bri-ti-n!'

'It 's that drunken rascal, Bates,' said Harold, as he strode to the front door. There, in the midst of an admiring crowd of village boys was the redoubtable sergeant, arm-in-arm with a man who was evidently a soldier and a foreigner. A coarse pair of blue trowsers, with a thin red cord down the sides, a dragoon camp-jacket and seal-skin knapsack comprised the sum of his dress and accoutrements; a straw hat of the sergeant's was perched on the top of his bushy head, while

the aforesaid gentleman had the flat forage cap of the soldier jammed down crosswise upon his own.

'One of Boney's own sogers,' said Bates, while his companion with his head hanging down and eyes closed, seemed to be asleep. 'One of old Boney's sojers — look h-e-re! I 'm an old sojer tew; I fought at Brandywine and Yorkteown

'On the nineteenth of Octo-ho-ber
In the year of eighty-one!
Cornwallis he surren-der-ed
To General Washington!'

'Beg pardon Mr. Herrman, but here 's one of Boney's own men I brought up to show yer; he and I have been a-goin' it, but I laid him, I guess. He 's been to Moscow he says, as nigh as I could guess, and I brought him up to show yer; one of Boney's sogers, Sir.'

'Thank you,' said Harold; 'but you would oblige me much more by taking yourself and friend off as soon as convenient; if he wants employment, let him come here in the morning; you have done him a great injury to get him in this state.'

The sergeant at this unexpected rebuke stood with a most dolorous face for a moment, then made a faint attempt at a smile, and finally tried to vent his disappointment in a whistle, which from a want of control over the labial muscles proved to be a dead failure; then dropping the arm of his companion, he made a step backward as if he would speak, but as he did so the soldier's knees gave way, and he fell headlong against the stone step which stood in front of the gate, and rolled over senseless, the blood streaming from a deep cut in the side of his head.

'My hat,' said Bates, as Harold lifted the insensible soldier from the ground and carried him toward the house with many an anathema upon the sergeant. 'My hat, and here 's your'n,' placing it on one of the pickets with great solemnity. 'Good by; I 'll see you in the mornin', old Boney!'

So saying, he staggered up the road at the head of his ragged detachment.

For several hours the wounded man lay perfectly insensible, but at last the loss of blood restored him to consciousness, and after an uneasy glance around, without saying a single word he resigned himself to sleep, and rested easily until morning. Not so with Harold. The door of his chamber opened upon a little nook which he delighted to call his study, and there after adjusting the bandage around the head of the soldier, he passed the watches of the night. It was in truth a pleasant little sanctum, that study; the beams overhead were of walnut darkened with age, and the door and window, deep set in massive frames, had an air of a peculiar antiquity and repose. An old gothic book-case which came from Copenhagen, occupied the end of the room, while a range of narrow shelves against the side were filled with minerals and Indian curiosities. Hanging against the wall, were the sabre which had belonged to his father, and an old arquebuse of his grandfather — the dismal prophet of many an Indian's

death. Over the window, a huge pair of elk-horns served to uphold a rifle, fowling-piece and fishing-rod, while from the sides depended a powder-horn, shot-pouch, and other implements of sylvan war. An old-fashioned writing-table, black with age, stood near the window; in the centre of it, like a jewel in an enamelled border, was a little vase of flowers, the gift of one dearer to him than life. An ancient high-backed chair covered with leather, occupied one corner, and against it rested a guitar with a blue ribbon; the ministering spirit of the little cabinet. Nay, if one had casually looked into this apartment so quaint, and seamed and lacquered with age, or had caught a glimpse of the occupant as he sat beneath the lamp-light, one hand buried in the shadowing masses of thick brown curls that clustered around his ample forehead while he was intent upon

> 'Tales that have the rime of age,
> And chronicles of Eld;'

he might have been carried back a few centuries, and thought of the studio of a Spenser, a Sidney, or a Raleigh.

'It is in vain — it is in vain!' said Harold to himself, as he laid aside the book and leaned back in his chair. 'Let me strive as I may, my thoughts will turn toward her; let me reason; let me remember the many favors I have received from her father; let me recall *that* debt of gratitude; the difference of our fortunes; the folly of such idle wishes which can never be realized; yet one thought is paramount to all — I love her! Oh! how dearly I love her!'

And as he threw open the window and gazed upon the river glittering in the effulgence of the full-orbed moon, the gentle night wind sighed among the trees, and seemed to whisper to his heart:

'It is in vain! — it is in vain!'

STANZAS: MY BROTHER.

Thou hast left us, and forever!
The light of those dear eyes
Will never more beam on us
Like stars in summer skies.
Thy voice no more can greet us,
Thy smile no more we see;
That smile so full of sweetness,
That voice so full of glee.

Ah, no! from our sad dwelling
That sunny glance has fled;
Thy voice, so gay and happy,
Is silent with the dead.
From that young cheek have faded
Its beauty and its bloom;
And the form we loved to gaze on
Is mouldering in the tomb.

Yes, thou art gone forever!
Thy gentle life is o'er;
The places which once knew thee
Can never know thee more.
In silence and in sadness
We pine from day to day,
For him who from life's gladness
Has passed so soon away.

How shall we live without thee?
How can we bear to know
We never more shall see thee
In happiness or wo?
At morning and at evening,
How sadly shall we miss
Thy words of fond affection,
Thine ever-welcome kiss!

JUDGE H——: OR A NIGHT AT THE POINT.

'Dux et Vinum.'—CATULLUS.

My old friend Gobins owned a right pleasant 'snuggery' and a few paternal acres lying on and about the lower waters of the Chesapeake, just where a certain tributary stream forms by its junction with the bay a fine point of flattish land, on the northern side. Now 'a fine point' in the local phraseology of that part of the country never means any thing else than a favorite place of resort throughout the winter months, with gentlemen clad in white great-coats and white fur-caps, armed with six foot shooting-irons, who bang away from behind blinds at the 'canvass-backs,' as they cross over the said bar in their flight between the bay and their feeding grounds on the river. And I have now in the above sentence set forth the chief claims of Gobin's estate to that wide-spread popularity which it long enjoyed; claims which, added to the 'Squire's open-house and open cellar hospitality, were so well recognised over all the country around as each year to fill his house with a set of roystering guests during the months of November, December and January.

As regularly as each ducking season came around, would my old friend press me by an invitation, given in person or by letter, to 'come down and take a shot at the canvass-backs;' though it was seldom I could take advantage of it. But at the time I now speak of, and it was many years ago, Gobins had met me in the street, and never let go my button till I had agreed to drive down to the point and meet a few friends at his house, 'in a quiet kind of way,' added he: 'They shan't be noisy. For better flying I've never seen since you and I were boys, and used to go out with Bill Magore at Swansey's.' And the little man went off chuckling at the remembrance.

I failed not to keep the appointment; and on going in to the late dinner, soon after my arrival, I found the table already surrounded by some eighteen or twenty gentlemen, young and old, and of most varying appearance, from the sturdy old country-gentleman up (or down, which is it?) to the spruce dandy of the city. As I stood for a moment at the door of the room, unnoticed, amid the bustle and din of voices within, I thought the lights there shone down upon as merry a scene as I could wish to look upon. Every one was so busily taken up with something; some with the dinner and the wine; some with conversation and the laugh. Here were a couple endeavoring to converse with each other, with fifteen feet of distance and half a-dozen carcasses stuffed with roast beef between them; and just opposite, a very young gentleman wishes to pic-nic with a friend one remove below him, and in clinking his glass spills his wine on the bald head of his elderly neighbor. At one end of the table a knot are bending forward to catch the apex of the joke from the gentleman in specs;

and at the other end, conspicuous amid them all, his voice rising above the clamor of the rest, stands the jovial host over the morning's game, doing the honors of his house with all the grace that his kind heart and long practice have taught him:

> 'His head was bald and shone like any glass,
> And eke his face, as it had been anoint.
> He was a lord full fat and in good point.'

The furniture of the apartment gave one a thorough insight into the sporting and truly bachelor tastes of the proprietor. Here stood in the corner by my side, a couple of long guns together with several shot pouches, a flask, and a — boot-jack; over my head was a pair of huge antlers, from which were suspended brushes from the red fox, an otter skin, and some stalks of 'brag wheat.' On top of a book-case, scantily furnished, were placed innumerable fishing-rods and tackle of every description. The walls were hung with pictures in a corresponding style, *à la Nimrod*, here of a steeple-chase or a hunt, there of the 'Maryland Eclipse,' 'Highflyer,' or 'Bloody Buttocks;' while the final evidence of a bachelor's hall appeared in the rude painting over the mantle of an immodest nymph in the 'daisy style' of drapery. But do not suppose that all these objects were arranged with any thing like the regularity with which I have mentioned them. Guns, boots and old coats, riding whips, and long pipes; the various equipments of the fox-hunter, the sportsman, and the angler, were stowed about the room in the utmost confusion; while, to complete the scene, a couple of tan-colored hounds were stretched out on the rug before the blazing hickory fire.

Taking in at a glance all these singular ornaments for a dining-hall, I stepped forward, and Gobins, breaking off in the midst of his story, bade me a hearty welcome, and made room at his elbow.

Dinner over, the decanters coasted around the table, and conversation became more general. The exploits of the past day on The Point were discussed, honor to whom honor was due was awarded, and arrangements made for the morrow's sport.

'Will not the Judge be down this evening?' asked one of the party.

'I expected he would have been with us before this,' answered Gobins.

'He told me he would certainly take advantage of the winter's recess in the courts, and join us this very day. How is it, Mr. Beltiss?' continued he, turning to a member of the Annapolis bar; 'have you seen the Judge lately?'

'I saw him only yesterday morning, and he would have taken a seat in my carriage down had not some business detained him; for he has never lost his relish for sport and company, though he has forsworn its excesses.'

'So I have understood,' remarked a planter from one of the lower counties.

'But has Judge H —— entirely recovered his mind? I am told, that for many years he was mad as a March hare, in consequence of these excesses in drinking.'

'Oh, entirely, Sir, I believe,' answered the lawyer. 'For several years past he has not touched any thing stronger than wine, and he is very cautious even with this; for he acknowledges his weakness, and 'flees from temptation.' A more able man is not now to be found on our bench.'

I had but once met Judge H——, and from what I then saw, and had often heard of his eccentricities and his history, I was curious to hear farther of him. Addressing the last speaker, I inquired whether I had been rightly informed as regarded his dangerous state of mind, and his acts of violence at the time he labored under this insanity.

'Why, Sir,' said Mr. Beltiss, as he sipped his wine, 'if you refer to the difficulty he gave them at the hospital, they say it is true that he required some forcible restraint. A man of his size and strength would be very apt, under such circumstances, to injure his keepers full as much as he ever did. As to his attack on his wife, which you have probably in mind, we have nothing more than the common report and hear-say there was in our city at the time. I know nothing more of the matter than the tale told me by several, that the maid servant found him by the bed of his wife, with an axe raised over her head; the woman shrieked out, and he sprang after her toward the door. The neighbors coming in secured the demented man, and gave him over to his friends to be conveyed to the hospital. He there gradually recovered, and with but a single instance of relapse into his old habits, has been a temperate man, and 'of a right mind,' from that day to this. Strangers observe in him several marked peculiarities of manner, but his friends have associated these with the talented and accomplished member of society, such as we now find him.'

'Oh, yes, that 's all very well,' interrupted a coarse-looking man, with a red nose and waistcoat, 'but d—n it, I do n't want never to trust to any such a body as that. He 'll trail it through water till you are fairly off the scent, and then he 'll make a double on you, and be off in some of his cursed drunken tantrums, and before you know it cut his own or somebody else's throat.'

'Come, Dick!' cried Gobins, 'you are too hard on the Judge. He has got done sowing his wild oats, and has, I hope too, done reaping his heavy harvest from them. Here 's to the health and happiness of Lewis H——! May he soon be with us!'

But the man he called Dick had drank enough to make him obstinate.

'Did n't you ever hear of that queer dinner the old Big Wig gave that time he did make a stumble over the bottle, and got his wits unhorsed, as the 'Squire was telling just now?'

The party turned to Mr. Beltiss, as if asking an explanation of the fox-hunter's meaning. He continued silent, however, and the subject was dropped, as by mutual consent.

The very young gentleman here spoke up, and said he wished to have his mind finally settled on a certain point, as to which there appeared to exist some difference of opinion among the party. Had he, and he alone, shot that black duck? Of course the property in

that duck was a thing of but small moment with him; but really his mind was not at ease as to whether his shot was in fact the one among the many that had the honor—the honor, he said—of bringing down the water-fowl.

Gobins assured him, with a smile, that of course the honor belonged to him, and to him alone, and that he hoped he would kill a dozen others on the morrow. Thereupon the gentleman's face brightened up, and he wished to know if this was not somewhat singular, for a man to bring down a duck so soon as the second morning's practice at the sport? He went on to explain all the circumstances of the shot, and what a remarkably fine duck it was; for a confirmation of which he appealed to Griggs, (Dick,) who had divided with himself the eating of that same duck.

'Good enough duck, for the matter of that, seeing it be but a black-head; but, my city youngster, let 's look at the shot you use.'

A curiously-fashioned pouch was produced by the young man, and after some trouble a handful of shot was got out of it.

'Just what I thought a new hand would use,' continued Griggs; 'now these are single B.; but I took out of that carcass, while eating it, a couple of the regular three B. shot—I swear I did!—and I reckon they are now in my plate. You never killed the duck; Squire Beltiss knocked it down.'

In vain did the good-natured lawyer decline the honor in favor of the other. The young snob was overwhelmed with mortification, and his proud hopes crushed in the bud. He was silent for the remainder of the evening, with the exception of his question of the bald-headed gentleman whether there had been much fox-shooting in the neighborhood that season. It is but fair to add, that the spilt wine might possibly have dictated the contemptuous reply made to this remark.

The sound of carriage-wheels coming up the avenue was now heard, and soon after the voice of an excited man talking with Gobins in the passage. The door opened, and a tall, portly gentleman entered, and was introduced to the company as Judge H——. Shaking hands with several, and bowing to the rest, he commenced speaking in a thick husky voice to his Annapolis friend, and we could catch the words 'Impudent rascal! would n't stop for me! I 'd shoot him, by heavens!' At length he took a seat, and apologized for his manner, but said he had been much provoked by his driver. His large dark eyes, glaring under his bushy brows, looked you in the face with an embarrassing fixedness as he spoke, and his gestures at you added to this effect. It appeared, as far as we could gather from his excited conversation, that his coachman had refused to stop at a tavern on the road-side when ordered by his master, and had acted in this unaccountable manner throughout the journey down, until the Judge, growing furious at his imagined impudence, drew a pistol and bade him 'hold up,' or he would shoot him through the head as he sat on the box. It was but too evident that in this excited state the unfortunate man had allowed himself to drink very freely; and thus did he make his appearance among us, his pistol in

his pocket, and threatening the life of his boy Peter. It was afterward ascertained that Mrs. H—— had ordered the coachman to stop on no account at any tavern on the road.

It would be in vain for me to attempt giving any thing like an account of the conversation that then ensued. Several years, as I have already stated, have passed since that evening; but they have not been able to wear away from my mind the impression it then received. For a manly address and fine social powers poor H—— had always been eminently distinguished; and perhaps they had often operated to his injury. The energy of his manner and the striking expressiveness of his language, even here as a companion at a dinner-table, singularly enchained the attention and interest of myself, and seemed also to exercise a like fascination over the rest. I have in mind particularly the evidence given of a bold and most peculiar kind of a nature, in an account he related of six months of his early life passed in the wilds of North Alabama, in company with a couple of English sportsmen, who had come over to this country with the sole view of enjoying our hunting. There was displayed throughout the whole description a desperate kind of personal recklessness, along with a many-sided, an universal, and yet delicate sense of the picturesque; whether in character, incident, sentiment, or scenery. We sometimes meet with men who seem to have about them but little of that ordinary self-consciousness which a German calls 'subjectivity of character;' but in this man I could not perceive the presence of the least trace of this principle of human nature. In his actions, his conversation, he appeared to have no thought as to what impression of himself he was giving to others. Meanwhile, the sherry and port had made many a round of that table; but they were lightened of a good part of their rich cargoes in front of the seat of the last comer, and 'the wee short hours ayont the twal' found us still around the festive board.

But all things have an end, although not always a seasonable one. The decanters have at length come to harbor, and the full glasses remain untouched before the guests. One moves his seat back to the fire-side; another leaves his to stroke the hounds. Gobins rings for lights, and we are shown off in pairs to our various quarters throughout the roomy mansion. As we separated in the passage, Griggs whispered to me to 'look under the bed, and see if there be no axe about;' for Judge H—— and I were to occupy together the Long-Room in the north wing. He leaned on my arm for assistance up the staircase, and throwing off his clothes, got into one of the beds.

The events, the conversation of the evening, standing out as they did on the back-ground of my ordinarily monotonous, even-tenored life, kept me long wakeful on my couch; and the deep breathing of my companion, *implens veteris Bacchi*, at the other end of the chamber, directed my thoughts to the singular man who had been employing so much of my interest, and I will add, of my pity. That interest was now heightened by the mystery that surrounded his past history, and the extreme peculiarity that had marked the sentiments expressed by him, and even his personal appearance. The subject

of these waking thoughts continued to haunt the 'secrecies of dreams,' as at length I dropped into a deep slumber.

The room was dark when I unclosed my eyes the next morning. I stepped out of bed and put aside the curtain. I shall never forget the sight of horror that met my gaze as I turned around! Stretched across the bed, with his head hanging down on the opposite side, the bed-linen and the body covered with blood, lay Judge H——!

At once I rushed to Gobins' room, and arousing him, informed him with the utmost agitation that the Judge had made away with himself! Horror-stricken, we returned with others to the scene of the melancholy occurrence. There was an involuntary start and a pause as we reached the entrance to the chamber. 'He has cut his throat!' they cried, and at once surrounded the bed-side. There was another pause; each one looked up into each other's faces—and then arose as uproarious a shout of laughter as has ever before or since resounded under that old roof. The truth had, in a half-second's time, flashed upon the minds of each and all. A black bottle lay on the floor, and its fragrant contents of highly-colored cherry-brandy were spilled over the bed from head to foot, staining with a most blood-like hue the neck and bosom of the Judge's shirt! During the night he had got hold of the bottle, as it stood on the mantel-piece, and disposed of the liquor outwardly as well as inwardly.

The Judge raised himself from his uncomfortable position, and opened his eyes in stupid wonderment at the noisy circle around him. '*Dux et vinum!*' shouted one; 'a judge in liquor!'

'*Ducks et vinum!*' thought I, too, on my way home that afternoon with an attack of my dyspepsia.

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Poor H——! Losing soon after his office, and his wife and child no longer living, he seemed deprived of all those conservative influences which had before restrained him. In mind and body he became a perfect wreck of what he once was. But the grave has now closed over him and his faults.

I have sometimes thought that there are more of such constitutions and natures; that with them strong drink is an unavoidable necessity; pressing as the relentless Fate of the ancients; so that no will could resist it. And in such men I am half disposed to lose sight of the moral delinquency, in view of the mighty, the convulsive efforts I have seen them put forth toward self-control, even though their efforts be in vain.

EPIGRAM

TO A LADY, WHO HAD BRUISED HER EYE BY A FALL.

Some like the dark and brilliant eye
That bursts upon the view,
And others oft have felt the sigh
From softer eyes of blue;
Yet, love! in thine more magic lies,
And all must own 't is true;
'T is there the charms of *each* I prize,
For thine 's both black and blue!

J. L. B.

THE RISING OF THE NUNS.

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

Oh, modern Gaul! Europe's prime mountebank!
Nations might take a nap were 't not for thee!
But what with 'terror reigns' and 'sans culottes,'
Operas, dancers, and king-killing plots,
'Grands chevaliers' of matchless 'industrie,'
And the expectancy of some new prank
Played by thy goddess, Pseudo-Liberty,
Thou keep'st the world awake.
Great were thy 'three days'—great and 'glorious;'
Great was Fieschi; greater is Tom Thumb;
'Grande' were thy 'armées,' sometimes, too, victorious,
That once made Europe quake
At sight of fierce moustache and sound of drum—
Bristles and sheep-skin! But those days are past;
Fate's mightiest offspring is produced at last;
The mountain's pangs convulse its womb no more,
The agony parturient is o'er:
All earth behold!—ye Heavens vouchsafe one glance,
And view Time's latest offering, 'La Jeune France!'

Thy youth are heroes, or at least their tongue,
Hair, tufts and whiskers, are all most heroic;
Sublimer deeds to thy fair belles belong
Than were achieved by ancient dames historic.
Do Roman annals or does Grecian song
Wrest from oblivion aught so great away
As an émeute of nuns, ten hundred strong,
Decked terrible in beads, in open day?

The sun was setting 'neath the distant hills,
Smiling as usual when he went to bed;
Serene delight expansive nature fills,
Calm glory swooning through the west is shed;
The last lark soars to catch his farewell glance,
A few pale stars leave their cerulean cells,
The moon glides forth like the wan ghost of day,
The nightingale outpours her plaintive lay,
Unconscious all, blest in their ignorance,
Of horrid fate that in the morrow dwells!

A hundred candles cast a pallid glare
Around a room hung with the garb of wo,
And the late abbess, clad in death-robes, there
Lies in high state—last scene of earthly show;
Vespers are singing; twice five hundred voices
Burst forth in euphony. A glorious thing
Is music!—how the heart rejoices

When it awakes from any instrument!
Bag-pipes or banjo:
'Music hath charms to soothe the savage' fellow;
I wonder they do n't have it in 'The House:'
What fun to hear some furious member sing
'Hem! Mr. Speaker!' on E-flat intent;
That day would seal the doom of PUNCHINELLO!
Why not enliven too our courts of law?
Judges have ears — alas! they know it well,
Condemned too oft to hear the prosy war
Of droning counsel! Sweet would be the peal
Of the dead march to one condemned to die!
'HIGGS *versus* SNOOKS' — crim. con.; band, 'Yankee-doodle:'
Defendant melts as tame as any poodle,
And pays the fine and costs most cheerfully;
The plaintiff's counsel pleads in 'ROUSSEAU's Dream,'
Defendant's to the tune of 'Hail, Bright Beam!'

'T is midnight, but yon convent is astir;
The nuns are hurrying from cell to cell,
Meeting in passages, with whispers low:
Signs of strange perturbation!
Such as fright kings when revolutions stir,
And discontent's fierce myriad mutterings swell;
Precursors dire of change and wo,
To the despots of a nation!

True 'peep-o'-day' girls were those nuns next morn,
For they were bustling ere the sun arose;
Clustering in groups before the breaking dawn,
While each pale cheek with resolution glows.
Their whispers to loud murmurs swelled,
And ardent oratoresses
Waxed eloquent as they revealed
The tale of their distresses;
Loud were the 'cheerings;' high the plaudits pealed;
And when the bell summoned to matin prayer,
Its sound was lost amid their fierce 'Hear! hear!'
Enthusiasm flashed in every eye;
To all the swift contagion reaches:
Nuns hug each other in the walls' deep niches,
Vowing the overthrow of tyranny,
Then shout till out of breath,
'Down with THERESA! Liberty or death!'

Now if the cause of this uproar you ask,
Remove your hat, and soft with me retire,
If you have courage, where, upon a cask,
Sister CECILE foments the kindling fires
With words that eloquently burn:
List! 'Sisters, from my soul I spurn
This base attempt to abrogate our rights!
Deeply as we our late loved abbess mourn,
Duty commands; we leave the funeral rites,
And sorrow for the present we suspend.
Beloved sisters, your attention lend
While I attempt to recapitulate
The horrors menacing our helpless state.
Although our abbess' memory we revere,

Stern truth insists, her conduct *was* severe;
But by-gone scenes what boots it to recall?
God rest her soul! and we forgive her all!
Yet surely 't is but just that in the choice
Of her successor we should have a voice:
But no! our despots force on us THERESE,
Against our will; and shall such things as these,
In open day, in glorious France, be done?
THERESE — (*here groans*) — ay, groan, my sisters, groan!
THERESE we know, severest of severe;
And shall her tyranny be suffered here?
Are we not with sufficient penance worn?
Let testify our knees and feet, all torn
With walking bare-footed on sandy ground,
Or crawling on our knees the altar round,
Night after night; or midnight *aves* repeating,
Under the organ, whilst with cold fear sweating;
Was not a sister shut out from Heaven's beam
In a damp cell, because she dreamed a dream?
(*Groans here.*) Ah! many are our woes, and deep;
Young men, alas! *will* haunt us in our sleep!
Our shoulders are with flagellations torn,
Our bodies with rough hair-cloths too are worn;
Our stomachs and our faces are forlorn
With hideous fastings: shall such things be borne?
And shall THERESE come to increase our wo?
Double our prayers? augment our penance? No!
I hail the spirit glistening through your eyes!
I see your bosoms heave with suppressed cries!
I read the fate of despots in each glance;
If we are Nuns, yet are we Nuns of France!
Think of the Polytechnic's glorious boys;
How tyrants tremble when *they* raise their voice!
Oh! gallant youths, sublime in charcoal brows,
Exotic whiskers, and the martial blouse,
Who fright great Paris with your mighty routs,
Your pistol crackers and your warlike shouts,
Your brave example not in vain shall be,
For as your hirsute bands we will be free!
Raise then, my sisters, raise one deaf'ning cry;
Stun these old walls with 'Death or liberty!'
Break all the windows; to the kitchen go
And arm yourselves; smash all the glass below,
And beat the cook; then your loud war-cry peal,
And meet again, superb in wrath and steel!"

Oh, woman! in thy hours of ease,
'T is not so difficult to please;
Yet will thy face assume a shade
At any little difference made;
But when despair doth wring thy brow,
Why what a — say 'French nun' — art thou!

Fierce tumult rages through the hall or street
When Radicals or Loco-Focos meet;
Wild clamorings assail the upper air
When flocks of travelling wild-geese gabble there;
Loud is the jabbering when the hawk, pursued,
Essays to 'scape the chattering starling brood;
Distracting is the discord of the marsh,

When myriad frogs are croaking loud and harsh;
How feeble all — frog, Loco, bird, or goose —
To twice five hundred nuns, with all their tongues broke loose!

The poor cook's face is scratched; torn is her hair;
Her kitchen rifled. Armed with spits and knives,
And gleaming table-forks, they now repair
Back to the court-yard, fierce as jealous wives:
Onward they march, in terrible array!
Five ancient sisters lead the stormy way,
With martial music rousing every heart.
Four cooking-pots as drums, one huge tea-tray,
A fiery valor to their souls impart;
Great deeds were done. A consecrated pix
Dashed down five panes of glass! A crucifix
Made breaches in the windows! toasting forks
Were brandished high, with most unfeminine jerks!
Small sharpened knives were gleaming in the sun,
And each small sœur dilates an Amazon!

Thus raved the storm, so fierce and high,
When father PHELIM passing by,
Astonished heard the loud war-cry.
Father PHELIM O'ROURKE was 'raised' in Killarney,
And forty years back was a broth of a boy,
Of some five feet nothing, his ould mother's joy;
But had *soothered* his way,
By rale native tact, and rale native blarney,
To a snug post, far from the 'jim o' the say;'
Och! a great man was dear Father PHELIM that day!
Who now heard with dismay,
The high sounds of the fray,
And burst, puffing and blowing, the fierce ladies among.
PHELIM's heart had proved stout
In many a bout,
He had played with 'the boys' at 'shillaylee;'
But a chill ran through him when that wild cry rung,
And his red face turned white,
His heart beat loud with fright,
As he entered that Amazon melée.

Forth rushed the host upon him, and the drums
And thundering tea-tray beat an instant charge,
Their screams shook all the convent, 'See he comes!'
The father's widening eyes were 'looming large,'
His mouth gasped open like a darksome cave,
Onward they pour pell-mell, in rude attack,
PHELIM 's surrounded; stomach, sides and back.
A hundred forks are threat'ning; ah! who now shall save,
The jolly father? Silence! let him speak!
'My sisters dear!' said PHELIM, 'what strange freak
Of madness hath —' 'Oh, ho! thou shameless friar,'
Cried sister CECILE, and three punctures made
With a steel fork, moved with contagious ire
A dozen more thrust in, and many a blade
Hangs thirsting for his blood!

Then rose a cry that none might have withstood,
But raging nuns: 'Och wirra! wirristhrew!
The devil's cure! Bad luck! What will I do?

Och arrah, darlins! jewels!' 'Mes cheres sœurs!'
'Pardonnez!' 'Och ye devils!' 'hub-bub boo!'
'Black was the day I left my native moors,'
'Bad scran to yez! Och hone; och whilleleu!
Ecoutez donc! Ex-com-mu-ni-ca ——
Alack, alack the day!'
A mighty sister forced her hurried way,
Whirling a monstrous leg of mutton round,
And ere the curse had passed, he bit the ground.
Poor PHELIM screamed, writhing with many a jump.
'Depechez,' said the champion, 'a la pompe;'
His holy body then the assailants seize,
Disputing for a grip of leg or arm,
Shouting with joy, 'a bas, a bas THERESE!'
'A pumping cannot do his Rev'rence harm.'

PHELIM's wild plunges had their strength outworn,
When in their path appeared the convent churn;
They tied his arms, and thrust the father in,
Upon the edge rested his double chin;
A tide of buttermilk rose round his throat.
They gagged his mouth so that he cursed them not,
And left him with derisive cheers.
Then Father THOMAS, a young monk, appears;
Quickly they seize him; ere he learned the truth
His arms are bound,
Blankets are found,
And high he soars in air — aspiring youth!

Soft! soft! the measured steps approach,
Of a troop of gendarmerie,
Their muskets rattle now within the porch,
Ha! shall they fight or flee?
The gendarmes enter, drawn up in two rows.
Fellows all bristling with mustachios!
The officer advances with three bows,
'Rendez vous, belles demoiselles, sil vous plait,'
'Surrender,' said the mutton champion,
'Demain, Monsieur, but we will fight to-day,'
And then with lusty arm, she hurled a cheese,
Which struck the gentleman his nose upon,
And laid him low, 'mid shouts of 'no THERESE!'
Boiling with rage that officer arose,
And told his whiskered gendarmes to advance,
'Present their guns, and fire upon their foes,
Then charge, et vive le roi, et vive la France!'
Each lock has clicked, the guns are at their shoulders,
What did those ladies? stand as mute beholders?
Or rush like furies down upon their foes?
Alas! one shrill heartrending shriek arose,
Knives, forks and drums, were thrown upon the ground,
And in few seconds no nun could be found.

The father was released from out his churn,
(He now is living pretty near Lough Dearn.)
Peace was restored, but martial law prevailed
Throughout that nunnery for many a day,
Gendarmes at mass and vespers never failed,
And penance was performed 'neath their survey.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

NUMBER TWO.

The prudence, wisdom and good conduct of Oglethorpe had realized the most sanguine expectations in securing and retaining the Indians to the interests of England. To use the words of a modern author: 'We see this great man engaged in explaining the object of his visit to the colony; to these simple-hearted children of the wilderness expatiating upon the grandeur, power and wealth of his sovereign and country; holding forth to them friendship, and proffering, like Penn, to treat honorably with them for their lands. And here Tomichichi, the Indian chief, impressed with great respect for the newly-arrived strangers, reciprocating the professions of friendship, and in the simple custom of his country presenting the buffalo-skin, adorned with the head and feathers of the eagle, in token of the profound sense of the greatness and power of the country of the strangers, and expressing his acquiescence in the formation of a treaty for land, and his desire for perpetual peace.'*

Thus Oglethorpe by these means had in a manner hoped that he had prompted the interests of the new colony; but he was again called forth to avert a threatening cloud which hung over the infant settlement, and which tended to its immediate destruction.

The Spaniards of Florida becoming jealous of the new-comers, and the territory of Georgia being claimed by the king of Spain, caused Oglethorpe (who was desirous for the safety of the colony, and sensible of the tendency of the jealousy excited,) to return again to England to seek aid for its protection. In the latter part of the year 1736 he crossed the Atlantic, and raised a regiment, of which he was appointed colonel, with the rank of general-in-chief of the forces of South Carolina and Georgia. This was a timely thought of Oglethorpe, for difficulties between England and Spain becoming unadjusted, war was declared in 1739, and he received instructions authorizing him to hold himself in readiness to annoy the Spaniards and commence offensive operations against their colony of Florida; and in the summer of the succeeding year an unsuccessful attempt upon St. Augustine followed. But the scene was soon to be shifted: we allude to the invasion of Georgia by the Spaniards. In the year 1742 a large armament was fitted out at Havana, destined for the subjugation of Georgia; and being strengthened by the forces from St. Augustine, entered St. Simon's Sound with thirty-two sail and five thousand men. The little garrison of Frederica numbered but about six hundred and ninety men, with some few Indians; and this was the force which was to cope with the strong number of the assail-

* Judge Law's Historical Discourse, 1840.

ants.* The dark clouds of portentous aspect which for a long time hovered over the feeble colony now threatened to burst upon it with overwhelming ruin; the destiny of Georgia and Carolina were involved in the result. The enemy entered the Altamaha, cut off all supplies from the forts, hoisted the red flag of vengeance at the mizzen-mast of their largest vessel, debarked upon the island, and erected a battery mounting twenty eighteen-pounders.

Learning the danger of his situation, Oglethorpe† determined in the face of this overwhelming force to maintain a defensive position. As the haughty Spanish commander ordered his detachments to march upon Frederica, Oglethorpe stationed his forces—the brawny Highlanders and fierce Indians—among the deep morasses and dark thickets which lined the approach to Frederica, and many a Spaniard who penetrated these wilds never returned from them. Repeated skirmishes took place, and in these conflicts the enemy were always repulsed with great loss of men and officers.‡ Oglethorpe, learning from a Spaniard that the forces from Havana and Augustine were separately encamped, conceived the bold design of surprising one of these encampments in the night, but was disappointed almost at the moment of the attack by one of his own men, who ran off, fired a gun, and gave the alarm. Oglethorpe, now fearing that his weakness would be discovered by the enemy, devised a plan to escape from the embarrassing situation in which he was placed. He therefore addressed a letter to the deserter, desiring him to acquaint the enemy with the defenceless state of Frederica, how easily they might surprise him and cut the garrison in pieces, and urging the deserter as his spy to lead the Spaniards to the attack, and assure them of success; but if he could not prevail upon them to make the attempt, to use all his influence to persuade them to stay three days more, at the end of which time he would receive a reinforcement of two thousand land forces and six large British ships-of-war.§ This letter, entrusted to a Spanish prisoner, was placed in the hands of the deserter, who, as had been anticipated, laid the contents before the Spanish commander-in-chief. While the Spaniards were deliberating whether to withdraw their forces or to commence an attack, fortunately three vessels, which the governor of Carolina had despatched for the relief of the colony, appeared off the coast. This seeming to confirm the contents of the letter, struck such a panic into the Spaniards that they immediately embarked, setting fire to their fort, and leaving a large quantity of ammunition and stores, with several pieces of cannon. Thus, by the firmness, skilfulness and ingenuity of Oglethorpe was the colony rescued from total destruction.

The joys and gratulations of the colony were unbounded. The news of Oglethorpe's success filled the whole North American continent with joy. Complimentary epistles were addressed to him from the governors of New-York, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Maryland,

* Historical Collections of Georgia.
† Judge Law's Historical Oration, 1840.
‡ Historical Collections of Georgia.
§ Life of Oglethorpe.

North Carolina, Virginia, and the Bahama Islands, congratulating him upon his victory, testifying to the coolness and skill displayed by him upon so trying an occasion, and offering their thanks to the SUPREME GOVERNOR of nations, for placing the fate of the southern colonies under the direction of so distinguished a general, so highly did they esteem him. This successful repulse of such a formidable invasion, by a mere handful of troops, is unparalleled in the annals of colonial history.

With this account we approach the termination of Oglethorpe's administration in Georgia. Eleven years of his life had he spent in defending and settling this colony, during which time he had exercised sole control over its affairs; he was now about to leave, never to return again to Georgia. He had watched over it with the kindness and solicitude of a parent watching over its offspring; he had encountered its hardships, and exposed himself, in its protection, to disease and dangers of every kind.* He set sail from England in the year 1743, leaving behind him a character combining all that was lovely in genius, benevolence and philanthropy, mingled with the sterner attributes of the soldier. Judge Law, in an address delivered by him before the Georgia Historical Society, thus beautifully alludes to the close of his career: 'The active, energetic, brilliant and useful morning of his life was succeeded by an evening calm and serene as the western sun when he sets without a cloud to obscure him.'

After Oglethorpe's departure from Georgia the government of the colony devolved on the President and Council, when a crisis again occurred, threatening the extinction of the colony. The Indians now became dissatisfied, and threatened to rise upon the inhabitants. However, by the firmness and courage of the president, William Stevens, and others, the dangers were happily averted. Thomas Bosomworth had married the Indian princess Mary. Bosomworth was the chaplain of Oglethorpe's regiment. Mary, stimulated by cupidity and the weakness of the colony, marched upon Savannah with a large number of Indian chiefs and warriors, demanding an immediate surrender of all the lands south of Savannah, threatening, in case of refusal to extirpate the colony. The whole force of the town, 170 men, was called out; the inhabitants were in great consternation; the Indians, inflamed by rum, filled the streets with noise and violence. Now was the hour for firmness. Had one nerve quailed, one resolve faltered, all would have been lost. With great presence of mind, the President ordered Bosomworth and Mary to be separately confined, while he collected the Indians, and by kind words and presents, endeavored to appease their rage. He was happily succeeding, when Mary, released from confinement, suddenly rushed in, and exasperated to madness, urged the Indians to hostilities. Malatche seized his knife, and springing from his seat, called upon the rest to follow. Hundreds of uplifted tomahawks threatened the President and Council, and town, with death. At this juncture, Captain Noble Jones, with the guards under his command, threw himself into the door, and

* Historical Collections of Georgia.

ordered the Indians to surrender their arms at once. His firm command, with the fixed bayonets of the guards, had the desired effect; they quailed at the display of courage which, under these circumstances, bordered on the sublime. Pacified and pleased, the Indians retired to their homes, became friends, and the colony was saved from massacre and ruin.*

THE AUTUMN WIND.

'Mournfully O mournfully
The midnight wind doth sigh!'

I.

The wind that wails on an autumn night,
While the rustling leaves grow sere,
With what a strange and sad delight
It swells upon the ear;
And moans to the heart of storm and cold,
Muttering o'er and o'er,
Till the very emptiness of night
Seems knocking at the door!

II.

And then it gasps and dies away,
Like the voice of a spirit weeping,
And whispers of the chill decay
O'er the face of Nature creeping.
The lonely man, with a thrill
Of feeling half-kin to mirth,
Draws near the fire, and sadly broods
Over the silent hearth.

III.

Musing long with vacant eye,
While the autumn wind goes moaning by,
The friend turns kindly to his friend,
Glad not to be alone;
The lover clasps the little hand
That nestles in his own.

IV.

But the soul of thought, the friendly heart,
Will be darkened and grow still,
And the loving eye will lose its light,
The warm young hand be chill;
Yet the sad voice of the dreary wind
Will be hushed in silence never:
As in the world's first autumn night,
It waileth on — forever!

* Stevens' Historical Discourse.

GLEANINGS FROM A CLOCK-CASE.

BY CLAUDE HALCRO.

THE WRITER TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

DEAR SIR: Having on several occasions essayed to write something which should really deserve a place in your pages, and never having achieved any thing to satisfy myself, I began to think that amid professional avocations, the Muses would not flourish,* and despaired of ever building myself a reputation. Although time and reflection have softened the disappointment, and although I have not been so unphilosophical as to throw myself from a wharf, or blow out my brains, I have not been able as yet entirely to cure the 'cacoëthes scribendi.' So not being able to write any thing new, I bethought myself whether I could not rake up something old, belonging to myself. In the midst of these reflections, my eyes fell on the house-clock, and from the dial wandered to the base. It was enclosed in a long ghostly case. But it was no ghost, (for it was full of dusty manuscripts, and old newspapers,) unless, indeed it was the 'ghost of other days.' Some waif, some estray, some 'Treasure Trove,' might perchance turn up in this literary reservoir! I remembered how, from the age of fifteen to twenty-five, my brain had labored with mighty and incessant throes! Was it possible that in that terrific mass no gem was buried? Could nothing good come out of the clock-case?

I determined to try. In went my arm elbow-deep in MSS. There were brilliant essays, written out with most elaborate pains in a yet undecided hand; one on 'Idleness and Industry,' where the sole idea seemed to be borrowed from the cuts in the Penny Magazine of Hogarth's Pictures. Another descanted on *Γνωθι σεαυτον;* but after many ineffectual attempts to know myself in the glass which it presented, I 'gave it up as a bad job,' concluding that it did not 'hold the mirror up to nature.' Some were so deeply mysterious that they might as well have been hieroglyphics; others so fanciful, that I think I must have been all imagination in those buoyant days. There was an essay on the character of the Canadian yeomanry, from which it would appear that they had no character at all. Political pamphlets and squibs innumerable, published and unpublished — food for the mice!

But stop! What is this ponderous MS. on which I have pounced with greedy eyes, but indistinct recollection? *'A Tale of the Flood.'* Prodigious! Excited by the hope of a discovery, but quite forgetful of my own lucubration, which I nevertheless had the vanity to believe must be something fit for posterity, I read. First chapter:

* THE communications of Mr. HALCRO'S, which have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, proves him to be mistaken in this position.

all very fine. A little of Genesis, with a small smattering of Bulwer, and egotism ad libitum. Second chapter: More of Bulwer and less of Genesis; Noah in his cups; a fearful anachronism. Third chapter: Japhet (not in search of a father, but of a wife.) making love to the heroine Eva! I began to sicken already. Fourth chapter: The building of the ark. A giant blacksmith, an imitation of Bulwer's in Rienzi, who played the Devil in Crowds, and excited the people against Captain Noah; commencing most of his 'orations' with 'What ho!' Fifth chapter: The heroine gets married. Taking this to be a dead break-down to the plot, I flung the precious ms. into the clock-case, which would be its fitting place, but that *it* never will be *wound up!*

I found also the 'Papers of a Nervous Man;' very nervously written, no doubt, but I had not nerve enough to read them. An Epic Poem, in blank verse, three books finished; a hundred times more heavy than the 'Course of Time,' which, considering its leaden wings, is saying a good deal. The hero a murderous cut-throat villain, and the whole affair easily recognizable as having been written shortly after reading Irving's 'Tales of a Traveller.' Altogether, the confused mass which lay strewed before me would have made the fortune of a 'gifted contributor' to a penny-a-line magazine; but to me, although the 'Great Romance of the Age,' a 'Tale of the Flood' lay before my eyes, commemorative of that event, it appeared as if chaos had come again! I saw, in my mind's eye 'Old Knick.' seated in his dictatorial chair, kicking the 'Tale of the Flood' with one foot, and the 'Papers of the Nervous Man,' with the other; turning up his fastidious nose, elevating his eye-brows, giving a long low whistle, and exclaiming: 'What amazing impudence, to send me such trash!'

Accordingly, I take the hint, and have not the impudence. But some day when I have time, I promise myself a great '*Auto-da-Fe.*' The accumulations of ten years of literary throes, most of them the mighty aspirations of boyhood, are indeed fearful; and I should not wonder if the old clock should dance when finally disembowelled!

Amid all these 'doings and fixings,' I could only find a few, a very few, which I could venture to offer you: and here they are, such as they are

TWILIGHT AND HOME.

I.

Soft twilight hour! sweet summer skies! ye smile upon me now,
As o'er the shadowy landscape a beauty soft ye throw!
The sun's last burnished glories have faded from the west,
Where the fleecy clouds of heaven late in crimson tints were dressed!

II.

O! sweetest hour! O! dreamy skies! How dear ye are to me!
Ye shadows of the dark greenwood that dimly now I see;
My cottage home upon the hill, ye flowers that breathe so sweet,
And the evening breeze that creepeth by with noiseless step and fleet.

III.

I love ye all — yet sigh to think that each must timeless fade:
The hours advance, the skies look black, by lightning's flash betrayed;
The green leaves fall, that home is left, those flowrets droop and die,
And the mild breeze turns to wintry blast, with rude voice howling by!

IV.

O! ever thus, in blissful hours, o'er gloomy thoughts we brood
And to mar the fairest dreams of life, some sorrow will intrude:
The smile, the tear, in happiest hours, alternate o'er us sweep,
The springs of joy, the wells of grief, are fountain's near though deep.

V.

Soon then I call on joyous Hope to ease the transient pain;
I'll view the objects of regret 'neath twilight skies again:
And O! how gently heaves the pulse, how calm, how soft, how still!
The mem'ries of that sweetest hour like balm my bosom fill.

The next piece I shall offer you is a free translation of 'Le Chrêtien Mourant,' by Lamartine; a production familiar, I have no doubt, to many of your readers. At school, my dominie, an excellent classic, but not *au fait* at the modern languages, knew enough of French to guess that 'Le Chrêtien Mourant' might with great safety be translated 'The Dying Christian;' whereupon he was seized with a desire to know if it were a translation, or an imitation of Pope's 'Dying Christian;' accordingly he brought it to me, and said: 'B——, you know something of French, and can 'do' a little poetry: render this into English, in the same metre as the French.' I was then about sixteen; I was pleased with the task. I hope you will not think the performance unworthy. Adhering to the original metre, it was impossible to be a literal translator:

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

I.

'Hark! 't is the solemn knell of Death that sounds
With measured clang! — what pious crowd surrounds
My dying form? — and why that funeral strain?
The torch-light pale? Is this thy voice, O! Death,
That strikes my ear at last? I gasp for breath:
Now yawns the opening tomb!

II.

'O, thou, redeeming spark of fire divine!
Dweller immortal in this earth! be thine
The care: dispel these terrors! Death is near
To free thee! part my soul — throw off thy chain!
To leave a load of misery and pain,
Is such the *death* men fear?

III.

'Yes! fleeting time has ceased my hours to mete!
Refulgent messengers from Heaven's seat,
Say, to what sparkling palace raised on high
Ye wing your way? On waves of light I float,
The heavens expand; and as the earth I note,
It seems far down to fly!

IV.

'But hark! 't is human wail and groans I hear,
And sighs and sobbing catch my awakened ear!
What! fellow-exiles, do ye mourn my fate?
You weep? Already from the sacred cup
Oblivion I have drained! my soul mounts up,
And enters at the heavenly gate!'

Whether these 'Gleanings' shall be continued or not, entirely depends upon your merciful consideration. I have others to offer you, from the same prolific depository, written at a more advanced period of life, and a few written at the same time. Should these be deemed acceptable, I hope to offer something better in another number.

THOUGHTS OF THE WEARY.

'O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!' COPLAS DON MANRIQUE.

I.

If the dear ties of earth were not often broken,
And the forms that we love turned not coldly away;
If the sigh and the tear were not surely a token,
That the fairest and brightest of things will decay:
If Mem'ry wept not over hopes early faded,
O'er visions of beauty too lovely to last,
And the bright dreams of life were ne'er darkly shaded
By the sad, unavailing regrets of the past:

II.

If the friendships we form did not often conceal
Distrust in the heart 'neath professions of love;
And Time in its progress half mocking reveal
That life's worshipped idols shall treacherous prove;
Most dear *then* would life be! Sweet truth and affection
Would clasp hand-in-hand, to bless and to cheer;
The heart would delight in glad retrospection —
The eye moisten only with Pleasure's bright tear.

III.

But vain is the thought! The fond heart will never
Find comfort and peace in this mutable sphere;
Where the stern miser DEATH is gathering ever
Life's fairest of blossoms — its valued, its dear.
Where love, joy and sorrow, like meteors fleeting,
Successively pass o'er the soul's troubled sky,
And Time by its changes is ever repeating
'The hopes that ye cherish like phantoms shall fly!'

IV.

Then blest is the promise, the hope of a clime
Where again live in beauty the heart's withered flowers;
Where reposes forever the great scythe of TIME,
And oblivion's mantle falls over past hours.
Where DEATH, ever-conquered, resigns his dominion,
And clearly revealed are life's mysteries high;
Where FAITH meekly folds her once soaring pinion,
And the heart never mourns over earth's broken tie. C. A. C.

WHAT SHOULD BE AMERICA'S EXAMPLE?

BY A NEW CONSTITUTION.

THIS weakly-ligamented Union, with members so heavy and joints so feeble, is now about to be severely tested by that element of discord which most excited the fears of the greatest among the political philosophers who framed the Constitution. The important issues that have heretofore divided two great political parties, and held in a degree of healthy antagonism the political operations of the country, are thrown aside, while this element of discord and sectional hostility rears its dark image in their place. Beside this, which excites all sections in the North, new, wild, vague and subversive theories, systems and doctrines in society, in morals and in politics agitate the public mind. These have been considered to have been among the principal causes that led to the horrors of the old French revolution. We all know to what extent they have been the moving influences to a terrible insurrection, in which but a few weeks since the streets of Paris were washed with the blood of her citizens. While social and political leaders are struggling in this sea of opposite and contentious opinions, the people at large are beginning to see, and many to feel, the effects of evils which have secretly and silently accumulated, while the general attention of all in this young republic has been given to the acquisition of wealth.

Among all these evils the one from which the greatest ultimate danger is to be apprehended is *the want of knowledge among the people*. We know this assertion, after all that has been said about the general intelligence of even the poorest of our citizens, has not the chance of a graceful reception; yet the fact, whatever may be thought of it, *is so*. The little education the masses have heretofore received has been for money-making. Such instruction, with the habits it leads to, is little calculated to enable men to form correct conclusions concerning questions that relate to social and political affairs. In these, more than in any thing else, 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

We lose sight of the dangers that threaten us through this evil in the habit we have of comparing the intelligence of the masses of this country with that of the masses in Europe. It is not enough that the people of this country, who make and dispense their own laws and institutions, should merely compare favorably with the peasants of aristocracies. The education of the people in a free country has a much broader application too than individual advantage. Where the people are passive under a government formed by privileged classes, education can influence their political condition only by moving them to resistance and revolution. Thus it will be perceived that in such governments its results have their intermediate

effects; effects which are now transpiring in Europe, while with us they are direct, and the government and social institutions vary with the varying intelligence of the people.

If we ask the remedy for this, as well as for the other evils which underlie it, every one will answer, '*Public Education.*' But when we ask how this public education is to be accomplished in such a manner as to secure the purity and safety of our government, the answer is not so ready and direct. Various systems of public education have been slightly considered, and in some places acted upon, within a few years past. In New-England, where public schools have existed the longest and produced the most good, the elements of common learning have been largely disseminated among the people. In New-York public schools also have already done much for the education of the people. Yet, with great masses of the people of this country there still exists a deficiency in the most common elements of learning, which those whose observations have not been leisurely extended through the districts of all the states can scarcely understand. Even the statistics which show how many thousands there are who cannot read and write will give no correct conception of the truth. To estimate the evil, these people must be seen at home, engaged in their business and in their social relations.

Although action for public schools has commenced, and in some states already produced great effects, yet we all know how lukewarm it is in others; how tardy in its results, compared with the locomotive progress of other affairs. The rapid developments of our improvement and progress in trade and wealth, astonish the world; but what systems of public education have been generally developed with the same energetic rapidity, with effects equally dazzling, in the eyes of mankind? The sectional results of insulated efforts of this sort are lost to the observation of the astonished beholder, transfixed by the magical creations of the nation's industry. Yet the permanency of these industrial results will depend on this very public education, which has been thus neglected.

It is true we are young, and the acquisition of means must be the first operation in the development of national institutions. But ample means have already been acquired; and it now behooves us to devote a large portion of that energy with which we are so highly endowed to the formation of that condition of the people on which our welfare, safety, nay, our very existence as a republic, depend, and without which we are surely destined, sooner or later, to destruction.

It will perhaps be thought sufficient that action has already been commenced in the creation, by several states, of public schools and school funds. But where do we see legislatures and assemblies of the people acting in this cause with those 'go-ahead' impulses which move them in other affairs? In some places, where this action has been partially and ineffectually commenced, it has been a draw-back rather than an improvement to common school education. We do not always rely upon statistics; for they are often so imperfect in their estimates of facts as to lead to false conclusions. Our statement is founded on personal observation in different places. In

New-Jersey we have seen common schools, in many districts, worse since the commencement of legislative action in their favor than they were before it. The sum the legislature has allowed the people to raise is a mere pittance, inadequate to pay even one-quarter of the yearly education of the children who do resort to the district schools; and (most wise, liberal and salutary legislation!) an act prohibits the people from raising more! In order that the pittance raised might be equally distributed, the townships have been divided into districts. This has interfered with the organization of schools which previously existed, and many that were formerly well conducted have been entirely broken up, and their scattered fragments have helped to form new ones of a much poorer character. Where they formerly employed good teachers, these will now only draw the attention of straggling adventurers, who are changed almost every quarter. Yet New-Jersey is free from debt, and in a flourishing physical condition. How shameful is it that states thus circumstanced should neglect the education of the people, while parties are constantly squandering in political patronage money that would in a short time build splendid schools, and educate liberally every child in their borders!

The people must be roused to act for themselves on this subject. Any great and important legislative action in regard to it will only be secondary to plans, purposes, movements and instructions of the people. We say they must be excited to deliberate and act for themselves on this subject; for legislators are too much under the influence of mere money-making improvements to attend to it. The men who are sent to legislatures, generally feel but little interest in the progress of education. They are under the influence of other views and other sectional interests; therefore a motion is rarely made in its favor, and when made, often coldly dismissed for other subjects.

But the people are falling into the dangerous habit of looking too much to legislatures. They leave to government, and wait for it to do, what they themselves should quietly execute in their own primary assemblies. Take a single instance of the difference between legislative and popular action on this one subject. The legislature of Massachusetts has enacted that one dollar and twenty-five cents be raised yearly for the education of every child in the state; but the people raise voluntarily over three dollars a year for each child, and this is applied without distinction of classes. The legislatures of Virginia, Maryland, and some other southern states, have made free schools for the education of the poor, and thus separated them from the rich.

We appeal to you, *People of the United States*, to lend your minds to the importance of this subject *now;* for your children, for your country, for the world; for the sake of the new hopes of freedom and happiness which are dawning on mankind. You say you have acted; but we know how many there are who, under present circumstances, are not benefitted by the schools; and we know you have not done all you *can* do, nor any thing like it. You have made laws to institute, support and govern public schools; now make laws to compel the careless, the immoral, the idle, to *profit* by them. Make

degraded parents do their duty to their offspring, for the good of the rising generations, for the safety of the country. When you have completed your work at home, send out your messengers to excite the people of other states to action. It is dangerous to the harmony and stability of the Union for one section of the country to be more intelligent than another. Under the most active and energetic efforts that could be used on this subject, several generations would pass away before all classes in the different states would receive the instruction they *should* receive.

But we have already said more than we intended on this subject. We commenced with the intention of discussing other matters in relation to it. Although you have not yet sufficiently acted upon it, you have all heard, and in part understood, its importance. But you have not been impressed with the *great fact*, that this elementary instruction at schools does not comprise the entire education of a republic. A people who make and manage their own laws and institutions, at a period like this, in the present convulsive and transition conditions of the government, societies and religions of the world, must have other knowledge than that which is given in schools for the elementary instruction of children. They must have knowledge that will enable them to examine, compare and discriminate in matters which relate to religion, morals, society and politics.

You will answer: that we have ample means for all this knowledge; that young as we are, there is no other nation in the world which possesses so many churches and ministers; that young as we are, we have a public press which numbers more journals than all which belong to several of the greatest nations of Europe. Yet with all these churches, and their armies of preachers, many running into extreme dissensions, those who understand how truly religious feeling is the only safe basis of morality and social order, would be startled, could an estimate of private and silent infidelity be placed before them. Men venture to say they are disgusted with the disputes and jealousies of sects, the narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy too frequently shown by professed christians, but through caution, they do not venture to say: 'This makes us infidels.'

It is not our object to tear down; nor do we covet the reputation of the reformer. But we call on the people to act in this matter, as it is in their power to act, that religion may impart its full benefits to society. Make the churches which cost the country so much, more useful than merely convenient places for social gathering once a-week, and attendance there a stronger individual interest than a mere duty demanded by the opinion of society. Make your armies of thirty thousand preachers more useful than fancy elocutionists. Make the clergyman the school-master of his parish, and then there will be school-masters enough abroad. We do not mean, to teach the children reading, writing and arithmetic; let your school-masters continue to do this, to do it more and better, and let them do it to all; but, employ your clergyman to *educate*, literally, both children and adults. If this great body, the clergy, were to do all they *can* in this way, all they *should* even, a single generation would present evidences of a progress beyond all present calculation.

It may be said: 'If the institutions of religion do not reach our standard, there is still the public press; that is a great agent for the instruction of the people.' Yes, it is. But we have seen that the greatest means in the power of man to use may be directed to the vilest ends; and none have been more widely perverted from their legitimate objects than this. Sad and disgraceful are many examples around us; more sad and disgraceful, inasmuch as these principally influence the mass that most needs instruction; while those newspapers that are governed by the principles of morality, honesty and truth, are left to such as least require them. We too often see them, and never more than now, by the sacrifice of all principle and independence, the servile tools of a faction or a party, and the agents of selfish demagogues and ambitious leaders. We see them producing every variety of envious feeling, discord and dissension, while wrangling about social and political progress and reform. We see journals whose objects should be to promote sympathies of feeling among all classes, and similarities of tastes, opinions and habits, opening into active exertion all the more unkind, uncharitable, envious, jealous and malignant feelings of human nature; making one class the bitter enemy and traducer of another, and aiding the individuals of each in intrigues and disputes for place and power. We see them scatter with lavish profusion, the most wanton, vulgar invectives and slanderous detraction of private and public characters. We see them, ostensibly with holy purposes, perverting the rights and institutions of Christianity; violating the laws of God and nature, and exciting the weak and ignorant to fanaticism, monomania and madness, under the name of religion. What sad perversions of truth, honesty and honor! Justice frowns on their gross impostures on public credulity and ignorance; Morality mourns over their sinful perversion of her sacred laws; Virtue weeps for their unholy utterance of her spotless name; Truth shudders amid the clouds with which they envelop her sublime and eternal precepts.

Government, as it gives freedom of speech and opinion, institutes no censorship over public journals. It makes no laws to suppress the venal, vicious and unprincipled among them. Shall public opinion as heretofore, continue equally tolerant? As public education gives vital principle to a free government, so will a censorship of public opinion give moral principle to a free press. But it must not spring from public opinion formed in prejudices that grow out of the perverting influences of corrupt newspapers themselves. The lash of denunciation from such public opinion, could never silence these brazen trumpets, whose blasts are blown by the breath of falsehood, calumny and corruption. Editors themselves must be sifted. None but the worthy should be tolerated. The public safety demands that they should be honest, capable and independent, that their organs may be the messengers of truth. We know that public opinion could exercise this discrimination, if called out, directed and excited, by those who stand at the head of the public press; and it would be the proudest and most honorable of popular achievements, for the press is the great agent of public instruction, and public instruction is the safeguard of the government. We call on those who wield this agent

with honor and power, to move public opinion in defence of its character, till it is elevated and set free from the abuses that degrade it. Thus purified, let the people be enlightened by it; let it teach them their true interests and duty; their duty to themselves, to their children, to a world struggling for freedom, and searching for an example of a pure and permanent republic. By it let the people be taught that the advantages of a free government are not in its name, but in the permanence and purity of its institutions; and that it is made secure only, through the general and equal intelligence of the people. They have ever been awake to its call, either to good or evil; let it speak to them in the sublime accents of truth, and its lessons will be heeded and remembered. Let those whose minds are cast in the mould of genius, whose pens are tempered in the fires of eloquence, restore this great power to its lofty station. Let it be demeaned to base uses no more. Let the Phillippes, the Catalines, the Verres of the times, who have bought and used it, tremble beneath the sceptre of its redeemed power!

It is from no unkind or hostile feelings toward any portion of the public press, that these remarks are made. We write from a desire to see the public press improved and elevated, and the public good thus promoted. We think the character and position of this Magazine will enable us to make these remarks without incurring the charge of presumption.

ACROSTIC.

CORDIALLY INSCRIBED TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

Joy, joy to thee, Hibernia! 'mongst thy sons of lettered fame,
Another poet's bust is reared; another deathless name
'Midst those of brightest eminence, Swift, Sheridan and Moore,
Enrolled in fit companionship, forever to endure.
Still, Knowles, may inspiration wait upon thy truthful pen,
Still may succeeding triumphs rise, again and o'er again
Hallowing each varied link of fond affection's chain,
Enlisting kindred sympathies, impressions that remain:
Responsive to the mighty throb, what bosom does not swell
In strong suspensive anguish as the mountain-father, Tell,
Despairing draws the fatal bow? or who can coldly stand
And calmly hear the shouts that hail his liberated land?
No unbecoming thought impure thy stainless pages hold,
Kind-heartedness and noble worth the mind-fraught scenes unfold;
No ermine-mantled vices their insidious poison leave,
Or covert infamy, glozed o'er, to dazzle and deceive.
Well hast thou won the poet's wreath, which all on thee bestow!
Long may it in green freshness rest upon a placid brow!
Endeared by ev'ry happy tie, and unassailed by care,
Serenely may thy hale old age thy youthful laurels wear!

New-York, September, 1848.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By ELIZABETH F. ELLET, Author of 'The Characters of SCHILLER,' 'Country Rambles,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 660. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE well-known and popular author of these volumes in a well-written preface has made us aware of the extreme difficulty which she encountered in obtaining materials sufficiently reliable for a record designed to be strictly authentic. 'Three-quarters of a century,' she remarks, 'have necessarily effaced all recollection of many imposing domestic scenes of the Revolution, and cast over many a veil of obscurity, through which it is hard to distinguish their features. Whatever has not been preserved by contemporaneous written testimony, or derived at an early period from immediate actors in the scenes, is liable to the suspicion of being distorted or discolored by the imperfect knowledge, the prejudices, or the fancy of its narrators.' Mrs. ELLET has done wisely, we think, in distrusting and rejecting traditionary information, where it was not supported by responsible personal testimony, or where it was found to conflict in any of its details with established historical facts. Political history says but little, and that vaguely and incidentally, of the women who bore their part in the Revolution; so that the materials for the volumes under notice have been derived mainly from reliable private sources. Hence letters of friendship and affection, those most faithful transcripts of the heart, were earnestly sought and diligently examined by the author. Important information was elicited by application to the surviving relatives of women remarkable for position or influence, or whose zeal, sacrifices, or heroic acts, had contributed to promote the establishment of American independence. Mrs. ELLET remarks: 'The actions of men stand out in prominent relief, and are a safe guide in forming a judgment of them; a woman's sphere, on the other hand, is secluded, and in a very few instances does her personal history, even though she may fill a conspicuous position, afford sufficient incident to throw a strong light upon her character.' Our author must pardon us for saying, that this seeming want of salient points for description is so little visible in most of the sketches before us, that her modest argument falls to the ground. If there *were* a deficiency of material, she may well claim in no case to have supplied it by fanciful embellishment, if we may judge from two or three of the histories with which we had previously been made familiar. The memoirs are a simple and homely narrative of real occurrences. Wherever details were wanting to fill out the picture, our author has left them in outline. No labor of research, no pains in investigation, have been spared in establishing the truth of the statements contained in the volumes. The sketches contained in the first volume illustrate progressive stages of the war, and

are arranged with an observance of chronological order; while those of the second are miscellaneously dispersed. Here, in short, are sketches of some one hundred and twenty eminent American women, in different quarters of the Union, who reflect honor alike upon their country and their sex; and they will be perused, we venture to predict, with delight by thousands of readers. We have space only for a portion of one memoir, that of Mrs. CORNELIA BEEKMAN, of our own city and state, after whose distinguished husband the street which passes near the publication-office of this Magazine was named. Mrs. BEEKMAN had removed, it must be premised, from New-York, owing to the excitements of the times, to the Peekskill manor-house, where she resided during the war, marked out as an object of aggression and insult by the royalists, on account of the part taken by her relatives and friends, and her own ardent attachment to the American cause:

'THE leading officers of the American army were often received and entertained at her hospitable mansion. General PATTERSON was at one time quartered there; and the room is still called 'WASHINGTON'S' in which that beloved chief was accustomed to repose. He visited her frequently, their acquaintance being of long standing, and while his troops were stationed in the neighborhood, made her house his quarters. The chairs used by his aids as beds are still in the possession of her descendants. Her hospitality was not limited to persons of distinction; she was at all times ready to aid the distressed and administer to the necessities of those who needed attention. Nor were her acts of humanity and benevolence confined to such as were friendly to the cause in which her warmest feelings were enlisted, many in the enemy's ranks experiencing her kindness, and that in return for grievance and outrage. Of this she had more than her share; and sometimes the most daring robberies were committed before her eyes. On one occasion the favorite saddle-horse which she always rode was driven off with the others by marauders. The next day Colonel BAYARD, mounted upon the prize, stopping at the gate, Mr. BEEKMAN claimed the animal as belonging to his wife, and demanded that it should be restored. The insolent reply was, that he must hereafter look upon his property as British artillery horses; and the officer added, as he rode away, 'I am going now to burn down your rebel father's paper-mill!'

'At another time, in broad day, and in sight of the family, a horse was brought up with baskets fastened on either side, and a deliberate ransacking of the poultry-yard commenced. The baskets were presently filled with the fowls, and the turkey-gobbler, a noisy patriarch, was placed astride the horse, the bridle being thrown over his head. His uneasiness when the whip was used, testified by clamorous complaints, made the whole scene so amusing, that the depredators were allowed to depart without a word of remonstrance. One day, when the British were in the neighborhood, a soldier entered the house and walked unceremoniously toward the closet. Mrs. BEEKMAN asked what he wanted; 'Some brandy,' was his reply. When she reproved him for the intrusion, he presented his bayonet at her breast, and calling her a rebel, with many harsh epithets, swore he would kill her on the spot. Though alone in the house, except an old black servant, she felt no alarm at the threats of the cowardly assailant; but told him she would call her husband and send information to his officer of his conduct. Her resolution triumphed over his audacity; for seeing that she showed no fear, he was not long in obeying her command to leave the house. Upon another occasion she was writing a letter to her father, when, looking out, she saw the enemy approaching. There was only time to secrete the paper behind the frame-work of the mantle-piece; where it was discovered when the house was repaired after the war.

'The story of Mrs. BEEKMAN'S contemptuous repulse of the enemy under BAYARD and FANNING is related by herself, in a letter written in 1777. A party of royalists, commanded by those two colonels, paid a visit to her house, demeaning themselves with the arrogance and insolence she was accustomed to witness. One of them insultingly said to her: 'Are you not the daughter of that old rebel, PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT?' She replied with dignity: 'I am the daughter of PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT; but it becomes not such as you to call my father a rebel!' The tory raised his musket, when she, with perfect calmness, reproved him for his insolence, and bade him be gone. He finally turned away abashed.

'The persecutors of Mrs. BEEKMAN were sometimes disappointed in their plundering expeditions. One day the miller came to her with the news that the enemy had been taking a dozen barrels of flour from the mill. 'But when they arrive at the Point,' he added, 'they will find their cakes not quite so good as they expect; as they have taken the lime provided for finishing the walls, and left us the flour!' Often, however, the depredators left nothing for those who came after them.

'One morning a captain serving in the British army rode up to the house and asked for Mrs. BEEKMAN. When she appeared, he told her he was much in want of something to eat. She left the room, and soon returning, brought a loaf of bread and a knife. This she assured him was all she had in the house, the soldiers of his army having taken away every thing else. 'But I will divide this,' she said; 'you shall have one-half, and I will keep the other for my family.' This magnanimity so struck the officer, that he thanked her cordially, and requested her to let him know if in future any of his men ventured to annoy her, promising that the offence should not be repeated. It is not known that this promise was of any avail.

'In one instance the firmness and prudence displayed by Mrs. BEEKMAN were of essential service. JOHN WEBB, familiarly known as 'Lieutenant JACK,' who occasionally served as an

acting aid in the staff of the commander-in-chief, was much at her house, as well as the other officers, during the operations of the army on the banks of the Hudson. On one occasion, passing through Peekskill, he rode up and requested her to oblige him by taking charge of his valise, which contained his new suit of uniform and a quantity of gold. He added: 'I will send for it whenever I want it; but do not deliver it without a written order from me or brother SAM.' He threw in the valise at the door, from his horse, and rode on to the tavern at Peekskill, where he stopped to dine. A fortnight or so after his departure, Mrs. BEEKMAN saw an acquaintance, SMITH, whose fidelity to the whig cause had been suspected, ride rapidly up to the house. She heard him ask her husband for Lieutenant JACK's valise, which he directed a servant to bring and hand to SMITH. Mrs. BEEKMAN called out to ask if the messenger had a written order from either of the brothers. SMITH replied that he had no written order, the officer having had no time to write one; but added: 'You know me very well, Mrs. BEEKMAN; and when I assure you that Lieutenant JACK sent me for the valise, you will not refuse to deliver it to me, as he is greatly in want of his uniform.' Mrs. BEEKMAN often said she had an instinctive antipathy to SMITH, and, by an intuition for which it is difficult to account, felt convinced that he had not been authorized to call for the article she had in trust. She answered: 'I do know you very well; *too well* to give you up the valise without a written order from the owner or the colonel.' SMITH was angry at her doubts, and appealed to her husband, urging that the fact of his knowing the valise was there, and that it contained Lieutenant JACK's uniform, should be sufficient evidence that he came by authority; but his representations had no effect upon her resolution. Although even her husband was displeased at this treatment of the messenger, she remained firm in her denial, and the disappointed horseman rode away as rapidly as he came. The result proved that he had no authority to make the application; and it was subsequently ascertained that at the very time of this attempt Major ANDRE was in SMITH's house. How he knew that the uniform had been left at Mrs. BEEKMAN's was a matter of uncertainty; but another account of the incident states that Lieutenant WEBB, dining at the tavern the same day, had mentioned that she had taken charge of his valise, and what were its contents. He thanked Mrs. BEEKMAN, on his return, for the prudence that had saved his property, and had also prevented an occurrence which might have caused a train of disasters. He and Major ANDRE were of the same stature and form; 'and beyond all doubt,' says one who heard the particulars from the parties interested, 'had SMITH obtained possession of the uniform, ANDRE would have made his escape through the American lines.' The experience that teaches in every page of the world's history what vast results depend on things apparently trivial, favors the supposition, in dwelling on this simple incident, that under the Providence that disposes all human events, the fate of a nation may here have been suspended upon a woman's judgment.'

Such were the 'Women of the Revolution;' and to the interesting records of them, which these volumes contain, we cordially commend the attention of our readers. The volumes are illustrated by seven well-executed steel engravings of the eminent subjects of the work, among whom Mrs. BEEKMAN, and Mrs. BACHE, daughter of Dr. FRANKLIN, may be considered, we think, as having been preëminently attractive in person. The attention of the enterprising publishers to the externals of the volumes leaves nothing to be added to enhance their acceptance with the public.

ORATORS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By E. L. MAGOON. In one volume. pp. 456. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

OF this work, which is dedicated to 'students who are not drones, Christians who are not bigots, and citizens who are not demagogues,' our readers have already had a pleasant foretaste in 'The Battle-Fields of Early American Eloquence' and 'ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the Master of Political Sagacity;' and they will need little incitement at our hands to secure and enjoy the perusal of the completed volume. The object of the book, which is successfully carried out, was to present, in a brief but comprehensive compass, the oratorical features of the American Revolution. 'The political history of the country,' observes the author, 'has been ably written. Vivid delineations of our early martial heroes are also before the public. All the great leaders in the various departments of statesmanship, literature, science and art, have received the meed of skilful scrutiny and well-discriminated praise; and in view of this general appreciation of our illustrious fathers, it is the more remarkable that so little attention has been paid to the particular merits of the great leaders of the American forum.' True, a good deal has been said of them in biographical sketches, legis-

lative history, and traditionary annals; but we are not aware that any work has heretofore been devoted to a critical and comprehensive examination of our great orators, such as is afforded by the work before us. 'Many pointed allusions and partial descriptions lie about in books of various kinds, facts, anecdotes and fragmentary sentiments, which are to a full analysis of specific traits, and the judicious estimate of individual worth, what a confused mass of indefinite outlines are to a gallery of elaborate full-lengths, each distinctly drawn, rounded into symmetrical shape, and colored with appropriate tone.' Our leading speakers in colonial and revolutionary times were distinguished not more for their general ability than for the wonderful originality of talent with which each in particular was characterized. This individuality of oratorical excellence, and the results by which a mighty unity in diversity were produced, are well portrayed in the work under notice. Mr. MAGOON's style is terse, epigrammatic, eloquent. He does not cover up his meaning in a mass of words; but what he says he says because it is worth saying, and he says it in a way which the reader will remember. The work contains well-engraved portraits of SAMUEL ADAMS, WARREN, PATRICK HENRY, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, FISHER AMES, and JOHN RANDOLPH, and is distinguished by good paper and typography.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. Complete in one volume. pp. 393. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THOSE who shall attentively peruse this most interesting volume will find how grievously hitherto they have misapprehended the character of the gifted subject of it. Many who have heartily admired his poetry have yet looked upon it as the production of a wayward, erratic genius, self-indulgent in conceits, disrespectful of the rules and limitations of Art, not only unlearned, but careless of knowledge, not only exaggerated, but despising proportion. His moral disposition was assumed to be weak, gluttonous of sensual excitement, querulous of severe judgment, fantastic in its tastes, and lackadaisical in its sentiments. He was all but universally believed to have been killed by a stupid, savage article in a review, and to the compassion generated by his untoward fate he was held to owe a certain personal interest, which his poetical reputation hardly justified. Now it is established by the loving and indefatigable author of the volume before us, on undeniable documentary evidence of his inmost life, that nothing could be farther from the truth than this opinion. It is proved upon irrefragable testimony that KEATS, in his intellectual character, reverenced simplicity and truth above all things, and abhorred whatever was merely strange and strong; that he was ever learning, and ever growing more conscious of his own ignorance; that his models were always the highest and the purest, and that his earnestness in aiming at their excellence was only equal to the humble estimation of his own efforts; that his poetical course was one of distinct and positive progress, exhibiting a self-command and self-direction which enabled him to understand and avoid the faults even of the writers he was most naturally inclined to esteem, and to liberate himself at once, not only from the fetters of literary partisanship, but even from the subtle influences and associations of the accidental literary spirit of his own time. In his moral peculiarities he is shown to have exhibited the effects of a strong will, passionate temperament, indomitable courage, and a somewhat contemptuous disregard of other men; unflinchingly meeting all criticism of his writings, and caring for '*the* article' which was

supposed to have had such homicidal success just so far as it was in evidence of the little power he had as yet acquired over the sympathies of mankind, and no more. He opposed a brave front to poverty and pain; love of pleasure in him was continually subordinate to higher aspirations, notwithstanding the sharp zest of enjoyment which his mercurial nature conferred upon him; and he never abused his full possession of that imaginative faculty which enables the poet to vivify the phantoms of the hour, and to purify the objects of sense, beyond what the moralist may sanction, or the mere practical man can understand. We regret, more deeply than we can well convey to the reader, our limited space, in perusing the intensely feeling and interesting letters which make up a good portion of the volume under consideration; letters which are wrung, like drops of blood, from the inmost heart of the sensitive author. If the reader would know what it really was that 'killed poor KEATS,' let him turn to page 236, and read the letter to the poet's friend BROWN, describing his ardent and unsatisfied affection, and he will doubt no longer. We are glad to find in the book a portrait of its illustrious subject, and a fac-simile of his hand-writing. In other external aspects, also, the volume is worthy of admiration and of the reputation of the publisher. We are well pleased to see, let us add here, the growing attention that is paid by American publishers to the externals of books. Any work that is worth printing at all is worth printing well. 'That first appeal which is to the eye' has come to be considered as important in the case of a volume as of a lady or gentleman. Time was when it was not so.

SPIRITUAL HEROES: OR SKETCHES OF THE PURITANS, their Character and Times. By JOHN STOUGHTON. In one volume. pp. 334. New-York: M. W. DODD, Brick-Church Chapel.

THIS is eminently a readable book. The Rev. Dr. HAWES, of Hartford, Coun., does it no more than justice in the letter which he addresses to the publisher. It is written in a style of elegant simplicity, in an excellent Christian spirit, and abounds with incidents of thrilling and instructive interest. It is not a continuous historical narrative, but rather a series of paintings, presenting in strong and vivid colors some of the principal characters and events which are recorded in the annals of English history in the times of the Puritans and Non-conformists. No portion of English history deserves to be studied more attentively than this. It relates to a period when great principles were struggling into birth; when that liberty was asserted and maintained which has for so long a time blessed our happy land, and which is now extending like a boon to other nations of the earth. No better service could well be done our countrymen than to make them, and especially our rising youth, thoroughly acquainted with the times to which this volume relates. 'I would,' says Dr. HAWES, 'could I cause my voice to be heard in the length and breadth of our land, earnestly invite the youth thereof to study the lives and sufferings of their forefathers, those exiled confessors and martyrs, in whose humble annals they will find much of truth to instruct their understanding, and much of romantic beauty to kindle their imaginations, little as that quality is generally thought to be allied to puritanism and nonconformity, and much of Christian heroism to thrill their hearts and elevate their piety. From such a study they would learn what freedom is, what freedom cost, from what principles our freedom sprung, and by what means it is preserved to bless those who come after us.' Two or three engravings, with good type and paper, constitute the external characteristics of the volume.

THRILLING INCIDENTS OF THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES. With three hundred engravings. By the Author of 'The Army and Navy of the United States.' In one vol. pp. 600. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THIS large and handsome volume comprises the most striking and remarkable events of the Revolution, the French war, the Tripolitan war, the Indian war, the second war with Great-Britain, and the late Mexican war. The author, who seems to have had many important qualifications for the task which he had imposed upon himself, states his case succinctly. He has selected from the various authentic histories, memoirs, and reminiscences which have appeared during the last fifty years, the narratives of those events which were at once the most striking and important in our national annals, and presented them in a collective form. The view thus exhibited bears the same relation to a complete and connected history that a sketch does to a finished picture. The strong points and striking features only are represented; but at the same time a vivid conception is afforded of the whole subject. The imagination of the reader receives perhaps a livelier impulse from the sketch than it would from the picture. What is delineated suggests more to the active fancy than if the delineator had endeavored to place the whole upon his canvass; and the reader is more agreeably occupied in filling up the vacant parts by his own imaginative or recollective faculty, than if nothing had been wanting to render the picture complete. The history of our country is filled with incidents which do honor to the American character; and every true patriot must feel gratification in perusing the records of those heroic and disinterested actions which shed light and glory on our national annals. Full justice is rendered in this volume to those who have deserved well of their country by high achievements in the field and on the ocean.

SKETCHES OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. With a View of its History and Advantages as a Resort for Invalids. By R. K. SEWALL. In one volume. pp. 69. New-York: Published for the Author by GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Broadway.

THIS brief account of one of the most interesting towns in this country, in many historical points of view, has been prepared to meet the wants of those who may desire to learn something of the place, in view of a sojourn, or who may already have gone thither in search of health. The work makes no pretension to fullness of detaill nor to absolute perfection in any particular. It is rather a glimpse at, than a full history of, the place, though it gives such a connected view of the course of events, as to satisfy the curiosity of the northern reader. We take the ensuing passage from the chapter on the public works of St. Augustine:

'THE barracks occupy a spot on which were the ruins of an ancient monkish retreat, near the south end. The main building is a substantial structure, of large dimensions and neat appearance. The prospect from it, of the harbor, bar, ocean, and neighboring country, is delightful. Its location is one of the most eligible in the city. A large space is enclosed in rear of the main building, for a garden; the southern extremity of which is occupied as a military burial ground, where repose the ashes of the major part of the regular force of the United States, who fell in battle during the recent bloody Seminole war. Chaste and beautiful monuments, with appropriate inscriptions, mark the spot where sleep the gallant dead.

'Here, beneath two pyramids, together in one bed repose the ashes of one hundred and seven men — the gallant Major DADE and his intrepid warriors; a sacrifice to the vengeance of the brave and warlike Seminole, who with the Indian agent, were the first fruits of the terrible threat of OSCEOLA, who having indignantly rejected all overtures on the part of the government to leave the graves of his fathers, on closing his intercourse with the government agent, being refused the right of purchasing powder, thus addressed himself to General THOMPSON: 'Am I a negro? a slave? My skin is dark, but not black. I am an Indian — a Seminole. The white man shall not make me black! I will make the white man red with blood; and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell his bones, and the buzzard live upon his flesh!' A prediction too sadly fulfilled!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

FALSE 'PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.' — A welcome correspondent, whose thoughts, and whose mode of expressing them, are equally felicitous, has sent us the following reflections upon, and illustrations of, sundry '*Proverbs*,' which certainly require no poor praise of ours. They emphatically 'speak for themselves.' We are right well pleased to find these time-honored solecisms taken up and dissected by so capital a demonstrator. We once heard one of our most distinguished American poets remark, that in his opinion some of the maxims of Dr. FRANKLIN'S 'Poor RICHARD' had inculcated a spirit which had had the effect to lower the standard of generous manhood among us, and to make many of our countrymen, in the eyes especially of foreigners, seem like mere money-getting and money-keeping machines. There may be more truth in this remark than is apparent to the unreflecting observer.

'*Much coin, much care.*'

Turn it into treasury notes then — but if you use the word 'coin' for the sake of alliteration, and intend by it money at large, I beg leave to join issue. Let us have a sample of your cares, you gentleman with the long rent-roll. Where be the crows-feet — the wrinkles — the anxious look? I see them not — I hear no sighs, no grumbling: indeed I think I saw a very pleasant smile playing above your double-chin just now when that poor old man prayed 'GOD bless you!' as you slipped a piece of money into his long, brown, skinny hand. It does not annoy you, I hope, that those children of yours have that beautiful lawn for a play-ground; would you have less anxiety if they were displaying dirty, pale faces out of a third-story window in Cherry-street —— your mind easier, if that pretty and exceedingly well-dressed woman — your wife, I presume, Sir —— were obliged to leave them thus and there, to answer the street-door bell in the aforesaid house, making herself 'look decent' in her flight as she rushes down the dark, narrow stair-case, that she may be back in time to prevent a catastrophe? That tea-colored barouche with the roan horses does not inconvenience you much, I hope; or would you feel more cheerful as a thirteenth in a 'Knickerbocker?' Be candid, and say 'yes,' if you think so. ———

Don't interrupt me — I am speaking to a gentleman. I am aware, Sir, that with *you* the case is different; so would it be with a dog carrying a bag of guineas round his neck, he knowing about as well as yourself how to spend them; I can appreciate 'much coin, much care' in both instances. Pray be at no trouble to explain: I have no doubt of your anxiety to double what you already possess — of the dreadful exercises to which you have to put your mind (never acute save in getting and saving) when you are forging some lying excuse for not loaning a few dollars to a man who in

former days was your friend and benefactor —— of your care, when you are reading the answer in chancery, prepared by your lawyer, to a bill charging you with having obtained the 'coin' fraudulently —— of your care, lest the person to whom you have made over your property for reasons best known to yourself, should refuse to re-assign —— of your care to make a vulgar display of your ill-gotten wealth when you think there will be no calls on your 'generosity,' and your as great care to conceal it, and plead poverty, on the approach of distress claiming sympathy —— sympathy from you, with your 'much coin much care' in your mean mouth!

Sir, as a certain writer of a dictionary would have said, (you would be none the wiser were I to tell you his name,) Sir, let us hear no more of 'Much coin, much care.'

'*Death loves a shining mark.*'

At the demise of 'one of our wealthiest and most respectable citizens,' we are stereotypically informed that 'Death loves a shining mark' —— but are kept entirely in the dark as to his sentiments when he mows down the friendless immigrant: are we to infer that death grumbles on being obliged to use his scythe on such coarse material? What an unpleasant time he must have of it at Quarantine, with some fifty or a hundred at his door at once! 'Loves a shining mark?' What does he love with? He has no insides — no heart — surely no bowels, and assuredly, no liver; his lights too are out, and as all 'cats are grey in the dark,' I suspect that he cuts his swarth without much regard to quality.

'*The early bird catches the worm,*'

Is a very taking sort of maxim in the months of those who forget that the latter may, in all insect probability, be making the experiment of some entomological apothegm of a similar tendency handed down from grub to grasshopper, and who must pocket the result with proverbial philosophy, consoled by the fact that he is literally 'rising with the lark.'

It is notorious that all proverbs of the 'early to bed and early to rise' school meet with but a frosty reception. 'He was up betimes, who found a purse of gold,' said the father to his sleepy-headed boy. 'Ay, father,' replied the son, 'but he was up before who lost it.' I should like to see the old gentleman's replication to that, under our new code of practice.

'*Misery loves company.*'

Do you mean that the gentleman with a jumping toothache takes pleasure in the society of another gentleman similarly afflicted? Do the over-crowded inmates of the middle-of-August omnibus greet with becks and smiles, and like encouragements, the new-comer? Do you suppose that the merchant without the wherewithal to pay his note is enamored with the company of those in a like dilemma, at half-past two? Does sea-sickness court it? Would it assuage the pain you suffer, if, while you are having your teeth filed, a saw should be undergoing the same operation in your immediate neighborhood? Does the dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail seem to exult or show any signs whatever of conviviality on the occasion of the extraordinary retinue of four-footed delegates who are called into congress by the unusual display? Having the mumps — the good, old-fashioned, HENRY-the-Eighthy looking double-mumps, in the which you can't even grin, and bear it — would you care to have a companion, face to face — a sort of memento, not mori, but of more

under-jaw than you ever anticipated seeing appended to countenance — and knowing that you are looking into a human mirror, a personal reflection? Then what do you mean by 'Misery loves company?'

'*Take care of the pennies; the pounds will take care of themselves.*'

Pleasantly illustrated in an engraving I have somewhere seen of an elderly gentleman seated at his desk near an open window, through which a draught of wind is rending a scattered bundle of bank-notes, while he is clutching a pile of coppers. It is a dangerous maxim, and, for fear of accidents, should ever walk arm-in-arm with 'Do n't save at the spigot and lose at the bung.' A few five-cent pieces penuriously cherished may cause many a heartburn in the end, and he who adopts it as a rule of conduct runs a risk of earning the application of Bishop EARLE's sentence: 'He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, he will not be undone.'

The preacher of this sentiment (and in this his practice agrees with his preaching) is in his element when chaffering and higgling with a strawberry woman; there is a fine 'I 'm not to be swindled' look about him as he worries the poor worn-down creature from his parlor-window into parting with five sixpenny baskets for two shillings; but to see him in his glory, follow him into an auction-room, and behold him there, if not too much hidden by the dust from that second-hand carpet which he is so closely examining with a view to purchasing 'if it does n't go too high' —— that speculative look which he is now putting on is caused by a measurement in his mind of the third story back-room of his palace in Waverley Place, and not from any misgivings as to smallpox; but his calculations are to no purpose; the woman in the rusty black dress will bid over him —— GOD help her! she has no pounds to take care of themselves'

—— I can 't sport on such a subject. Somebody, whose name I have not time to recollect, said that 'A just man struggling with adversity is a sight with which the gods are pleased' —— but the devil himself must sneer when he sees a rich man in an auction-room!

'*A fool and his money are soon parted.*'

Not founded on fact, but a great favorite with merchant-princes and cab-men on the occasion of their having, in their respective callings, succeeded in 'doing' a liberal customer. With what gusto does the 'gent' relate to his partner, over a bottle at his country-seat, how easily the greenhorn took the bait: 'An entire cargo — ten per cent. above the market price — said he supposed it was all right — would take my word for it. Ha! ha! ha! — 'a fool and his money are soon parted!'' And listen to the humbler but not meaner chuckling of the hack-driver over his gin-twist: 'Charged him a dollar from Whitehall to the 'Astor' — forked over the tin without a word! 'A fool and his money,'' etc.

The fact is, that an avaricious man sees no wit in liberality or open dealing. SHYLOCK began it: 'This is the fool that lent out money gratis!' It 's all wrong. A Wall-street broker of the highest respectability once informed me that the hardest man to 'shave,' as he technically expressed himself, is a fool. 'Sir,' said he, warming and rising with his subject, 'you do n't know where to have 'em; you can 't stick soft cheese on a hook!' Now I put more confidence in the experience of my informant (well to do in the world is he) than in all the proverbialists from SANCHO down to him who ought to have dropped his pen before he wrote 'Hactenus.'

THE FINE ARTS: DOUGHTY'S LANDSCAPES. — It requires one to sit for hours, as we have recently done, studying the truthful landscapes of THOMAS DOUGHTY, to appreciate the following fervent thoughts suggested by them, for which we are indebted to a highly-accomplished friend, whose judgments are the result of an intimate acquaintance with the best schools of art, and an ardent love of nature. We cordially endorse his appreciation of the merits of the artist now under review.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'IT is your delightful duty, dear Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, to look around you in this much-abused world — this world of sunshine and deep shadow; this world, composed of brave men and bright women — and to seek out the gems that lie scattered hither and thither, like those found by SINBAD in the Valley of Diamonds. When you find them, you do not keep them in your charm-begirt sanctum, but you put them joyously before your friends, that they too with you may see how the HOLY PROVIDENCE dispenses HIS glories and dignifies our existence by HIS bounties. Bright thoughts from books, dear words of poetry, great themes of prose, divine efforts of art — these, with other matters, compose the subjects of your discourse, the ends of your observation. It is no ungrateful task. For years, now, through the winter nights, when the icicle and the snow without by contrast made the tender light of your carcel-lamp and the cheering beam of your fire more snug, cozy and comfortable; in the summer solstice, when the mayor and his officers were hunting up precedents for killing dogs not yet rabid; and in the autumn, when the gold-dust of the October sun was scattered through the GOD-breathed atmosphere of evening, you have worked away like a patient, pains-taking beaver, and 'done your search and your pursuit;' and the readers of our beloved KNICKERBOCKER have felt, I am sure, the value of these your labors of love.

'But let us not run on forever thus. It is of our great landscape-painter we would now discourse: with due respect to others, equal perhaps to him in effort and in aspiration, we say 'our great landscape-painter.' COLE, the gifted and the great, is dead. He has run his 'course of time,' and is reaping, we trust, his 'course of empire' of bliss in those happy lands where the poet of religion and of nature can see the elements in their magnificence, and dwell forever without care upon the effulgence of beauty. There are others in art near to the hearts of the dwellers in this great city of enterprise and struggling genius, whom we shall name hereafter, as in duty bound; but for the present we must deal with the misty, the atmospheric, the nature-student, DOUGHTY. Proud are we to call him friend; proud are we to call him who is the bosom boon-companion of the earth, the air, the sun, the rivers and the woods, our friend. Are we too extravagant? Look at the works of REYNOLDS; look into the lectures of FUSELI; the critical enthusiasm and beaming printed thoughts of the 'Oxford Student,' and accuse us not of 'overstepping the modesty of nature.' DOUGHTY! — for years this simple-mannered man of mind has been in our midst; at times he has wandered away from us into the European realms, and his pictures have been brought before us time after time, and we have been lost in wonder at their beauty. He has lately returned from a pilgrimage abroad; he, the profound master of light and shadow, has been in England, and in France, and in the National Academy in London, and in the long and superb Louvre at Paris; he has stood face to face with the Apostles of Art. He has now returned, in his prime, to his native country. In the exhibition at the Academy, a few months since, he exhibited his

upright picture of '*Solitude.*' It hangs now in one of the largest and most frequented rooms in our city. How dreamy the composition; what a touch and what a truth throughout! Step by step, over huge ledges of rock, and beneath the gnarled branches of trees, through the mists of the cataract, we are led up the lonely mountain-side, and from some high-pinnacled rock we look into the vast distance, and see still the gleam of rushing waters, and fancy that we hear the waving branches of trees. His air *is air;* the multitudinous trees bend beneath its breath, or stand fixed in its stillness.

'DOUGHTY's distances are superb. It is not *paint* that we see before us. His blue does not look like ultra-marine and lake, but like mountain-land seen through the very atmosphere itself. His meetings of hills are softly blended, as if the breeze interlaced the lines, and the air quivered the branches of trees together. There is moonlight over the snow-forest in his picture at the Art Union. How vast and how sublime the dim outline of that landscape! Over those dark worlds of trees the winds will take hours to pass, and the eagle will speed until his strong pinions tire, before he reaches the limit of the distance. Gleaming through the overhanging branches of snow-covered trees, a rivulet dashes over rock and through ravine, and is lost among the soft ice that lies before the spectator in the foreground. Hung where it is, in the gallery of our excellent Art Union, it is too blue, because other pictures near it are too red: and here we would like to 'gauntlet' a little with this our New-York Art Union. They say they will 'hang pictures according to time of purchase.' This, we deferentially say, is wrong-headed and heavy-handed. *Put your best pictures in the best places*, as a reward for the highest talent. Is your institution one of money or one of taste? Both, perhaps: better that it were one entirely of taste, and let the money stand behind the curtain in the treasurer's hand, to be paid to the painters. If you be a society of taste, (as we suppose, and uphold you to be,) be tasteful. 'Give the d — l his due. *Hang* your bad purchases all together, where you like, but *elevate* your good purchases according to light, according to taste, and the appropriateness of adjacent things. DOUGHTY's pictures and COLE's pictures should be placed apart from the rest. We all admit them to be our masters; COLE in one style and DOUGHTY in another. COLE is epical, DOUGHTY is epilogical; COLE, in his later studies, is the Painter of Poetry; DOUGHTY, in study perpetual, is the Painter of Nature. Let us honor both — the dead renowned and the living beautiful. When the tomb shall have closed (and Heaven keep open that gate for many, many years!) over the sturdy, honest-looking figure of our friend DOUGHTY, how his works will rise like flowers of beauty and taste from the rich soil of his inurned genius! *While he lives*, let him be honored; while he lives and breathes, and holds his masculine face upward to the skies, and wields his fervent brush, so obedient to his genius, let him be appreciated. In the name of genius, and in the behalf of our country's art, let this great and modest man be sought after. Let his studio, in our artist-inhabited street, ycleped White, be visited. There, in the same house with him, worships the spirit of beauty, HUNTINGTON — he who painted 'MERCY's Dream;' and whoever visits there our 'misty man of art,' our lonely brook and shadowy mountain painter, will be richly repaid. Much more could we say, much more *should* we say of him, and others of his glorious brotherhood, who pursue the truths of Nature, and give to us in our rich or poor saloons, as the case may be, the effulgence of sunset or the silver of moonrise. It is our intention hereafter to glance in this wise at our artists, and also to criticize their works; we hope with an appreciative judgment — certainly with impartiality.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The recent death of THOMAS OLDFIELD, Esq. is an event which has not been permitted, we are glad to perceive, to pass unnoticed by his numerous friends in this city and elsewhere. He was descended from an old English family, and is well described as 'a man quite out of the common track; possessing a retentive memory, an accomplished mind; a fertile fancy, quick wit, a keen sense at once of the beautiful and the ridiculous, with abounding humor, and power of conversation that rendered him always welcome, and often highly instructive, as a companion.' He was for several years consul of the United States at Lyons, under General JACKSON, the duties of which office he discharged with credit to himself and to the government. He was remarkable for his fine poetical appreciation and pure dramatic taste; peculiarities which brought him early before, and kept him much in association with, some of the more distinguished members of the histrionic profession. A friend who knew him intimately for some fifteen or twenty years, and up to the time of his death, sends us a sketch of some of his more prominent characteristics, from which we segregate the ensuing passages:

"'POOR TOM 's a-cold' now; but when he was living he was always the life and soul of every party where he was present. He was witty without ever being vulgar. He was felicitous in relating a story or an anecdote, and a perfect gentleman under all circumstances. He never wounded the feelings of any man living, and never had an enemy. He had his faults, but they proceeded from his easy and gentle nature; and his nearest friends, while they blamed were compelled to laugh at the same time. TOM never disguised his aversion to pretenders, parvenus and upstarts. If they 'had spoons,' he would sometimes 'patronise' them, but never unless they 'had the stuff.' He was in the habit of taking his supper occasionally at DELMONICO's. After his return from France, a moneyed acquaintance observed to him: 'OLDFIELD, I never can get what I want at DEL.'s; *you* understand French — tell me how to ask for any favorite dish; any thing that suits your taste *must* suit mine.' 'Ask,' said TOM, gravely, 'for *Rigadoons Fricassee*.' 'Write it down for me,' said the other. 'Certainly,' replied TOM. The next day the equanimity of the establishment of MESSRS. DELMONICOS was upset by a demand for '*Rigadoons!*' Poor DELMONICO was at his wit's end to procure them, and it was only when he ascertained that our mad wag was at the bottom of it, and that no rival establishment had got the start of him in getting out the new dish, that he became quieted.' . . . 'OLDFIELD was intended for a merchant, and for some years was engaged in that profession; but his 'genius did not lie that way,' as he himself used to express it. He had a thorough contempt for trade, and never would have any thing to do with it if he could avoid it. His last effort in that way was with W. D ——, a mercantile friend of his, with whom he engaged as book-keeper. For several days he reached the counting-room somewhere between twelve and one o'clock, A. M. His employer remonstrated, but TOM was firm: 'Getting up before twelve o'clock don't agree with me,' said he, 'and I can't do it.' TOM and the merchant separated. Had OLDFIELD possessed an income of fifty thousand per annum, it would have been freely placed at the service of his friends. He never valued money, save so far as it could be spent to gratify his friends and thus please himself. He was generous and open-handed as he was open-hearted. If he had not money at his command, his time, ability, and any thing else was offered. *He never deserted a friend.* If a friend was in trouble, had 'the blues,' or was in any wise dispirited, the sight of 'TOM' was a certain cure. His remedies were infallible. Let me mention a single instance: A friend of his was rejected by a young and lovely girl, and was in consequence confined to his bed by a severe illness. TOM heard of it, went to see him, and listened to a private relation of the whole affair. 'It can't be helped,' said TOM; 'but I know what will cure you. Hear me recite this favorite passage of mine, until you get it by heart: 'I can believe that beauty such as thine may possess a thousand fascinating snares to lure the wavering and confound the weak. But what is his honor, that a sigh can shake, or his virtue, that a tear can move? Truth, valor, justice, constancy of soul, these are the attributes of manly nature. Be woman ever so beauteous, man was born for nobler purposes than to be her slave.' His friend was cured, and TOM said of

him that for twelve months afterward he never saw a pretty woman that he did not commence with 'I can believe that beauty,' etc. 'Poor Tom!' — his faults, which were simply of the head, will soon be forgotten, but the memory of his many noble qualities of heart will long be cherished by his survivors.'

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Here is another candidate, a young girl of sixteen, for the prize offered by 'R. B.' He must inform us, when the true solution is given:

'Dear Sir, if your 'worthy friend' John Brown,
Riding 'tween Sing-Sing and Tarrytown,
Had seven daughters with him there,
(In my mind's eye they all were fair,)
Himself would be the eighth, you know,
And each a nag on which to go.
If every one had twenty bags,
(Carried, you mean Sir, by the nags,)
Then one hundred and sixty there would be,
And twenty a-piece, as all can see.
Now if thirty cats were in a bag,
And twenty bags were carried by *one* nag,
There 'd be forty-eight hundred cats in all
To enliven the jaunt by fight and squall!
And if forty rats each cat had got,
Nineteen thousand two hundred — were there not?
And if every cat had forty kits,
(To have kept them all would have puzzled my wits!)
Two hundred, forty thousand then there 'd be;
Though if kept in bags, how could *you* see?
Henceforth deliver me from kittens!
But stop! — say you they all had mittens?
Then honest John had *two*, I ween,
Which, with his daughters', made sixteen;
And then the cats, four paws had they —
Four mits a-piece they wore that day;
And counted up, nineteen thousand two hundred is;
The sight 's enough to warm one's very phiz!
And then if twenty-four thousand kittens,
And each wore four good warming mittens,
Nine hundred and sixty thousand would there be,
Both 'wise-head Reason' and myself agree;
And then each rat had four paws too,
Seventy-six thousand and eight hundred true:
And if you 'd know how many 'tween towns
Were met, including all the Browns,
I 'll tell you what I believe to be true —
There were two million, one hundred and
eighty-four thousand, one hundred and ninety-two;
And if you met them, and they met you,
I 'd add one on to the last figure, two.'

Hartford, (Conn.) Louise G. Hinsdale.

The poetry of the above is not 'equal to Moore's Melodies,' but the little girl shall have a 'shy' at the prize, notwithstanding. . . . We have 'laughed until we cried' over a *Scene in an Artist's Studio*, described by 'Tom Pepper' in one of the chapters which depicts the results of his romancing. It should be premised that he is in the painting-room of Mr. Ardent, a gifted artist, where are a great many casts of Venuses and Apollos, empty champagne-bottles, elephants' teeth, a clay figure with a white satin robe over its shoulders, but with nothing on its legs; a Roman shield, a Gothic chair, a plaster horse and a marble dog, all placed together in one corner; the walls are covered with cartoon drawings of heads, arms and torsos, some of them finished with exquisite nicety, and all of them displaying a masterly hand. There are landscapes, half-finished portraits, and diagrams in abundance, but nothing coarse or vulgar. There is a magnificent mahogany chair, covered with crimson velvet, placed on a kind of throne, in front of which stands an unfinished portrait of a lady, which Mr. Ardent takes down and turns to the wall before the writer has an opportunity to mark it particularly, and in spite of all his entreaties, he refuses to allow him to look at it. One corner of the room is screened off by a large mounted

canvass, which he turns round, and shows him the figure of APOLLO that he had spoken of. TOM is charmed by the majestic beauty of the figure, the dignity of expression, which the artist had imparted to the features, the depth and richness of the color, and the purity with which the figure, although entirely nude, seemed to be invested. But observe what ensues:

"'COME,' said ARDENT,' taking up his maul-stick, brushes and palette; 'take off your hat, and try to assume that fierce look which you put on when you struck at me.'

"'I cannot assume a look,' I replied; 'I can only look as I feel.'

"'Well, now, I like that much better,' said he; 'you look precisely as I wish you to. Only remain so for a moment.' And he began to touch upon his picture as I stood before him.

"'Won't you take off your coat and cravat?' he said. 'Thank you. If you could take off your vest conveniently,' he said, in his persuasive manner, 'I should like it very much.'

'I took off my vest, as he requested, and to oblige him still further, took off my shirt, then my pantaloons, until at last I stood before him as naked as the figure he was painting; and I was so charmed by his conversation, and so desirous of obliging him, that I felt quite unconscious of my rather novel position. He continued talking and painting, only interrupting himself occasionally to request me to vary my position, and I listened to him without the least diminution of interest in his conversation; but we were suddenly interrupted by somebody turning the handle of the door; and as he had neglected to lock it, I had but barely time to jump behind the canvass before the door was opened and a lady entered.

"'Ah! how do you do, Mrs. NAPKIN?' said Mr. ARDENT; 'are you pretty well this morning?'

"'No, I am not well, and you know I am not,' said the lady.

"'Ah! I am very sorry,' said the artist.

"'Then pay me my money; I don't want any body to be sorry for me that owes me money,' said the lady, seating herself.

"'It is very unfortunate for me,' said he, deprecatingly, 'but really I have not got a shilling this morning.'

"'A pretty fellow you are,' said she, 'to be up here painting naked figures, and eating my bread, and my children in want of shoes to their feet!'

"'Good heavens, Mrs. NAPKIN!' said he, 'it is very unreasonable in you to talk in that manner! I have already given you my watch, that is worth more than five times the amount I owe you; you have taken the silver palette that was given to me by the Academy, beside keeping all my wardrobe, and I have paid you a good deal of money beside since you turned me out of your house.'

"'Well, all I know is, I want my money, and I won't leave without I get it, or its full value,' said the lady. 'Every body must take care of themselves in this selfish world.'

"'But, my dear friend,' said he ——

"'O, it's a very easy thing to say 'my dear friend,'' said Mrs. NAPKIN, 'but that's not giving me my money. I must have my money. However, if you won't pay me, I will just pay myself!'

"'For GOD's sake don't touch those things!' exclaimed Mr. ARDENT; and thereupon a scuffle took place between the artist and his creditor, and before I could discover what they were about, I heard the door stave to, and the artist, looking behind the canvass, exclaimed in great consternation: 'My dear fellow, she has run off with all your clothes!'

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"'It is very distressing,' said the artist, 'to be in debt, and particularly to women; they are so urgent in their demands, and so unreasonable in their expectations. I really believe that I have paid my landlady three or four times the amount of her bill, and yet she continues to haunt me!'

"'My good fellow,' said I, 'if you have paid the woman, of course you have taken a receipt from her.'

"'A receipt!' said the artist. 'Well, that is something I never thought of; I wish I had, for she is continually threatening me with a law-suit.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'if you have been so careless you must suffer for your negligence; but that is no fault of mine, and I am not going naked this chilly weather because you have got a dishonest landlady.'

"'Ah! I am very sorry!' said Mr. ARDENT; 'but what can I do?'

"'What can you do?' I replied. 'It strikes me that the way is very plain before you; go get a warrant against the harridan for stealing my clothes, and I will wait here for you to return with them; but you must be back soon, for I have an appointment to keep.'

"'Ah! but consider that she is a woman,' said the artist.

"'A woman!—she is a hag!' I exclaimed, growing vexed at the coolness of the painter; 'but do as you choose: either strip and give me your own clothes, or go and get mine. I have an appointment to keep, and I cannot break it.'

"'Have you?' said he; 'that is so unfortunate! But just stand up for a few minutes, until I finish glazing over the head with this madder that I have got on my palette.'

"'No, no; I cannot wait longer,' I said.

"'You must, or the effect of my picture will be spoiled,' said he.

"'But I tell you that I must be gone,' said I. 'It is impossible; I cannot.'

"'Then I swear to you, by all that is sacred, if you don't I will not let you budge from the room to-night!' he exclaimed, with a determined air, and looking me sternly in the face.

'I saw there was no use in expostulating, and as the enthusiast had me completely in his power, I could do nothing but yield to his demands; and placing myself in the proper *pose*, he commenced rubbing on his confounded madder upon the canvass, which seemed to afford him

as much pleasure as it did me chagrin. At last he laid down his palette and brush, and throwing his arms around my neck, said:

"'You are very good, and I am very grateful to you!'

"'But,' said I, 'this is getting to be a very serious matter, my friend; you seem to forget that I am standing here without a rag of clothes to my back!'

"'Very true,' said he, 'you are in a rather awkward box; but I will go out and try to get your clothes back. But suppose that Mrs. NAPKIN will not deliver them without I pay her what she claims to be due her? I have got no money. Could n't you lend me some?—and I will 'pay you very soon.'

"'Do you forget,' said I, impatiently, 'that the woman has not only carried off my clothes, but every thing that was in my pockets?'

"'So she has! What shall I do?' again said the artist, as he stood hesitatingly at the door.

"'Allow me to suggest to you,' said I, 'the propriety of bringing me a suit of your own clothes, then, that I may be relieved from my awkward position.'

"'It happens very unfortunately,' said he, 'that I have left my entire wardrobe in pledge for a small sum that I owe another landlady for a trifling board bill. I declare to you that I do n't know what to do!'

'There was but one alternative for me, so I wrote a note to Mr. BASSETT, requesting him to give the bearer twenty dollars, and told the artist after he procured the money to obtain my clothes and bring them to me; he then left me, locking the door and taking the key with him. He was gone a long time, and I had to leap about the room to keep me from freezing. I partly clothed myself by robbing a lay figure of its mantle of red velvet, which stood in a corner, and tried to amuse myself by looking into Mr. ARDENT's port-folios, and examining his unfinished pictures, which were turned to the wall. I was as much astonished at the beauty of his paintings, their surprising harmony of color, and purity of feeling, as I was at his simplicity of character and elevated mind. He seemed, in truth, to be a singular compound of lofty genius, with a mind of more than child-like simplicity. His want of tact in the ordinary affairs of life, was doubtless owing to his mind being so wholly absorbed in his art; for, as an eagle would starve on a dunghill, where a barn-door fowl would easily pick up a subsistence, so do such men as ARDENT starve in the world, while meaner persons contrive to live in ease and splendor. I could readily pardon the artist for the very uncomfortable position into which he had unwittingly thrust me, although my vexation was almost unbearable. I had sufficient time to get cool before he returned, and, indeed, when I heard his step in the passage I was so completely exhausted, for it was nearly dark, that my teeth chattered with the cold. He had a covered basket in his hand, which I supposed, of course, contained my clothes; and as I demanded them hastily, he said:

'I have not got your clothes, my good friend, but I have got you something to eat, and here is a bottle of champagne to warm you.'

'Vexed and disappointed as I felt, I was too happy in having something to eat to reprove him, and immediately fell to upon the cold tongue, bread and butter, and champagne, which he had brought me. We grew very merry together, and I laughed heartily at his perplexities in trying to get back my clothes. He had obtained the money from Mr. BASSETT without difficulty, although he had to wait a couple of hours for him to return to his counting-room from dinner, and at last had been so vexed at the exorbitant demands of his landlady, that he swore that he would not pay her a dollar, and had to come away without my clothes after all.

"'Well,' said I, 'it was very good of you to think of bringing me something to eat. How much money have you got left?'

"'The truth is, my dear fellow,' said he, embracing me again, 'I have not got any. But you will not be vexed with me? I am very sorry it happened so. But what could I do? I remembered that I wanted more colors before I could finish my large picture, and so I stepped into DE BISTRE's to procure what I wanted, and when I gave the mercenary wretch the twenty-dollar bill which I received from your friend, would you believe that the rascal refused to return me my change, and told me he would place the balance to my credit.'

"'Heaven save you!' I exclaimed, 'what shall I do to-night for my clothes?'

"'I am very sorry,' ejaculated Mr. ARDENT again, 'but, how could I help it? I did not think that DE BISTRE was such a kind of man.'

"'And pray,' I asked, 'how did you procure the champagne and cold tongue?'

"'O, I left the madder which I bought in pledge for the amount,' said he.

'So I was now worse off than before, and as it was now quite dark, I gave up all hopes of being liberated for the night, and after Mr. ARDENT had lighted a candle, which he stuck into the neck of the champagne bottle, I wrapped myself up in the old fragments of cloth which I found in his room, and forgot all my perplexities while he delivered to me a lecture on the principles of his art, which was so mingled up with shrewd observations on men, and profound reflections on the philosophy of life, that I felt myself not only amply compensated for all the trouble he had put me to, but indebted to him for his instruction.'

When 'TOM PEPPER' is concluded our readers should not fail to secure its perusal. It is replete with entertainment. . . . WE scarcely remember any thing more touching than the following account of the death of a little school-girl, written by her young companion to a sister-pupil in this city; and what renders it doubly affecting, is the fact, that within one week after it was penned, the dear child who wrote it was translated to heaven: 'I have just returned from the funeral of our dear friend MARY F——. Poor MARY! when you parted with her, LUCY, did you think that before you returned she would be cold in her grave? Nor did I think, when I saw her one

short week ago, and sat for some time on the door-step with her, that the next time I should see her she would be lying in her coffin! Her eyes were as bright, and her cheeks were as red, and I thought I had never seen her look so pretty; and I never saw her again until her eyes were closed, and her cheeks cold and pale, and she was dead! I cannot believe that I have seen her for the last time. It seems as though I should see her again at the window, and she would call me when I pass, and say, 'Have you heard from LU.?' That was always her first question, dear LUCY. The funeral took place this afternoon at three o'clock. A great number of the scholars were present. The corpse was in the entry, and the coffin was decorated with several beautiful bouquets, and I thought poor MARY would have admired those lovely flowers had she been living. She did not look natural. I was almost sorry that I had seen her, for I would rather remember her as she looked in life and health; but now when I think of her, that pale purple face will always rise up before me.' —— 'Poor MARY! Only think, LUCY, if it had been you; and it would have been no more remarkable; for a week ago she was looking forward to a long life, and no one thought she would be so soon called away. It is terrible to think that in one week I may be —— oh! I dare not think where, but I fear not in Heaven. Oh! how wicked I have always been. Would that I could repent, and be what I must be before I can die happily. Dear LUCY, now is the time. *Now, to-day, this very minute,* turn to GOD. Give yourself all to HIM, dear LUCY, and you will be happy in this world and the next. What changes a day may bring forth! A few days since dear MARY was as well, and as likely to live fifty years longer, as you or I; and now where is she? Not on earth! We shall never see her again until we meet to part no more!' . . . 'I REMEMBER,' writes a friend, ('this was years ago reader,) that I once rejoiced in the possession of a soft brown braid of hair with a gold clasp; a keepsake from one who —— well, no matter, *that* day has passed. Although it did not, like the ring of GYGES, render me invisible, it did render me insensible to ordinary calamities, and seemed like a bow of promise bound around my youthful days. Some one must have heard of it; for lo and behold! I found the following in an old newspaper, printed about the time of my hallucination:

'IN times of old when men had donn'd
The armor for the fight,
And sworn upon their dagger's hilt
To battle for the right:

'Fair ladies bound their sashes on,
And bade them there remain
Until the victory was won,
And peace had come again.

'And thus the bracelet thou hast placed
Upon my arm shall be
A talisman to urge me on,
And win the victory.

'For when in struggling with the world
That arm has feeble grown,
And weak and weary with the strife,
The fainting heart sinks down:

'Then, as the pulse against it beats
With throbbing soft and low,
And 'neath it as the stream of life
Flows on, but slack and slow:

'The pressure of that braided hair
A vigor shall impart
Unto the feeble arm again,
And nerve the fainting heart.'

'ARE CHRISTYS Minstrel's yet with you?' writes a Cincinnati correspondent. 'They are filling this world with their influence and giving a new tone to the next. A lady in Rev. Mr. M——'s church has two fine little girls, the eldest quite a proficient in music, and the younger a mere child. The mother was moralizing with her children very devoutly the other day, in allusion to the death of a young associate of theirs. In the midst of the lecture, the elder said to the listening little one, 'Where do you think NANNY has gone?' 'Oh!' responded the tiny sentimentalist, with a most

pious twang, '*She's gone where the good niggers go!*' That mother has concluded to sing something else than the fortunes, sublunary and celestial, of 'Uncle NED.' The family referred to above came from the staidest portion of New-England. The first Sabbath after arriving in this great city of the West, where things often go on the free-and-easy scale, one of the young members inquired on her way through the hubbub to church, '*Ma' havn't they got any Lord here!*' . . . Do you remember a description given of the sloth by SYDNEY SMITH, in his review of 'WATERTON'S Wanderings in South-America?' 'The sloth in its wild state spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident; and what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense — like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop!' . . . THE following remarks of the London '*Spectator*' weekly journal upon the character of LAMB will be read with interest by our readers, in connection with the notice of TALFOURD'S 'Last Memorials' of him, in our last number: 'We wish that we could expatiate and explain, at greater length than we feel justified at doing in this place, on the noble self-sacrifice of this delightful writer and excellent man. His whole life, from first to last, is a history of unequalled self-devotion. Most men would have sunk beneath the horrors which beset him at the outset of his career, or they would have rebelled against so terrible a destiny. But he was formed of the truest metal; and instead of showing flaw or weakness, he came strengthened and tempered out of the 'ice-brook,' a wiser, firmer, and better man. He gave up all the leisure which he enjoyed so much, all his pleasant tastes, to soothe the craving and unreasonable importunities of a drivelling father. He gave up love, and a long life, to the solemn duty of protecting an only sister, over whose head madness *perpetually* hovered. He had a scanty income, which he never exceeded, being prudent for her sake; never allowing his love for society, or any other personal motive, to tempt him into expense, which might diminish the little hoard that was gradually accumulating for her use. It is difficult to appreciate the conduct of CHARLES LAMB without pondering on all that he must have endured, day after day, from the apprehension of the one frightful evil which forever impended over him — or rather over her who was his constant companion and constant care. And, as this evil often returned, it required on his part perpetual vigilance. There was no respite to his cares, no catastrophe that he might not reasonably dread. Yet he never evaded the duties which he had taken upon himself; never absented himself from the anxieties that beset his hearth, to enjoy elsewhere selfish pleasures. He was not content with doing simply what was deemed 'proper' in such a case; but having adopted weighty duties, he *did* them manfully, resolutely, without flinching or cessation, to the last day of his exemplary life. Let us call it his *great* work to have done all this. For that to which we owe his other works, his genius or his humor, (which was in fact his genius) that is now well known and justly valued. It was delightful, strange, learned, peculiar, as all original genius must be; exhibiting itself in quaint and curious guises. Above all, it was genial, embracing all things kindly — all things that came within its scope. Mere wit is a small, smart, self-sufficing quality; but genuine humor is akin to imagination. It is winged, and has a gentle nature; leaning toward human weakness; loving to look on the sunny side of things. Of this sort especially was CHARLES LAMB'S humor. Nothing came amiss to him; so that it had, or seemed to have, the elements of good within. He took in the high and low. He loved to stoop perhaps better than to soar. Most frequently, indeed, he devoted his thoughts to humble per-

sons and familiar objects; but sometimes he rose with the occasion and sacrificed to the gods.' . . . We give below an original translation in hexameter of the first hundred lines of VIRGIL'S 'Æneid.' The poetry might perhaps be better, but it is nevertheless a very curious document. It agrees line for line, often word for word, and not unfrequently foot for foot, with the original; no small merit in these days of loose renderings:

'ARMS and the hero I sing of Troy; the first from his country,
Italy, exiled by Fate, who sought and reached the Lavinian
Shore. He was harassed long on land and sea by supernal
Potency, through the long-cherished hate of JUNO relentless:
Much too in wars he suffered; till he builded a city
And GOD'S altars erected in Latium. Whence were the Latins,
And our fathers of Alba, and our proud city Roma?
Tell me, O Muse! the cause — how DEITY outraged;
Whereat incensed, did the Queen of the Gods, with such ills to struggle,
Such hardships to encounter, a man for his piety noted
Cruelly force. Dwell passions like these with spirits celestial?

'There was an ancient city — a Tyrian colony held it —
Carthage. Italy opposite; but far from the Tiber's
Entrance; abounding in wealth, and to wars all fiercely devoted,
Which, more than all lands beside, JUNO is said to have cherished;
Holding for less even Samos than Carthage. Here was her armor,
Here her chariot stood. To make it sovereign of nations
Fate permitting, already the goddess was hoping and striving;
But that there was a race derived from the blood of the Trojans
Rumor had told, who in time would raze the Tyrian towers;
Hence that a people, ruling far and glorious in warfare,
Bringing destruction to Afric, would come. So Fate had determined,
Fearful of this; and of that war of old was Latinia mindful,
Which against Troy she once had waged for Argos beloved;
Nor had her other angerings and grievances bitter
Fallen from memory's seat. Stored up in her soul's secret chambers
PARIS' decision still lay, and the wrong to her beauty then slighted;
Hated ELECTRA'S seed, and the honors of GANYMEDE stolen;
These more inflaming her wrath, storm tossed all over the ocean,
Trojans escaped from the Danai, and the relentless ACHILLES
Far away from Latium she kept: and many a cycle
Wandered they, urged on by Fate over every water:
Such a labor it was the Roman name to establish.

'Scarcely out of sight of the land of Sicily seaward,
Joyful their sails they spread, and dash with their prow the sea-foam;
When JUNO, her eternal wound rankling within her,
Thus to herself: 'Must I, begun, desist as one conquered?
Can I not from Italy ward the rule of the Trojans —
For *that* the Fates forbid. Could PALLAS burn up the Argive
Fleet, and overwhelm in the deep whole crews of the Grecians,
One single wrong to avenge — the lust of Oilean AJAX?
She herself hurling the swift-flashing fire of JOVE from the heavens,
Scattered their ships at once, and roused the sea by a tempest:
Him expiring, from his breast transfixed fiery volumes,
Whirlwinds, her ministers, seized, and infixed on a rock's pointed summit:
Yet here am I, who walk as queen in heaven, of JOVE too
Sister at once and wife, year after year with one nation
Waging a war: and who the power of JUNO will reverence
After all this, or suppliant lay on her altars a victim?'

'Such things within her breast inflamed, the goddess revolving
Into the country of storms, to a land full of furious east-winds,
Named Eolia, came. Here EOLUS, king in his cavern,
Restless struggling winds, and stormy tempests resounding,
Under subjection restrains, and keeps them in chains and in prison;
They in rebel rage, with rumblings loud of the mountain,
Roar around in their dens. High EOLUS sits on his tower,
Holding his sway, and soothes their rage, and tempers their fury.
But that he do, all the seas and lands, and heaven unbounded,
Sure they would bear with them swift along, and sweep them through ether:
But the omnipotent sire in caverns dark hath confined them,
This to prevent, and piles of lofty mountains upon them
Pressively heaped, and given them a king, who fixéd laws observing,
When to restrain them would know, and to give them the rein at his bidding;
Whom then JUNO thus addressed, in suppliant accents:

'"Æolus! you hath the parent of gods and the ruler of mortals
Given to calm the waves as well and rouse them by tempests:
People hateful to me sail the Tyrrhenian waters
Troy into Italy to transport, and their vanquished Penates.
Into your words put force, and whelm their ships in the sea depths,
Or else drive them diverse, and scatter their wrecks on the ocean!
Twice seven nymphs to me belong, of beauty transcendent,
Whereof her who in form is loveliest, DEIOPEIA,
Firmly by nuptial ties I'll secure, and your own I'll pronounce her,
So that, all the years of her life with you for this service
Spent, she may make you sire of a race of beauteous children.'

'ÆOLUS in reply: 'Thine the task, O Queen! to consider
What shall be thy desire. It is mine to accomplish thy wishes:
Thou what dominions here I have, thou rule, and JOVE'S favor
Gainest for me. Thou givest me to recline, and the feasts of immortals;
Mak'st me too to be potentate of storm-clouds and tempests.'

'Thus having spoken, with spear converse the cavernous mountain
Full on its side he struck, and the winds, as if drawn up in columns,
Where they have passage rush forth, and blow o'er the land a tornado:
On the deep sea they fall, and all from its lowest abysses,
EURUS and NOTUS together break up, and tempest-abounding
Africus; and to the shore they roll the huge swelling billows:
Then comes at once the shouting of men and the rattling of cordage;
All of a sudden the clouds shut out from the sight of the Trojans
Sky and the light of day, and night and darkness rest on the ocean.
Thunders resound through the heavens, and thick lightnings glitter in ether;
And to the crews every sign betokens instant destruction.
Then the whole frame of ÆNEAS, with shuddering seized and enfeebled,
Inly he groans, and his hands outstretched together to heaven,
Thus with loud voice he laments: 'O happy, thrice happy the heroes
Under the walls of Troy, before the eyes of their fathers,
Whom it befel to die! Oh! of the line of Danaus bravest
TYDIDES, that I on the plains of Troy could have fallen!
Was it impossible? Could not my life blood be shed by thy right hand?
Where by the spear of ACHILLES lies slain the brave HECTOR, where mighty
SARPEDON, when sunk in the stream, old Simois' waters
Roll over helmets and shields, and manly corpses of heroes!'

Some 'considerable commotion,' is n't there, in the latter end of this rather windy description? . . . A NICE grammatical error has escaped the proof-reader on page 343 of the present number. 'Mr. HALCRO'S communications *proves*,' does they? 'Cats eats mice,' and 'shads is come!' . . . A FRIEND, writing from a pleasant western city, says: 'I have heard no diaphragm-splitting jokes (except 'KNICK.'s) for a three-month. People here do n't laugh; they only cachinnate, 'like one sneezing through wool.' I have heard, however, of a young lady 'down east,' who *thang* 'alto' in one of the churches. She had been at a boarding-school for half a quarter somewhere, and came home perfectly amazed that her unfashionable papa did n't dine at '*chew* o'clock.' She always spoke of her 'tschewty,' and made frequent allusions to an obsolete old lady whom the ancients knew — dame 'Gratitschude.' There was a favorite anthem, commencing 'Turn, turn, O LORD! O, turn away,' etc., much performed by the choir. She always chanted it: 'Tschurn, tschurn, O LORD! O, tschurn away!' much to the edification of the congregation, most of whom were actively interested in the dairy business. —— Did you ever hear of the fellow just in from the prairies, who entered a bar-room in Milwaukie 'all of a lather,' after a long ride on horseback, under a July sun? Well, he did; and he asked for 'something *right*;' and as he grasped a goblet of 'brandy-smash,' and emptied its cool depths, clinking with young hail-stones, the bar-keeper, with a patronizing air, such as bar-keepers only know how to assume, asked him if that *was n't* 'right?' 'Right! 't aint nothin' else! — and I wish my neck was as long as a rail-road, I do!' . . . STEP in at the Art-Union, metropolitan reader, and look at FRAZEE'S *Design for the Wash-*

ington Monument. Of all that have been presented, we consider this as the most appropriate and tasteful; and we cannot but hope that it will be accepted by the committee. He has chosen the open circular temple of the Greeks, which will unfold to the eye the entire circle of the colonnade, with its inner and outer entablatures and the central colossal group of figures, upon the principal floor of the rotunda, the great and good WASHINGTON being the chief. We annex such extracts from Mr. FRAZEE's description as will afford a succinct idea of the great features of his plan:

'THE order in its general features is Corinthian, with its proportions taken chiefly from the Athenian examples. The colonnade stands upon a pedestal of thirteen sides and angles, a column rising over each angle. The diameter of the temple, at the base of the columns, is one hundred feet; the columns are eight feet in diameter; two of them are pierced with stairs, by which to ascend to the *corridors* above the entablatures, one within and two without, extending entirely round the dome which crowns the temple. · · · The dome, upon its exterior, is characterized by its thirteen ribs, corresponding with the columnar centres; and thirteen star-lights of glass, from which the interior of the dome is illuminated. The ribs terminate against the plinth of a beautifully-foliated pedestal, which, while it makes an elegant finish to the dome, supports the statue of History, who is riding in her winged car, looking over the world around her, and recording its great events. This statue is two hundred and fifty feet from the earth; an altitude that I would not wish to exceed, had I fifty millions at my disposal.

'Looking into the interior of the dome, we are first struck with the brilliant effect of the thirteen star-lights, which are set in the second range of *Lacunaria*, or panellings of the ceiling. These stars are nearly six feet in diameter, and are intended to be made of glass eight inches in thickness, bevelled and polished like so many diamonds; so that their effect, as seen when standing within the rotunda, or from without, when the sun is shining upon them, will be strikingly beautiful. On pedestals above the entablature and round the entire circle, are seen the winged genii of the thirteen states, each reclining upon a shield, on which will be sculptured the arms of the states respectively. They bear a wreath of laurel-leaves and flowers, hanging from their shoulders in festoons; thus binding together the whole Union in one symbolical chain of divine beauty and sentiment. In the centre of the vault above is the great spreading eagle hovering over all. · · · On the frieze of the interior entablature is seen a *Triumphal Procession* of the whole Union, celebrating the great events of the victory of the American Revolution and the achievement of civil liberty. WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE are seated in a triumphal car, drawn by eight horses, and which heads the procession, or rather exhibits the most grand and interesting point in it. Virgins and children go before, strewing flowers in the way, and others with garlands are dancing to the music of the minstrels who follow on; while behind the car of the hero are seen horsemen, soldiers and citizens pressing forward in the glorious train.

'The capitals of the columns deserve some notice here, as the enrichments on them are of my own invention, and purely American; yet they are engrafted upon Corinthian proportions.

'An American Indian stands on the astragal below, one under each angle of the abacus, which they bear up and support with their heads and arms. The four intervals between the Indians are each taken up by two American deer and a sheaf of Indian corn. The animals are in a rearing attitude, and feeding on the sheaf, which stands upright between them, with the flowering tassels of the stalks rising gracefully upon the centre of the abacus, while the waving leaves hang pendent from the sheaf, shading the base of the capital.

'Although this capital in its general effect resembles the Corinthian, yet the developments of the human form, its grace and action, together with the horned stags, give out broader and richer masses of light and shade than are seen in the Corinthian capital, and make it of higher interest to the eye and contemplation of the beholder. This may, I think, be considered an American capital.

'Descending to the lower divisions of the monument, we see several panels of the polygon filled with sculpture in relief. Those which are shown in the drawings are sketches of the *Declaration of Independence*, the battles of *Trenton*, *Princeton*, *Bunker Hill*, and the *Surrender of Cornwallis*. There are other battles and subjects with which to fill the remaining eight panels, should this design be adopted. The panels are eleven feet high by nineteen in length; it will be seen then that the figures in the reliefs are much larger than life. The trophies piled upon the eight buttresses are the spoils of war taken from the enemy. The four recumbent horses on the pedestals at the extreme angles of the terrace have each a wreath round the neck, representing them as victors in the combat, and as worthy of a wreath for their bold energies as the noble auxiliary of the soldier upon the battle-field. The height of these horses from the lower pavement is thirty-seven feet.

'From the terrace you enter the monument on four sides, passing in under an eagle of immense size, standing on a segment of a sphere, with raised wings, hovering over and guarding the entrance, to see that no desecrating hand enters there. The lower apartment in which you enter first is very large, and may be used as a repository for arms and ordnance for special purposes. From this apartment you ascend a stairs to a second floor, on which are thirteen rooms, about fourteen by twenty feet in size, on plan, and twenty feet high. These rooms may be appropriated to various purposes, not inconsistent with the high and distinct character of the monument. One or more for a library of military and scientific works, for a repository for military archives, escutcheons and apparatus; also for meetings of military officers, etc.'

The editor of the '*Albion*' literary journal, a capable judge, says of this design, in words which we freely endorse: 'Taken as a whole, we greatly admire this plan;

and we think Mr. FRAZEE deserves very high encomiums for its composition. We like much its proportions, the harmony of its parts, and its adaptation to the purpose intended. If the committee has received any thing better we should very much like to see it; but it is very rarely that we come across an architectural drawing that to our taste is in the main so excellent.' We must be permitted to correct our respected contemporary on one point. Mr. FRAZEE *is* a sculptor, and an admirable one; and we can well believe that he will give the best effect to the statuary portions of his noble design. . . . WANDERING about the beautiful grounds of Bothwell Castle, in Scotland, the traveller, if he be of an umbrageous and tree-loving nature, will turn aside to examine a group of winding boughs that crawl over the surface of the green sod, effort of the gardener's art, and there he will find a simple tomb-stone, set in among trunks of trees, and shadowing a small mound, upon which is inscribed this happy thought of attachment. The lines are by the sister of the present Lord of DOUGLAS, the 'DOUGLAS of the Bloody Heart,' from an esteemed relative of whom we derive them, and are inscribed in all womanly tenderness to a friend:

'HERE LIES

'Tiny,

'THE SMALLEST, PRETTIEST, AND MOST CELEBRATED OF SPANIEL KIND, WHO DIED, MUCH REGRETTED, SEPTEMBER 14, 1804.

'ALAS, poor TI.! I'll ne'er complain,
Whate'er my future lot may be,
If those I love who still remain
In fond affection equal thee!'

—

'*The Confession*,' by 'P. C.,' awaits her order at the publication-office. Of the previous 'stipulation' the publisher has not the slightest recollection; the EDITOR certainly hears of it now for the first time. There has been no period, within the last sixteen volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, that the EDITOR has not had a year's supply of publicly-accepted matériel on hand. 'P. C.'s previous verse accidentally 'fitted'; it was not demanded. . . . Do you remember these thoughts, reader, upon the death of a child? Let us recall them to your recollection in connection with the touching lines which follow them, which we receive from a friendly correspondent, who transcribes them from his original and selected common-place book: 'No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even a father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home, and a heaviness in his heart; there is a chain of association that comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and pain of wounded affection. But the mother feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has been the refuge of his fears, the supply of his wants. And when he dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give it up, with all the memories of these associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love — how can she fold them on his breast, and give him up to the cold clasp of death? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly — how can she see them straitened to go down to the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed — oh! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave?

The form that not one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more? Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts and employ them: she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man, the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of GOD.' Scarcely can one take up a metropolitan journal without encountering the tidings of the death of children; a dear little boy has been taken hence, or a lovely little girl has been summoned to Heaven. There is not a bereaved mother before whom these pages will fall but will find her eyes filling with tears as she reads these tender and touching lines:

'LITTLE FANNY.

'SHE is not dead — she would not die
And leave us nothing but regret;
It is but sleep that shrouds that eye,
I know she 's living yet.
What have I done amiss, or thou,
That GOD should steal our blossom now?

'Her cheeks are cold and white as snow,
Her lips lie languidly apart;
But I can hear the warm blood flow —
The music of her heart!
And yet those hands so stiff and chill,
I never saw them lie so still.

'Her rest is very, very deep;
So deep, her bosom scarcely heaves;
She seems a flower just gone asleep,
Among whose folded leaves
There lingers a faint, odorous breath:
Dear GOD! if this indeed is death!

.

'They tell me thou art free from pain,
They say our parting is but brief;
But till we meet in Heaven again,
Where shall I hide my grief?
Priest, I will cease this vain regret,
If thou wilt teach me to forget!

'To-morrow morn the sun will rise,
The stars will shine to-morrow night;
But oh! how hateful to these eyes
Will seem their once loved light!
There is no longer joy to me
In any thing thou canst not see.

'All earth's fair forms seem now to me,
To take the ugly form of death;
The very flowers so loved by thee
Have lost their perfumed breath:
All sounds fall harshly on my ear,
That were most sweet when thou couldst hear.

'I know thy sinless soul, whose light
To us so brief a time was given,
With kindred spirits, pure and bright,
Is happy now in Heaven:
Dear child! and yet I cannot bear
To think thy soul is even there!'

WE have before us the last '*Report of the House of Industry and Home for the Friendless*;' and are glad to be enabled to record its continued and increasing usefulness. There are many noble and generous hearts constantly exercised for the benefit

of that institution, and the unhappy or unfortunate persons who seek its friendly shelter. Who can estimate the good that it shall yet accomplish? How many brands will it pluck from the burning! The public, the generous wives and daughters of the metropolis, especially, should aid, by their active sympathy and liberal contributions, the holy cause in which these ministering spirits of mercy and consolation are engaged. 'The Home' is well worth a visit from our citizens. It is the abode of neatness, comfort and order; and such a moral 'disinfecting agent' in a city like this is a blessing to be cherished. . . . SOME one mentioned to us the other day the circumstance of a fat querulous old fellow who was driven from a stage-coach by passengers whom he had annoyed with his growlings and complainings. A cigar was lighted, when at a preconcerted moment one of the passengers exclaimed, 'For GOD's sake, Sir, put out that fire! I have four pounds of powder in my overcoat pocket!' 'Driver! driver! stop! — *stop!* — STOP!' exclaimed the victim of this 'gunpowder plot:' 'Let me get out! — let me get out! There 's a man here with powder in his pockets, and he 'll blow us all to the devil!' The complainant '*got* out' accordingly, in no small hurry, and the passengers thenceforward pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by his farther annoyance. This anecdote reminds us of an occurrence which once took place at the long and picturesque bridge over the Cayuga lake, that middle-western *barrière*, of which success or defeat, in times of political excitement, are now predicated. A wag from Syracuse, who with some half-dozen friends had been disporting at the pleasant and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, determined, on approaching the toll-gate in a sleigh, one stormy winter night, to 'run the bridge.' 'Lie down, boys,' said he, 'in the sleigh, and when we get under the gate, groan a little, and tremble, but do n't over-do it. Here, get under these horse-blankets.' They did so; and when the sleigh came under the picket-draw of the bridge, they began to moan and shake, so that 'it was piteous to see and eke to hear.' 'I have nothing less than this ten-dollar bill,' said our wag, handing the gate-keeper a bank-note; 'but for heaven's sake change it just as quick as ever you can! I have three friends in the sleigh who are almost dead with the smallpox, and I 'm in a ——' 'Drive on! drive on!' said the terrified gate-keeper, handing back the bill; 'drive on — pay next time!' Above the whistling of the snow-laden wind which swept over that frozen lake, and the trampling of the horses' feet on the bridge that night, the gate-keeper heard the loud laugh of those wags, proclaiming that he had been 'taken in and done for!' . . . 'CAN you show me Main-street?' said an ingenuous, fresh-looking young man to us, the other morning, near Hudson-Square, as we were walking down to the publication-office. 'Main-street?' we asked; 'New-York *has* no Main-street: you are thinking of Broadway, perhaps?' 'Oh, yes; Broadway — that 's it. I did n't know; I never ben in a city afore.' We accompanied him to and down Broadway, and enjoyed *his* enjoyment at all the strange sights he saw. We almost envied him the romantic *newness* of his sensations. He was positively eloquent, in his simple way, as he depicted his emotions on nearing the metropolis in the morning steamer. As he approached this 'London of America' the cloud of coal-reek which overhung the giant city, indicating its vicinity long before he reached the northern verge; the many sails which were tending toward it, in the expanding river and opening harbor; and at last, the broad bay, with tall ships setting in from the sea; the steamers and water-craft of every description hurrying to and fro from either shore; and the Great Metropolis itself stretching into the distance, with its domes and spires, its towers, cupolas and 'steepled chimnies,' rising through a canopy of smoke, in the gray dawn of

a cloudless September morning; these, bursting upon his sensitive vision at once, had filled his mind, and almost made him a painter through the medium of words. He renewed within us our love of, and pride in, this our pleasant dwelling-place, the great metropolis of our native state. What a city shall we be by and by! It is scarcely possible to estimate the future extent of the metropolis. Far beyond the extremest suburbs noble edifices constantly arise, startling the infrequent traveller out-of-townward; but, like isolated figures upon a chess-board, the city soon moves up to and surrounds them, and they only help to form the ever-widening, spreading Town. Long prosper good old Manhattan! . . . Mr. JOSEPH C. PANCKO, the sable orator and bard 'ob de star-city ob de Empire State,' whose speech at a recent meeting ob 'colored pussons' at Utica was reported entire in our last number, has sent us two 'effusings' from his prolific pen, the results of his latest 'poemisin'. Mr. PANCKO states that his loftiest inspirations come to him when he is whitewashing the ceiling of a high room with a long brush. The physical action is in keeping with his intellectual exercise, and he is lifted up with high-reaching thoughts. The '*Lines for Fire Company Number Five*,' describing, to the tune of 'BONAPARTE crossing the Rhine,' a visit paid to Syracuse by that body, must have been composed in a room at least sixteen feet high, with the accessories of a full pail and a 'rich brush.' He has 'built the lofty rhyme' to an unusual altitude, even for so distinguished an architect of colored verse as himself. But Mr. PANCKO shall speak for himself, 'uf he *is* an ideot, an' uf he *is* a fool,' as 'de Honorable TUCKER WOODSON' said, on a memorable occasion:

'To all the world, both great and small,
Your kind attention now we call,
To meditate and sympathize
O'er those who save uncounted lives.

'The Fire Department I do mean,
Who, when trouble comes, are ever seen;
When conflagrations do break out
They are ever on hand, expert and stout.

'August the third, in good repair,
We did embark on board the cars,
In eighteen forty-eight they say,
And arrived at Syracuse that day.

'Our conquering hero, Number Five,
Constrained them all to strain their eyes
At Syracuse, that splendid place,
Who used us all with sublimated grace.

'Our conquering hero we did test,
To see if it was not the best;
And to our satisfaction we
Their conquering hero let them see.

'From whence did this exceeder came,
Which merited such sublime fame?
From Utica, we must relate,
The Star of the Empire State.

'Our Foreman of gem Number Five
Has saved great number of precious lives;
JOHN ARMIN, with his active band,
Is an ornament to Christian land.

'When they returned, about mid-day,
August the fifth, they all do say,
In splendor each their hand did slap,
Went and refreshed at Captain CLAPP's.

'With gratitude they all did join
Toward Syracuse, who was so kind;
With cordial grace we was received,
In love and honor we did leave.

'Thank Heaven for our safe return,
Our expenses for we ne'er shall mourn;
But hope in time to start again,
Where we sweet Heaven may obtain.'

It may seem supererogatory and adscititious, and also quite unnecessary, to call attention to particular stanzas of the above; but we cannot avoid the expression of our decided preference for verses seven and eight. Striking as are the rest, we esteem these preëminently PANCKONIAN. But Mr. PANCKO soars the highest in moral and religious colored satire; and we suspect that Mr. CHRISTIAN FORD, on the Richfield turnpike, who declined to assist him out of a 'rut,' will long rue the day that he did so:

'I THINK in April, on the twelfth,
The same in substance has been felt;
From one a Christian said to be,
But Christian light I did not see.

'On Richfield turnpike, in good word,
I called on one called CHRISTIAN FORD,
And asked him for his friendly aid,
And told him he should well be paid.

'My trouble was as I'll relate:
My wagon through the frost did break,
Until the hubs struck on the ground;
But help from him could not be found.

'Seven barrels of whiskey, which was mine,
And help I wanted at that time;
But CHRISTIAN FORD to me did say,
No help from him to me that day.

'No whiskey should his oxen draw,
Nor horses, though they lay on straw;
Such Christians, in my own belief,
Will have to pray for some relief.

'In closing of my few remarks,
I him forgive with all my heart;
Such religion I do not profess,
For brotherly kindness I think best.'

WE should like hugely to look into the port-folios of our contributors in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions which 'but breathed and died.' A man is not always, nor is he usually, the best judge of his own productions. 'Think of this when you 're smokin' your 'baccy,' gentlemen, and act accordingly.' . . . PUTNAM, publisher, Broadway, has issued an elegant new edition, revised, of *Washington Irving's Sketch Book*. Nothing of course need be said of a work, which has 'stamped itself upon the age, and to all time;' but the history of its production is of such interest that we give it entire from the early sheets of the volume, kindly loaned us by the publisher:

'THE following papers, with two exceptions, were written in England, and formed but part of an intended series for which I had made notes and memorandums. Before I could mature a plan, however, circumstances compelled me to send them piecemeal to the United States, where they were published from time to time in portions or numbers. It was not my intention to publish them in England, being conscious that much of their contents could be interesting only to American readers, and, in truth, being deterred by the severity with which American productions had been treated by the British press.

'By the time the contents of the first volume had appeared in this occasional manner, they began to find their way across the Atlantic, and to be inserted, with many kind encomiums, in the London Literary Gazette. It was said also that a London bookseller intended to publish them in a collective form. I determined therefore to bring them forward myself, that they might at least have the benefit of my superintendence and revision. I accordingly took the printed numbers which I had received from the United States to Mr. JOHN MURRAY, the eminent publisher, from whom I had already received friendly attentions, and left them with him for examination, informing him that should he be inclined to bring them before the public, I had materials enough on hand for a second volume. Several days having elapsed without any communication from Mr. MURRAY, I addressed a note to him, in which I construed his silence into a tacit rejection of my work, and begged that the numbers I had left with him might be returned to me. The following was his reply:

"'MY DEAR SIR:

"'I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions toward me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your most tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with work people at this time, and I have only an office to transact business in; and yesterday I was wholly occupied, or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you.

"'If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging; but I will do all I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours.

"'With much regard, I remain, dear Sir,

"'Your faithful servant,

"'JOHN MURRAY.'

'This was disheartening, and might have deterred me from any farther prosecution of the matter, had the question of republication in Great-Britain rested entirely with me; but I apprehended the appearance of a spurious edition. I now thought of Mr. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE as publisher, having been treated by him with much hospitality during a visit to Edinburgh; but first I determined to submit my work to Sir WALTER (then Mr.) SCOTT, being encouraged to do so by the cordial reception I had experienced from him at Abbotsford a few years previously, and by the favorable opinion he had expressed to others of my earlier writings. I accordingly sent him the printed numbers of the Sketch Book in a parcel by coach, and at the same time

wrote to him, hinting that since I had had the pleasure of partaking of his hospitality a reverse had taken place in my affairs which made the successful exercise of my pen all-important to me; I begged him therefore to look over the literary articles I had forwarded to him, and, if he thought they would bear European republication, to ascertain whether Mr. CONSTABLE would be inclined to be the publisher.

'The parcel containing my work went by coach to SCOTT's address in Edinburgh; the letter went by mail to his residence in the country. By the very first post I received a reply, before he had seen my work.

''I was down at Kelso,' said he, 'when your letter reached Abbotsford. I am now on my way to town, and will converse with CONSTABLE, and do all in my power to forward your views: I assure you nothing will give me more pleasure.'

'The hint however about a reverse of fortune had struck the quick apprehension of SCOTT, and with that practical and efficient good-will which belonged to his nature, he had already devised a way of aiding me. A weekly periodical, he went on to inform me, was about to be set up in Edinburgh, supported by the most respectable talents, and amply furnished with all the necessary information. The appointment of the editor, for which ample funds were provided, would be five hundred pounds sterling a year, with the reasonable prospect of further advantages. This situation, being apparently at his disposal, he frankly offered to me. The work, however, he intimated, was to have somewhat of a political bearing, and he expressed an apprehension that the tone it was desired to adopt might not suit me. 'Yet I risk the question,' added he, 'because I know no man so well qualified for this important task, and perhaps because it will necessarily bring you to Edinburgh. If my proposal does not suit, you need only keep the matter secret, and there is no harm done. 'And for my love I pray you wrong me not.' If, on the contrary, you think it could be made to suit you, let me know as soon as possible, addressing Castle-street, Edinburgh.'

'In a postscript, written from Edinburgh, he adds: 'I am just come here, and have glanced over the Sketch Book. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to *crimp* you, if it be possible. Some difficulties there always are in managing such a matter, especially at the outset; but we will obviate them as much as we possibly can.'

'The following is from an imperfect draught of my reply, which underwent some modifications in the copy sent:

''I cannot express how much I am gratified by your letter. I had begun to feel as if I had taken an unwarrantable liberty; but, somehow or other, there is a genial sunshine about you that warms every creeping thing into heart and confidence. Your literary proposal both surprises and flatters me, as it evinces a much higher opinion of my talents than I have myself.'

'I then went on to explain that I found myself peculiarly unfitted for the situation offered to me, not merely by my political opinions, but by the very constitution and habits of my mind. 'My whole course of life,' I observed, 'has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically-recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians, or a Don Cossack.

''I must therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever rises in my imagination; and hope to write better and more copiously by-and-by.

''I am playing the egotist, but I know no better way of answering your proposal than by showing what a very good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. CONSTABLE feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gipsy for the fruits of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard.'

'In reply, SCOTT expressed regret, but not surprise, at my declining what might have proved a troublesome duty. He then recurred to the original subject of our correspondence; entered into a detail of the various terms upon which arrangements were made between authors and booksellers, that I might take my choice; expressing the most encouraging confidence of the success of my work, and of previous works which I had produced in America. 'I did no more,' added he, 'than open the trenches with CONSTABLE; but I am sure if you will take the trouble to write to him, you will find him disposed to treat your overtures with every degree of atten-

tion. Or, if you think it of consequence in the first place to see me, I shall be in London in the course of a month, and whatever my experience can command is most heartily at your command. But I can add little to what I have said above, except my earnest recommendation to CONSTABLE to enter into the negotiation.'*

'Before the receipt of this most obliging letter, however, I had determined to look to no leading bookseller for a launch, but to throw my work before the public at my own risk, and let it sink or swim according to its merits. I wrote to that effect to SCOTT and soon received a reply:

''I observe with pleasure that you are going to come forth in Britain. It is certainly not the very best way to publish on one's own accompt; for the booksellers set their face against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases between the author and the public, which they were once able to do as effectually as Diabolus in JOHN BUNYAN's Holy War closed up the windows of my Lord Understanding's mansion. I am sure of one thing, that you have only to be known to the British public to be admired by them, and I would not say so unless I really was of that opinion.

''If you ever see a witty but rather local publication called BLACKWOOD's Edinburgh Magazine, you will find some notice of your works in the last number: the author is a friend of mine, to whom I have introduced you in your literary capacity. His name is LOCKHART, a young man of very considerable talent, and who will soon be intimately connected with my family. My faithful friend KNICKERBOCKER is to be next examined and illustrated. CONSTABLE was extremely willing to enter into consideration of a treaty for your works, but I foresee will be still more so when

'YOUR name is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid:'

and that will soon be the case. I trust to be in London about the middle of the month, and promise myself great pleasure in once again shaking you by the hand.'

'The first volume of the Sketch Book was put to press in London as I had resolved, at my own risk, by a bookseller unknown to fame, and without any of the usual arts by which a work is trumpeted into notice. Still some attention had been called to it by the extracts which had previously appeared in the Literary Gazette, and by the kind word spoken by the editor of that periodical, and it was getting into fair circulation, when my worthy bookseller failed before the first month was over, and the sale was interrupted.

'At this juncture SCOTT arrived in London. I called to him for help, as I was sticking in the mire, and more propitious than HERCULES, he put his own shoulder to the wheel. Through his favorable representations, MURRAY was quickly induced to undertake the future publication of the work which he had previously declined. A further edition of the first volume was struck off and the second volume was put to press, and from that time MURRAY became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that fair, open, and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers.

'Thus, under the kind and cordial auspices of Sir WALTER SCOTT, I began my literary career in Europe; and I feel that I am but discharging, in a trifling degree, my debt of gratitude to the memory of that golden-hearted man in acknowledging my obligations to him. But who of his literary contemporaries ever applied to him for aid or counsel that did not experience the most prompt, generous, and effectual assistance!'

The public's old favorite never appeared before in a better garb. The types, paper, printing, binding, all are excellent. . . . AN amusing specimen of 'individuality' in language was lately mentioned to us by an entertaining friend. A man in an

*I CANNOT avoid subjoining in a note a succeeding paragraph of SCOTT's letter, which though it does not relate to the main subject of our correspondence, was too characteristic to be omitted. Some time previously I had sent Miss SOPHIA SCOTT small duodecimo American editions of her father's poems published in Edinburgh in quarto volumes; showing the 'nigromancy' of the American press, by which a quart of wine is conjured into a pint bottle. SCOTT observes: 'In my hurry, I have not thanked you in SOPHIA's name for the kind attention which furnished her with the American volumes. I am not quite sure I can add my own, since you have made her acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she would ever otherwise have learned; for I had taken special care they should never see any of those things during their earlier years. I think I told you that WALTER is sweeping the firmament with a feather like a maypole and indenting the pavement with a sword like a scythe; in other words, he has become a whiskered hussar in the Eighteenth Dragoons.'

eastern city, somewhat noted for wrestling, sparring, and kindred physical feats, having been persuaded to enter a church on the Sabbath, and 'sit out' a long doctrinal discourse, was asked, on retiring after the service, what he thought of the sermon: 'Think?' said he; 'why, if I could n't preach a better sarmont than that, *with one hand tied behind me*, you can take *my* hat!' . . . We should like some reader who *can* do it, to show us a more gallant picture of a heroic spirit taking his last leave of the world than is contained in the ensuing noble lines:

'Let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath.
Nothing is made of naught; of all things made
The abstract is a dream but of a shade.
I 'll not complain to earth now, but to heaven,
And (like a man) look upward even in death;
And if Vespasian thought in majesty
An emperor might die standing, why not I?

(One offers to help him.)

'Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him,
For he died splinted by his chamber-grooms.
Prop me, true sword! as thou hast ever done;
The equal thought I bear of life and death
Shall make me faint on no side. I am up
Here like a Roman statue; I will stand
Till death have made me marble!'

—

Curious and odd things not unfrequently occur 'before the Mayor.' The other day, in attending to applications for situations in the police-force, the Mayor, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a 'star,' when some of his Irish competitors outside the railing cried out: '*Are* ye goin' to 'pint Pat, yer Honor? He can 't write his name, yer Honor.' 'I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments,' said the Mayor; and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks. The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office said to him, as they came away from the Hall, 'Now, Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I 'll 'set the copy' for you.' Pat did as directed; and every night for a fortnight was seen running out his tongue and swaying his head over 'Patrick Murphy,' 'Patrick Murphy,' in the style of chirography generally known as 'coarse hand.' When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself 'before the Mayor,' urging his claim. 'Can you write?' said that excellent functionary. 'Troth, an' it 's meself that jist *kin!*' answered Pat. 'Take that pen,' said the Mayor, 'and let us *see* you write. Write your name.' He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance: 'How-ly Paul!—d 'ye mind *that*, Mike? Pat 's a-writin'!—he 's got a quill in his fist!' 'So he has, be Jabers!' said Mike; 'but small good 't will do him; he can 't write wid it, man!' But Pat *did* write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand. 'That 'll do,' said the Mayor. His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them: 'Ask him to write *somebody else's name*, yer Honor,' said two of them, in a breath. 'That 's well thought of,' replied the Mayor: 'Pat, write *my* name!' Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it. '*Me* write yer Honor's name!' exclaimed he, with a well-dissembled 'holy horror;' 'me commit *a forgery*, and I a-goin' on the Pelisse! *I can 't do it*, yer Honor!' And he could n't—but his wit saved him, and he is now 'a 'star' of the first magnitude.' By-the-by, 'speaking of Irishmen,' Cranston, the popular host of the 'Rockaway Pavilion,' illustrates by a characteristic anecdote their inherent propensity to blunder. An Irish servant of his had been

directed to awaken two gentlemen at six o'clock in the morning, who were to take the public conveyance to town. At *three* o'clock in the morning he awakened two *other* gentlemen from a sound sleep, who after anathematizing his stupidity, 'between sleep and awake,' for some hour and a half, at length fell into the refreshing slumber which had been so rudely dispelled; when there came another rap at their doors, which awoke them instanter. The blundering Irishman, having discovered his mistake, had 'come to *apologize* to the gintlemen for wakin' 'em up at the wrong hour!' 'Faix,' said he, in the most self-accusing spirit, 'it was n't yez that *was* to be waked, anny way!' With curses not loud, but of considerable depth, the restless guests resigned themselves to their fate — victims of an Irish servant. . . . A CORRESPONDENT, in the course of a most kind and only too complimentary letter to the EDITOR, writes as follows: 'My life has been the common story of nine-tenths of mankind; the same occurrences have happened to me, the same feelings have actuated me, that have been common to all. One of these occurrences, and the most natural, but most remarkable, was that of falling in love — yes, Sir, in love. I am not inclined to describe my angel, (that was, till she married some one else!) neither shall I tell you my sensations when I found myself 'in' up to my ears. I felt all the poetry, etc.; scribbled away, and the following was produced after two weeks' hard labor, to which sawing cord-wood at sixty cents per day would have been decidedly an amusement. Here it goes! Nay, my dear Sir, you positively should not laugh! It hurts my feelings, even now:

'DAGUERRE, with most consummate skill,
Compelled the sun to do his will
Upon a plate of silver fair,
To draw with light his image there;
But thou, sweet KATE! with greater art
Chose for the plate a human heart,
And bade its master-spirit trace
In glowing lines thine own sweet face;
Thine eyes' deep magic did the rest,
And fixed the picture in the breast.
Take then, sweet KATE! the pictured heart
Thou hast engraved with mystic art;
For with thy smile thou 'st placed a spell
Forever on my heart to dwell!'

Pretty good verse, this, and involving a felicitous conceit. We shall not ask our correspondent if he 'really *feels* what he writes,' for that would imply a doubt which would render any poor praise of ours of little effect in his eyes. That which in the reading makes *others* feel can never be merely simulated by the writer. . . . ONE of the '*Election Scenes in Georgia*,' recorded in the private note of a correspondent elsewhere represented in these pages, must have been derived from a distinguished Southern correspondent, and friend of the EDITOR hereof, as it is quite literal with an anecdote which he related to us, as we were returning last autumn through the umbrageous domain of GEOFFREY CRAYON, to whom we had been paying a pleasant visit. He was canvassing the state previous to an election, and in an unfrequented district had taken a letter from a log post-office, which he was reading with fixed attention, when happening to turn his head, he found a man looking over his shoulder and perusing it with him! He remonstrated a little with him for his impertinence, but this only made him angry. 'You are a d —— d sight too *proud*,' said he, 'for *this* part of the country; pre-haps you would n't object to fight me!' — and for a long time he insisted upon a game of fisticuffs, by way of 'satisfaction.' A trial of skill in jumping, however, was at length substituted, in which our friend was the victor; and, what is amusing enough, the vanquished antagonist became thereafter one of his most ardent

political supporters. . . . A VERY great curiosity is 'on view' at the Minerva-Rooms in Broadway, near Walker-street, 'in the person of' a *Live African Crocodile*, the only one ever brought to the United States. He weighs some seven hundred pounds, enjoys excellent health, and is as gentle and tame as a pet rabbit. He is not what you may call a '*handsome* critter,' but there 's a good deal of *openness* when he smiles, which he always does when he takes his weekly breakfast, whether it be a negro baby on his native coast, or a lamb or two 'at his present residence,' a 'box' (not in 'the country,' for no fashionable crocodile would be out of town at this late season,) of ample dimensions, and with a 'valuable water-privilege.' Go and see him, town-reader. He is preëminently democratic, and receives his visitors without any marked distinction. . . . DID you ever sit and watch an artist, with true love of nature, and of the divine art which transfers its beauties to the canvass, while in the *act* of so transferring them?—by a few simple feathery touches of his brush kindling up a western sky, dimming to a misty tone the far-off blue mountain; adding a new depth of verdure to the nearer forest-group, or a limpid liquidity to the calm, still water? It is a pleasant sight, and one which we enjoyed for an hour or more to-day, while watching a picture of '*The Head-Waters of the Juniata*' grow under the manipulations of the facile pencil of our friend HENRY J. BRENT, Esq.:

> 'METHINKS it were no pain to die,
> On such an eve, when such a sky
> O'ercanopies the west:'

The fading glory of the sun lights up the clouds; the distant mountains reflect it; the bold o'ertopping rock is tipped with it; it lingers for a moment upon the tree-crowned bluff in the middle distance, and throws into stronger shadow the adjacent mass of deep green forest-growth. The deer walking across the limpid flowing water remind us of the sweet fawn that came down to the Calicoon to drink, while the two L——'s and 'Old KNICK.' were wading deep in the stream, 'a-catching of the speckled trouts.' And there too is a prostrate tree, its roots in the back-ground, and its top reclining down into the water—why, it is the very fac-simile of some twenty tangled beeches, over which we clambered on that memorable trouting occasion. Would that *we* could paint 'after nature!' But that way we have no skill. We can draw an inference; we can't draw 'nothing else.' When we have beheld a striking scene, it is forever painted *within* us; but for the life of us we could never re-depict it. . . . SOMEHOW or other, we never see now-a-days the piles of stoves, precursors of coming winter storms, which line the side-walks in certain of our streets, without calling to mind these quaintish lines from the 'Evangeliad:'

> 'LIKE taxes, tooth-aches, tides,
> A stove has no respect of persons. Once,
> At a vendue, I saw a horse-faced preacher,
> A skip-jack transcendentalist, a lean
> And muzzy artist, barbers' scullions, trulls,
> Bidding against each other for 'an OLMSTEAD!'

THE *'School-Reminiscences'* of our Schenectady correspondent are very graphic. We remember well the district-school scenes and sounds of our earliest boyhood; the constant petitions and complaints poured into the porches of the pedagogue's great ears: 'Please-sir may g'wout git sum snow t' put in m'ink?' 'Please-sir WILLIS C—— is a-pinchin' on me;' 'Please-sir may g'wout an' git s'mice t' put in m' trowse's t' keep my nose from bleedin'?' 'Pleathe-thir LEWITH ith a kithin' me;' (she was a pretty little girl who said that, and the schoolmaster probably thought 'small blame' of

us,) and other the like sayings and doings of children. 'Oh, the days when we were young!' . . . We are indebted to Messrs. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, for an early copy of '*The Ruby, a Token of Friendship for* 1849. It is a very attractive annual, containing eleven fine engravings on steel, from designs by eminent artists. We have Huntington's beautiful 'Fair Inez;' a charming vignette by Cheney; 'The Fourth of July,' by Clonney, an excellent although somewhat overcrowded composition, and the best effort of the artist's pencil; 'The Spanish Maid,' by Leslie; 'Incognito' (whom we recognize) by Cheney; an indifferent portrait by Sully; the natural and every way admirable picture of 'The Strawberry Girl,' by Page; Inman's 'Mumble the Peg,' under a new name; Mount's characteristic Limning from Life; 'Winter's-Sport;' the exquisite 'Mercy's Dream,' of Huntington; and Lawrence's celebrated 'Sitting for a Picture.' Among the 'contributors' proper, we find the names of Wilkie, Galt, Victor Hugo, Rev. Hobart Caunter, Miss Mitford, and others equally eminent. 'The Ruby' is a very handsome annual, and will have, we doubt not, an extensive sale. . . . We know of few things more amusing than a 'wounded pigeon' causing another pigeon to 'flutter' for him; the real 'victim to the force of truth' meanwhile assuming to be untouched, and vaunting indifference by proxy. Explanation is quite unnecessary, for 'the game is not worth the candle.' We content ourselves with the certainty of being understood where we intend to be. . . . The agent of the 'Committee of the National Monument Society' in this city informs us that the fund collected for a *National Monument to Washington* now amounts to eighty thousand dollars, the expenditure of which, for the purpose proposed, will be under the supervision of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, the General Agent, whose character is a sufficient guaranty of the faithfulness with which he will discharge his trust. The plan of Mr. Robert Mills, architect, embracing a vast rotunda, with a stone *blade*, five hundred feet high, rising out of the middle of it, we are glad to perceive was improved by the omission of its chief feature. A vast monument erected in the city founded by Washington, and on the spot upon which he himself supposed it would be reared, (the old Congress ordered one, and the commissioners for the Federal City having set apart ground for that purpose shortly before his death,) should be simple and grand, like the character of the great and good man whose virtues it will be erected to commemorate. A beautiful site, from which the Monument, when erected, may be seen from the Chesapeake Bay, has been granted by Congress, and the corner-stone has been laid with appropriate ceremonies. The work upon the shaft is now in progress, and in the course of two years it will be sufficiently high for the principal object to be seen from the capital. The material is of white marble. It must be manifest that a structure so large as the one proposed to be erected cannot be completed with means so limited; agents are therefore being appointed throughout the United States, and an appeal is made to the people to give any sum, however small, in furtherance of the object. What has become of the city monument for New-York? . . . Here is a beautiful autumnal picture from '*Philo, an Evangeliad*:'

> —— 'The leaves,
> Before the gate, frost-touched, are falling fast;
> Watch that one, bright as if the sun had wept
> It on her bier; it sinks, but hesitates
> To drop; 't is whirled across the street; the weeds
> Arrest its course, and in that hollow 't will
> Dissolve, and ghost-like vanish into naught.'

Mr. Henry Peters Gray has just completed a large picture, which cannot fail greatly to enhance his reputation as an accomplished creative artist. It is an *Allego-*

rical Representation of War, and has the merit of at once telling its story to the eye, and through the eye to the heart. The composition is simple and not overcrowded. It may be said to be formed of three groups in unity. A noble warrior in the first is bidding farewell to his young and lovely wife, on the eve of 'rushing to the battle-field;' in the second he lies bleeding and dead, before his marble tomb, with his trusty sword broken in twain; and in the third, his wife stands in sorrow by his monument, with her infant boy in her arms. It is a very striking picture, in all its divisions and accessories, and is drawn and painted in GRAY'S best manner. It deserves, and should receive, a more elaborate notice at our hands than we can at present award to it. We trust the public may be enabled to see it in the Art-Union. . . . 'WILL you give me a light, 'Squàre?' said a vagabondish-looking person, to one of two spruce young men of the town, who were smok'ng along the middle-walk of the Battery the other afternoon. 'Certainly,' said the buck, handing the fellow a new 'regalia' which had just been lighted. The rascal took it, thrust it in his dirty mouth, and handed back his own poor 'stump,' which, although much like a quid, was far from being a 'quid pro quo.' The dandy did not discover the trick until he had walked on a rod or more; when at length he *did* discover it, he turned round with 'indignation in 's aspect,' but it was only to see the fellow exercising an aërial wind-mill with his hand, acting on a thumb-pivot, from his 'jolly red nose.' . . . WE have known just such a character as that described by 'M.' in his 'Sketch:'

> —'A hope-abandon'd wight,
> *Unfitted with an aim;*
> Met every sad returning night,
> And joyless morn, the same.'

The 'Sketch' however seems personal. *Is it?* If yea, it is not for us. . . . IF General RISINGH had possessed some of *Johnson's Shaving Cream*, he would never have been found by HARD-KOPPIG PIET'S messenger standing in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, and making such horrid contortions before a bit of broken looking-glass. He would have shaved with ease, and perhaps the dreadful catastrophe which ensued might have been prevented. Step in at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and see if there is any thing far-fetched in this inference. . . . 'I WAS walking through Trafalgar-Square in London, one morning,' said a travelled friend to us the other day, 'when I was accosted by a man who was selling an engraved picture of *Christ Examining the Tribute-Money*. He urged me so piteously to purchase one, that I was tempted to do so. I wish I had it now to show you. Our SAVIOUR was dressed in as natty a swallow-tailed coat as you ever saw in a tailor's report of the fashions; his pantaloons were strapped down over a pair of exquisite little boots, and he wore on his head a small low bell-crowned hat, much in fashion about that time. His apostles were dressed in the same fashion; only that it was evidently intended that the principal figure should in this respect quite exceed them. I thought of the value of 'keeping' in art, as I looked at that scriptural picture, and the text which it was supposed to illustrate; and, sacred as was the subject, I could not help guffawing obstreperously in the crowded square.' . . . NOTICES of the metropolitan theatres, two pages of carefully-prepared 'Brief Notices of New Publications;' of two beautiful monuments by LAUNITZ, the eminent sculptor, and 'Designs of the Antediluvian World' by the great artist, MARTIN, at the Apollo Rooms; together with remarks upon the new 'Cypress Cemetery,' and an important invention by Mr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, not to mention certain autumnal thoughts, etc., are unavoidably omitted until our next number. . . . 'M. A. V.,' 'HANS,' 'KIT KELVIN,' received.

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THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE Thirty-second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE commenced on the first of July, 1848. The work has been so long before the public, that it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon its claims to general favor. The annexed List of Contributors to the Magazine, and a few notices of the work, (up to and including the last number) will sufficiently attest its character and its popularity:

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'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK's supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'—*New-York Daily Tribune.*

'NOTHING is more remarkable than the unfailing promptitude of this old Monthly, except perhaps its constant and constantly increasing excellence. Mathematicians tell us of certain curves called *asymptotes*, whose peculiarity is always to approach each other, and yet, even when infinitely extended, never to intersect. The KNICKERBOCKER, which has reached an age for a Magazine much greater than a hundred years for a man, and only to be attained by a more marvellous miracle, has perpetually approached the highest possible point of interest and excellence; and yet it seems to have an *excelsior*, for each number seems better than that which went before. How it is done our friend CLARK may understand—but it is a sealed mystery to us. There is no publication in the United States that has so attractive or popular a feature as the *Editor's Table* of the KNICKERBOCKER.'—*New-York Courier and Enquirer.*

☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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1850 Nov 18
Prof Hall of Union Philom Soc
of Yale

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXII. NOVEMBER, 1848. No. 5.

A PHILOLOGICAL FRAGMENT.

'WORDS, words, words.'—HAMLET.

——— Is it not singular that we pronounce the word 'schismatic' as though it were written 'sismatic?'

I thought it strange, until I discovered that the old writers, who were not over-particular, spelled it 'sismatique,' omitting the *ch*.

Not for the purpose of abbreviation, I should suppose, or they would have curtailed the last syllable as well.

The letter *k* at the end of 'magick,' 'comick,' and other like words derived from the Latin, was a sort of compromise between those who were sticklers for the old Norman termination *que*, and the advocates for the naked final *c*. Howell, in his 'Parley of Beasts,' was the first who openly proposed the alteration, as also the omission of the letter *u* in 'honor,' 'labor,' etc. The *que* was dropped gradually, and gave place to *k*, which was retained by the latter, even under the iron rule of Johnson; of late, however, it has been turned out to keep company with the letter *u*.

In other words, *k* is no longer seen in public, and *u* is out of favor.

Exactly so.

You speak of 'magic' and 'comic' as being derived from the Latin. Why not say, from the Greek, as is the case?

Critically I should have done so; but for ordinary purposes, it is as well to be satisfied with the most available etymon: for instance, it is sufficient to say that the words 'grampus' and 'porpoise' are from the French *grand poisson* and *porc poisson* (porpoise being also known by the name of hog-fish,) instead of going back to the *grandus* and *porcus piscis* of the Latin; and it is as well to speak of 'journey' as being derived from the French *journée*, although, strange as it may appear, it comes from the Latin *dies* — *diurnus* — then the Italian *giorno* — from that the French *jour* and *journée*, and finally, our 'journey.'

That reminds me of the notable derivation of pickled cucumber from King Jeremiah; King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, Jerry King, Jerkin, gherkin, pickled cucumber! But I see the angry spot; pray let the humility of my next inquiry atone; why do we call the letters *h* and *z* aitch and zed?

Originally, in calling the alphabet, the consonants were pronounced by affixing the vowel *e:* thus b, c, d, were called, as at present, be, ce, de: f, instead of *ef*, as we now have it, was *fe*. H, to display its aspirate birth and bearing, was called *che*, to be pronounced like the Greek *χ*; but during some literary revolution (perhaps when the Republic of Letters was formed, as you would say,) it was thought proper to *prefix* the vowel to certain consonants, as *f, l, m, n, r, s, x*, and the letter *h* was made *ech* instead of *che:* of course, as there were two ways of pronouncing it, the vulgar adopted that which was the easier and incorrect. The *h* in the French alphabet is *ash* from the same cause. Z is called 'izzard' by some persons, and 'zed' by others, who eschew the first as a vulgarism, not aware that zed is a contraction of izzard, which latter is a slip-shod way of pronouncing 's hard,' or else a corruption of the French '*s sourde*.'

And what is the origin of the abbreviation or hieroglyphic '&?'

The character '&' designated 'ampersand' by Nares and Worcester; a contraction, no doubt for 'and, *per se*, and' — is nothing more nor less than the Latin word *et* (and:) by referring to almost any book printed in the beginning of the last century, or previously, you will observe that it is composed of the two letters *(et)* run together in one type, thus &. No doubt you are aware that the old abbreviation *y*ᵉ for *the*, arose from a resemblance between the Saxon character representing *th*, and our letter *y;* and that the interrogation mark '?' was formerly the letter *q* for query; but I am not so certain as to your knowing that the inverted comma, used to denote a quotation, 'thus,' was originally the letter *c*, (being the initial of 'citation') which has been softened down to its present shape, to avoid confusion with the text. The dollar-mark $ is a combination of the letters *f* and *s*. The Spanish, with whom it originated, call them *fuertes*, or *hard*, to distinguish them from paper money; even among ourselves we frequently hear the term 'hard dollars,' so that it is a monogram composed of the first and last letters of that word 'fuertes;' originally, the calculator abbreviated it thus, *fs*; but that interfering with the sign for francs and florins, he coiled the *s* around the *f*, which preserves the distinction.

Quite satisfactory. Now tell me the origin of the word 'chore,' so frequently heard in New-England, and occasionally among our own people.

A 'chore,' meaning a job or 'turn,' is a corruption of 'char' or 'chare,' from the Saxon 'cyrran,' to turn. 'That char is char'd, as the goodwife said when she hanged her husband,' says Ray in his proverbs: a *char*-woman does *turns* about the house. 'Churn' comes from the same root. The word 'ajar' was formerly written 'on char' (on the *turn*, partly open.) 'The pyping wind blaw up the dure on

char.' The fish 'char,' from the rapidity with which it *turns* in the water. *Char*-coal is wood turned to coal by fire; and by giving you this information, which I got from Horne Tooke, I have done you a *good* turn. Shakspeare twice uses the word in Antony and Cleopatra:

> —'As the maid that milks
> And does the meanest chares.'

Again, in the last act, Cleopatra says:

> 'And when thou 'st done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
> To play till doomsday.'

'Chap' is another word about which I am in the dark.

It is abbreviated from 'chapman,' a customer; thus the slang phrases 'a queer chap,' 'a queer customer;' the latter being sometimes agreeably shortened to 'a queer cuss.' Apropos of epithets, 'scamp' and 'scoundrel' are of military birth; the former from *ex campo*, i. e. a deserter; and the other from the Italian *scondere ruolo;* to abscond when the roll is called. 'Dunce,' curiously enough, from the famous John Scot of Duns. Holinshed in his chronicles says, 'Whoso surpasseth others either in cavilling, sophistry, or subtile philosophy, is forthwith (from Johannes *Duns* Scotus) nicknamed a *duns*.' The term is now of course (like 'wise-acre') used ironically. 'Namby-pamby' is another: 'Namby' is the nick-name (*nomme de nique*) for Ambrose; and the character of 'namby-pamby' is attached to poetry of the weak and washy style much affected by Ambrose Phillips, to whose school it was first applied. The N prefixed to the contractions of proper names, as Ned for Edward, Nell for Ellen, Nol for Oliver, etc., was caused by the possessive of endearment, *mine*, used in connection with them; as mine Ed, mine Ell, etc.; but *mine* going out of fashion and giving place to the more modern *my*, the sound of the *n* was retained; although we find Falstaff on one occasion calling Poins 'Yedward,' (my Edward;) the same cause may be assigned for *nuncle* being so spelled in old books.

How do we get our pronunciation of 'colonel?'

It was formerly written, and in old dictionaries you will find it 'coronel,' from the Spanish, to whom we are indebted for 'commodore'—*comendador*. They have likewise furnished us with the word 'cock-roach,' a corruption of their *cucaracha;* and also the well known 'loafer,' which was once supposed to be a contraction of 'low fellow.' The Spanish *gallofar* is 'to lounge about as a vagrant—to vagabondize;' and is applied in severe, if not very choice Castilian, by the sailors of West Indian vessels to the self-constituted guagers who frequent our wharves for the purpose of examining into the quality of such rum and molasses as may remain over night on the docks. Talking of corruptions, 'buzzard' is from the Latin *avis tarda*, the slow bird; which the Italians converted into *bistarda*, whence our 'bustard' and 'buzzard.' Navarre, (Nivarii,) Teneriffe, and Saragossa, are Hunni varii, Terra nova, and Cæsarea Augusta. Orvieto was Urbs vetus. 'Tansy' was once *athanasia*, so called from its medicinal properties, and 'pancy' or 'pansy' was *panacea*,

although it disturbs poor Ophelia's etymology. Rosemary, which flourishes on the sea-side, is *ros marinus*, and dandelion, *dent de lion*. 'Veterinary' is a corruption or contraction through the Latin of 'veheterinary'—relating to beasts of burthen. By-the-by, the word 'suffrage,' a vote, comes from the Latin *suffrago*, the joint of a beast's leg, and is a figurative expression from the camel that bends his knees to make the ascent more easy to the rider: you may observe at the present day that the cry of 'universal suffrage' is chiefly raised by those who are most anxious of riding into power; a proof that time and use have not deprived the term of its original application. The French 'vaudeville' is a corruption of 'Vau de Vire.' Vaudevilles originated with a fuller of le Vau de Vire (the valley of the river Vire,) and were songs (Vire-lays) composed on some incident or adventure of the day, and sung by his men as they spread their cloths on the banks of the river. After they had become famous as songs of the Vau de Vire, or Vaudevires, the style was adopted by the Parisians, who composed short after-pieces interspersed with epigrammatic songs, calling them 'Vaudevilles.' It is somewhat of a coincidence that *comedy* should have the same sort of parentage; for it means literally 'a song of the village,' from the Greek κωμη, a village, and αειδω, I sing: poets used to go from village to village, singing or repeating their comedies. We may thank the Turks for our 'chouse,' meaning to trick or defraud; *chiaous* in their language signifying a messenger or envoy. A chiaous from the Grand Signior, in 1609, committed a gross fraud upon the Turkish and Persian merchants resident in England, by cheating them out of four thousand pounds; hence from the notoriety of the circumstance, to *chiaous* or *chouse* was to do as this chiaous did. From the French we get 'demi-john'—a corruption of their 'Dame Jeanne;' so called from its somewhat resembling in shape the figure of a farthingaled (vertu garde) lady of la vielle cour, while the trim Florence oil flask helps to dress a salad under the chamber-maid's name of Betty. Indeed we are indebted to them for very many words which are now so much at home in our language, that no one thinks of asking for their muniments of title. For instance: 'quandary,' from *qu'en dirai-je?* 'jeopardy,' from *jeu parti;* 'prowl,' from '*prois aller;*' 'alloy,' from '*a loi,*' (a mixture proportioned by law;) 'pamphlet,' from '*par un filet,*' (stitched;) 'all agog,' from '*tout à gogues;*' 'cock-a-hoop,' (in attitude of bravado, or defiance,) from '*coq à huppe*'—cock with a raised crest, or comb; 'ticket,' from '*etiquette;*' 'clever,' from '*clair voir;*' and 'wig,' strange to say, not retaining a single letter of its origin, comes from '*peruque;*' whence we got in the first instance 'perwick,' then 'periwig,' now abbreviated to 'wig.' From their old word 'gaiole' it is that we sometimes spell 'jail' '*gaol:*' in substantial return for all this we have given them 'redingote' and 'rosbif;' and if I remember rightly, I have seen 'comfort' in a modern French dictionary.

How did they come by a double negative?

Pas and *point*, now considered as negative particles, as well as nouns, seem originally to have been used exclusively in their sub-

stantive sense :* for instance, to the question ' As-tu de la terre ?' the answer is ' Je n'en ai *pas*,' or ' Je n'en ai *point* ;' which may be literally rendered 'I have not a *pace* or a *point* of it ;' that is, the least quantity. Again : ' As-tu du vin ?' ' As-tu du sucre ?' — the answer, as before, is ' Je n'en ai pas,' or ' Je n'en ai point ;' although, to the first, I apprehend it would be at least as grammatical to answer ' Je n'en ai *goutte*,' ' I have not a drop of it,' (wine,) and to the last, ' Je n'en ai *grain*,' ' I have not a grain of it ;' for it is evident that *pas* and *point* originally included in them the idea of *space*, as ' *goutte*' that of liquors, and ' *grain*' that of seeds, etc. This accounts for *point* being a stronger negative than *pas*, in the same proportion as a *point* is less than a *pace*. Indeed, the word *goutte* has also actually been pressed into the negative service, without regard to its original meaning ; as ' Je n'entends goutte — Je ne vois goutte ;' ' I hear nothing — I see nothing.' Thus you perceive that they have in fact no more of a double negative than ourselves ; for to all questions such as I have instanced, our answer might with propriety be, ' I have not a *particle* of it ;' so that the word *particle* is as much a negative as *pas* or *point*.

I find that many words in common use may be traced to the names of places where they originated, or of persons who have invented or discovered the art or article they designate ; as ' gingham,' from Guincamp ; ' bayonet,' because first made at Bayonne ; ' cambric,' from Cambray ; ' muslin,' from Mosul ; ' diaper,' d'Ypres ; and ' martinet,' from a strict officer of that name, who at one time had the regulation of the French infantry.

Yes — and you might have added ' carpet,' from Cairo, (where it was first woven,) and *tapeto*, the Italian word for ' tapestry ;' so that ' carpet' is literally ' Cairo tapestry.' And you must not forget Beauklen of Sluys in Flanders, whose memory was held in great veneration by the Emperor Charles the Fifth for the service he rendered to mankind in discovering the art of preserving herrings in brine, and from whose name the word ' pickling' comes to us. through the Dutch. I will also refer to the black profile in which likenesses were taken by Master Hubard, some years ago, in this city, and latterly by Edouard, called ' Silhouette,' after a French minister of state in 1759, who, by way of replenishing an exhausted exchequer, proposed measures of excessive economy and reform. This (according to D'Israeli) called into play the action of the Parisian wits, who pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him ; they cut their coats shorter, and wore them without sleeves ; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones, and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper ! All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms ; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate. The word ' pasquinade,' too, as applied

* Gibson of Wick.

to a satirical or libellous writing, originated from an old statue of a gladiator, dug up in Rome about three hundred years ago, which was popularly termed by the citizens 'Pasquino,' from the name of an eccentric barber, opposite to whose house it was originally set up. This statue and another, called by the populace 'Marforio,' which was situated near it, were used for the purpose of bearing satirical placards, which were affixed to them at night, and generally in the form of dialogues between the two statues, a number of which are given by D'Israeli, but none of them as characteristic as that furnished by Matthews in his 'Diary of an Invalid,' and which occurred during his stay at Rome. A man of the name of Cæsar (common among the town's-folk there) had married a girl named Roma. Pasquino was placarded with 'Cave Cæsar, ne tua Roma respublica fiat.' The man replied, by Marforio, 'Cæsar imperat.' To which the retort was, 'Ergo coronabitur.'

We have a great many compound words in our language, the origin of which I cannot conceive; such, for instance, as 'gooseberry,' 'buckwheat,' 'butterfly,' 'jews-harp:' now what have geese, bucks, butter and Jews to do with these expressions?

Gooseberry is from the Saxon *gehos*, rough, and berry; buckwheat, also from the Saxon, *boc*, a beech-tree, and wheat, the grain resembling in shape the mast or nut of the beech; butterfly, from the same language — *buter*, larger, meaning the larger fly; and jews-harp is a corruption of *jaws*-harp; the instrument being played between the teeth or *jaws*.

What is the origin of the terms *right* and *left*, as applied to position?

The *right* hand is the hand mostly used as directed by custom; right, from *rego — rectum*, to command or direct. The *left* hand is that which is not used, or which is *left*, by the same authority; the Latin *sinister* (the left hand) is derived from *sino*, to leave or let alone; the German *linke* (also the left hand) from *linquo*, to leave; the French *droit* from *directum;* so that *right* and *left* are arbitrary terms, depending for their force or application upon the prevailing law or custom; for instance, there is a city in East Africa called Melinda, the inhabitants of which are all *left handed*, as *we* would call them; but without doubt, *right handed* in their own estimation. In America, custom and the law direct us to keep to the *right* on 'turning out' in travelling; in England, the reverse is the rule, which gave rise to the epigram recorded by Horne Tooke:

> 'The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
> For in driving your carriage along,
> If you keep to the *left*, you are sure to go *right*,
> If you keep to the *right*, you go *wrong*.'

Then I presume that *right*, in its sense contradistinctive to *wrong*, is derived in a like way.

Certainly in the same manner as *just*, from *jubeo*. He who is *right*, does as he is *directed*, as the *just* man acts as he is *ordered* (by law, human or divine, understood.) *Wrong* is that which is *wrung*, twisted or distorted from the right. Horne Tooke thought it improper to say

of the DEITY that 'HE is *right* and *just*,' inasmuch as that nothing is *ordered* or *directed* concerning HIM. I was always under the impression that the exception was properly taken, until I met with a passage in a work called the 'Religion of the Heart and Life,' which changed my opinion. Speaking of the divine attributes, the writer observes: 'HE (the ALMIGHTY) is also so perfectly *righteous*, so inflexibly *just*, as to be *compelled* by the infinite perfection of his nature, to reveal his wrath against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of man.' One would suppose that sentence to have been written for the express purpose of meeting and overcoming the philological divine's objection; an objection which has staggered many a good English scholar: but you are yawning!

THE HEAVENLY MESSENGER.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED IN ONE OF OUR VILLAGE CHURCHES A SHORT TIME SINCE.

THOU hast come, fair bird! on a mission of love,
Thou hast come from the land of light above,
And we feel a seraph is hovering nigh
When we meet the glance of thy gentle eye.

That a carrier-dove from Heaven art thou
We know by the spell flung over us now;
By the heavenly hopes in our hearts that rise,
By the yearnings strong for our native skies.

Thou hast taken thy place on the Holy Book,
And a joy it is on thy form to look;
For we feel that our pleadings *must* be heard
While thou lingerest there, thou beautiful bird!

Thou wilt fly away, our orisons o'er,
Thou wilt come perchance to this spot no more;
Yet sweet to us will the memory be
Of the hour, fair bird! when we gazed on thee.

Ay! sweet to think that it hath been given
To us to look on a child of Heaven;
A messenger sent in answer to prayer,
An emblem of peace dispelling care.

An emblem of peace — a glorious sign
That the Spirit of Beauty and Love divine
Hath this blessed hour descended to earth,
To speak to our souls of their heavenly birth.

To bid every cloud from our life depart,
To comfort the wounded and bleeding heart;
To bear above to the FATHER'S throne
The names of those he hath sealed his own.

INCOGNITA.

Albany Female Academy.

A COLLOQUY WITH MY PEN.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

O, SILENT solace of my lonely time,
Beloved pen! why so reserved of late?
Hast thou renounced all fellowship with rhyme,
And grown at once both rusty and sedate?
Art thou a-weary with thy journeyings o'er
The paper plain, and wilt thou go no more?
Or is thy jetty fluid all expended;
The standish dry? — or hast thou lost the art
Of limning well the passions of the heart?
Or art thou, like a touchy thing, offended
Because thou hast so long time been untended?
Do tell what is the matter; let me know
Why is 't, my friend, that thou behavest so,
And all thy grievances shall soon be ended.

II.

Stoutly the pen replied: 'Good master mine!
Thy willing servant 't is my pride to be:
Why chide me when the blame is only thine?
But seldom lately dost thou fondle me;
Seldom dost thou, with mild and musing air,
Doze dreamingly on thy accustom'd chair;
To spread the sheet but seldom dost thou come,
And in thy former firm, affectionate way,
Embrace me 'tween thy finger and thy thumb,
To note thy flitting thought. Wo worth the day
When I no more may share thy fond regard!
Who 'd wish to live when he no more is prized?
My throat is dry — my frame is oxydized;
Indeed, good Sir, you use me very hard!'

III.

Nay, faithful pen! somewhat have I to say
In my behalf. Mine is a busy life;
And man, remember, is a pipe of clay,
And often breaks while hardening in the strife
And fiery fury of this world's red oven,
And needs a time for soldering and cooling —
An idling-time, though he be not a sloven,
To mend his ways, and cease from self-befooling.
Then too remember, pen, the summer weather,
When every thing seem'd doom'd to melt together;
The mind, beside, may have its wintry season,
When feeling flags, and all the mental sap
Runs down into the root, and rhyme and reason
And thought and fancy take a quiet nap.

IV.

Remember farther, pen, I 'm growing older,
And lazier too, perchance, in my estate;
Or it may be, too much is on my shoulder,
And I bow down a little 'neath the weight;
Or I may think my wit has lost its salt,
If ever truly thus 't was impregnate;
Or I may murmur at the poet's fate,
E'en though he be the sinner chief in fault:
Be *what* the cause, say not I love thee less,
Nor chide me that I love thee not the more;
Some days like early ones may be in store,
When I again thy polished form shall press,
And I create, and thou daguerreotype,
The thinkings of my mind in every shade and stripe.

Philadelphia, September, 1848.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER THIRD.

——— 'A SWEET faced man; a proper man
As one shall see in a summer's day;
A most lovely, gentlemanlike man.' MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

MR. PHILIP GREY of Greysburgh, gentleman, was the personification of benevolence and good nature. A pleasant smile diffused itself over every part of his rather handsome face at all hours of the day; not one of those evanescent things which come and go like shine and shade, but a sort of perennial radiance as if it had been enamelled there to remain for all time. And he was one of the best of fathers, so every one said in the village. And as a brother, who could be more attentive than he to the little wants of his sister, Edla's Aunt Patty? (Behind the screen of this parenthesis, reader, a word in your ear. Aunt Patty is a maiden lady with a comfortable little property of her own,) while the parson himself was not more regular in his attendance at church. Beside, he always had a good word or a joke for every one, rich or poor, and when he was elected member of assembly, who ever took as much interest in the improvements of the village as Philip Grey? In truth life had passed pleasantly with him; although fifty and upwards there were no marks of care upon his face, and why should there be? His fortune was easy and so was his conscience (if it had not been remarkably easy perhaps his fortune would have been less so) while his temper was even and amiable. In a word, his character resembled the sculptor's model; externally the plastic clay, but internally upheld by strong immoveable iron bars; the rigid bars and cross-bars of Philip Grey was self-interest and when you approached that you could neither bend nor move him.

And now blessings upon the white table-cloth, and the shining tea

equipage, and the clear burning candles that light up the happy faces around it; let us view the family as they seat themselves to partake of the fragrant nectar which Aunt Patty, the Hebe of every feast, graciously dispenses. Aunt Patty! thou good-hearted one, how shall I describe thee, gentlest of virgins, that still kept trimming the lamp of kindness in thy ancient bosom!

Imagine, however, a little face peering from under a pair of silver spectacles, with a placid expression of good-humor written in as many lines upon it as there are wrinkles in a bat's wing, or needle-points in the first skimmings of a new frost on the surface of the water. She might be likened to dried rose leaves, sweet and withered, and this extended even to her dress, for her gown and cap-ribbons, and even her apron and quilted petticoat had a neat yet faded look, as if they had been pressed for many a year in drawers, like flowers in an old herbarium. On her right sits the lovely Edla, on her left plain John, and lively bright-eyed Philip, while the radiant face of Mr. Grey beams from the lower end of the table.

'A gallant affair that of Croghan's on the Sandusky,' said he to a young man who sat on his left, habited in a fashionable coat with a huge quilted silk collar, tight drab pantaloons and short white waistcoat, and if the table were not over them, you might see a neat pair of top boots. 'A splendid thing for a young major of twenty-one, and then Perry's victory too; it seems as if the young men were taking all the laurels from the old boys of the revolution. I think we can safely count upon a peace ere long, for John Bull has met with so many reverses by land and water that he will scarce attempt now to press any of his Yankee offspring.'

'And yet,' replied his guest, 'just before I left New-York I saw a leader in an English paper, which said 'a force of twenty-five thousand men was now ready to depart for America, and his majesty's loyal subjects might rest assured that in a few months the *refractory colonies* would be again brought under the dominion of their rightful sovereign.'

'Capital,' said Grey, 'by the way it is a wonder to me that our young neighbor, Harold Herrman, does not try to reap some glory in these times; he is just the man one would think ——'

'His sister,' said Edla, faintly.

'Oh! *his sister?*' said Grey, bending down his head and looking at Edla out of the tops of his eyes, and smiling a little harder than usual.

Now there was something in that smile not as pleasant as one would imagine, for Edla looked down at her tea-cup and blushed very much indeed.

'He was up then this mornin',' chimed in Aunt Patty. 'Alice was not very —— and we saw the soldier that Harold took care of over night, he fought with —— in all the battles, a very interesting man, but I could n't understand a word that —— he had a scar on his —— and only one thumb on both hands.'

Aunt Patty had a strange way of snuffing off the end of every sentence, whereby her ideas burnt brighter and shed more light on the

subject. The guest Mr. Mortimer Squiddy, looked at her with both his little contracted eyes in amazement.

'And who is this Harold?' said he with a perceptible sneer, raising his cup as he spoke, and elevating the little finger of his right hand so as to display a very elegant ring.

'The son of an old friend of mine,' replied the host. 'A very clever young man too; every one likes Harold; a little too friendly perhaps, with vagabonds and the like, but still very clever; his house is quite a curiosity, having been built at the close of the old French war; and if you are not too tired with your journey of to-day, we will walk over and see it after tea; I have a little business with him.'

'I am entirely at your service,' said Mr. Squiddy, adjusting his white cravat.

Meanwhile the soldier, who had partly recovered from the effects of his wound and 'deep potations,' was beguiling Harold with the 'battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed under the mighty conqueror of the old world. Schlauff, for that was his name, could speak a little English, and Harold had a partial knowledge of French, so they were enabled to understand each other.

'Ich vas at Smolensko,' said the German, 'mit Cherome Bonaparte ven come der Cossack. You know der Cossack? Vell, he come more as swenty tousand in der *neige*.'

'Snow!' said Harold.

'Vell, snaw — very fast come der snaw; *tout à coup* come der Cossack pr-r-a! pr-r-a! pr-r-a! swenty tousand lance; all round you noting see in der night er was so dunkel. Ve von Vestphalia all be hussar, all togedder. Come on der Cossack like der nu'e, black, kill! kill! kill! One lance troo mine side, one troo mine arm. Oh! mine arme Schwester! I say — den, I tink I vas det.'

'But you defeated them at last?' said Harold.

'Oh! oui — come Napoleon, den der cannon. Ho! swip de Cossack like notin'!'

And here Schlauff drew himself up and made a sweeping motion with his thumbless hand as if he had exterminated the whole Sclavonian race from Archangel to the Black Sea.

Voices were now heard approaching, and in a few minutes the smiling face of Mr. Grey made its appearance in company with the dapper little Squiddy.

'Fine old house this,' said the last named gentleman after an introduction. 'If I should make up my mind ever to live at Greysburgh what would you sell it for?'

'Sell it?' said Harold with a look that made the top-boots feel as if they would like to be off.

'Oh! ah! yes — not much land around it though; family house, homestead and so forth; money could n't buy it, I s'pose — perfectly right.'

'But Mr. Herrman does own some land,' said Grey, with one of his pleasantest smiles, 'and land that he does not know of either. Just before the death of my best friend, your father,' he continued, 'we made a purchase together in the city, the title deeds of which remain

in my possession. From year to year I have paid the taxes without calling upon you, Harold, and an opportunity now offers to dispose of it at a rate which I think will cover all expenses and perhaps give us a trifle more. At all events I feel justified in offering you five hundred dollars for the share belonging to Alice and yourself, which may clear me from any loss; and it remains with you to say whether or no you will accept of it.'

Harold at this unexpected stroke of good fortune remained silent for a time, and finally faltered.

'I fear that I can never repay these kindnesses; you have indeed been a father to me, and if I ever ——'

'Pooh! nonsense,' said Grey, with one of his blandest looks. 'Say no more about it. Come to me in the morning, and I will have the papers ready, or stay, come to dinner and bring Alice, we can then all sign at once; and now, good night.'

'Adieu, Mr. Herrman,' said Mortimer Squiddy, Esq.

'Kind, noble-hearted man,' said Harold, as he lay down to rest after his long vigils.

'*Legally*, the deed will not be worth a straw, as Alice is not of age,' said Mr. Grey, as he sought his down pillow; 'but once signed they will never contest it, and it is a clean twenty thousand beyond a doubt.'

CHAPTER FOURTH.

—— 'Your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace!' The Wife.

An unfortunate event denied Mr. Grey the pleasure of having the orphan children of his dear friend to dine with him on the following day. Alice was seriously ill.

'Something tells me that I should not sign that paper,' she said to Harold as he sat by her bed-side in the afternoon. 'I feel a dread, a misgiving, I know not what; and yet how can I refuse to do that which is so plainly for your interest?'

There is often a clear-sightedness given to persons in delicate health, as if they were purified from the grossness of humanity, and like

—— 'aërial spirits live insphered
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.'

Alice found it as difficult to get rid of the presentiment as to account for it.

'Do not think of me, Lily, it shall be as you please,' replied Harold; 'let us say no more about it!'

But they soon had occasion to speak of it, for a gentle tap at the door announced Mr. Grey.

'My poor Alice,' he said with a melancholy smile, 'how I have missed you to-day, and if this only had the power men think it has,' he continued, laying a small bag upon the table as gently as if it con-

tained blown-glass birds and tiny goblets, and Liliputian decanters; 'we should soon see the roses in your cheeks again.'

Harold made a motion as if he would return the money, but an imploring look from his sister stopped him.

'Have you the papers?' she said faintly.

'All ready, my dear; I brought them to save you any trouble; I am so anxious to give Harold a start in the world.'

There they were, spread out before her; the clear black letters as plain as day, and in the corner green and red, diamond-shaped seals. How pretty they looked!

'I have a commissioner below,' said Grey; 'might I ask to bring him up?'

A consciousness of the indelicacy of the proposal sent the blood up to Harold's temples.

'No, I will rise,' replied Alice, 'wait a few minutes in the hall and I will be there.'

'Oh! no, Lily — Mr. Grey — there is no necessity now,' said her brother.

'No particular *necessity*, but since I am here, and have walked all the way —'

'Certainly, I will rise, it is no trouble. You shall see how expeditious I can be,' she added gaily.

Harold and his benevolent friend walked into the wide hall.

'Stapleton!' said Grey, calling from the head of the stairs.

A little dry-looking man made his appearance, dressed in an iron-grey suit from head to foot, with iron-grey hair and eyebrows, and a cast-iron visage. Harold signed the paper, the gold was counted and lay in a glittering heap upon the table when the door opened, and Alice glided into the hall.

'My good girl! it will be necessary to leave her alone with Mr. Stapleton for a short time in order that he may ask if she signs with her own free will,' said Grey, as he took Harold's arm and led him down the stairs.

There was a pause of a few minutes.

'Help! help!' said the lawyer, 'quick! she has fainted.'

'Has she signed?' said Grey, hurriedly as he passed him.

A nod from the professional man.

'Open the window!' said Grey, 'let us carry her to her room. Poor, dear Alice, how unfortunate.'

'A sudden faintness, nothing more,' said the poor invalid recovering, and now I feel as refreshed as if I had awakened from a sweet sleep.'

Half an hour after, Mr. Grey was on his way home. A pleasant thought seemed to strike him.

'I would rather have the two autographs in this tin box,' he said to himself, 'than all the original ones of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,' and chuckling at his own facetiousness, he hugged the tin cylinder under his arm until it was nearly flat.

'When a man mourns inwardly,' observes a modern writer, 'it is bad for himself; but when he laughs inwardly it is bad for other people.'

CHAPTER FIFTH.

'NIMBLE mischance, thou art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it?' KING RICHARD II.

'EDLA,' said Aunt Patty, some weeks after the occurrences related in the last chapter, 'where do you go to-day, dear?'

'To-day, Auntie? Oh! I remember — yes, I am to show Mr. Squiddy the road to old Tishi's cabin, at the Horse-shoe Bend.'

'Well,' replied her aunt, 'always something or —— riding or boating with Mr. ——. These are your halycon days, Edla. What has become of Harold? — we scarcely ever see him now.'

'If he does not choose to come and see us,' said Edla, with the slightest possible toss of her pretty little head, 'whose fault is that? I am sure I do not keep him away.'

'I am afeard he does not like your going so much with Mr. S.,' replied Aunt Patty; 'and really I thought at one time that —— You know Harold is a great favorite of mine; he puts me so much in mind of ——, in the novel of ——. For my part, I think there is no comparative between the two; Harold is so attention to old people, and Squiddy talks of no one but himself.'

'But then his manners are so agreeable,' answered Edla.

With the gentler sex, this virtue, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. 'What a sordid person A. is!' 'True; but then his manners are so agreeable!' 'I think B. is a great egotist.' 'Yes; but then his manners are so,' etc. 'I do not know how you can tolerate C. after his shameful conduct to his brother.' 'Well, if it were not that his manners,' etc.

'His manners!' said the old lady; 'do n't you know that manners is only superficious? Harold has the real heart; I always knew he cared more for you than any —— and when you was little children, I used to call you Cupid and Physky —— and bless me! there he is now!'

A click of the garden-gate announced the visitor. In front of the house Harold met his father's friend, who was superintending the removal of a large decayed tree. 'Careful, now, men! take care! all together — *now!*' and down came the huge trunk with a tremendous crash, showering fragments of bark and broken twigs over every one.

'Ah, Harold, my dear boy! How is Alice?'

'A little better to-day, thank you. Is Edla at home?'

'Yes, but very busy; can 't see her now, my dear boy,' said Grey, with one of his blandest smiles; 'she is just preparing to take a ride with Mr. Squiddy.'

'I have a message for her. Will you tell her that Alice would like to see her for an hour or so this afternoon?'

'I can answer for her,' replied Grey; 'she will be away to the Bend nearly all the afternoon.'

'Well, then, to-morrow?'

'To-morrow we go to Binghampton.'

'And Wednesday to the city, I believe,' said Harold, as if a void were in the place of his heart.

'To the city,' responded his benefactor; 'Edla has promised to spend a few weeks with the mother of our guest. After we return ——'

'Yes, after you return,' said Harold, mechanically; then raising his eyes, he caught a glimpse of Edla. How beautiful she looked as she stood at an upper window! her round womanly form set off to great advantage by a close-fitting riding-habit. She gave a little tap at the window with her whip, then playfully made a low courtesy, and with a mock attempt to take off her hat to salute him, she disappeared.

When the rich man raised his eyes in his anguish and saw Paradise ——

But we will make no comparisons. Those only who *have loved* can estimate his feelings as he bade the father 'good morning' and strode down the little garden-path.

In spite however of the vigilance of Mr. Grey, Edla with Aunt Patty took an opportunity to call upon Alice before her departure to the city. They found the poor invalid alone in her chamber, her fine countenance lighted up with the pleasure of seeing her dear friends once more.

'I have brought you some jelly,' said Aunt Patty; 'some that I made in case of —— and if it ain't much, it 's all I 've got.'

'Thanks, dear Martha, for your kindness.'

'And I,' said Edla, 'have only brought a book; one that Harold lent me. As he is not at home, I will put it myself in the library.'

Away she tripped down the stairs, and with a timid step entered the little thought-temple. A pencil of light streamed through the tops of the half-closed windows and fell upon her gift — the tiny flower-vase. Opening the book-case with a beating heart, she laid the book down as gently as possible, for the very stillness of the place alarmed her, and turning round, with one hand pressed against her bosom, took a stealthy glance at the little accessaries of the apartment. A small ebony box stood upon the table; Edla raised the lid, and there lay a *glove!* — a soiled, worn glove, which she had given him as a keepsake years ago. She raised it and pressed it to her lips. One more look around — a hasty step is heard in the hall, and in an instant Harold stands before her at the very threshold of the study.

'Edla!'

'Harold! I declare, I did not think ——' said she, blushing and biting her pretty lip with sheer vexation.

'Edla!' said Harold, in a voice whose tones seemed to sink into the very deeps of her soul, 'I have something to say to you; let me detain you for a few moments.'

'I cannot stay now,' answered Edla, 'and if I could, not here!'

'Now and here, Edla — now and here! *The time has come!* All the bright recollections of my youth are interwoven with dreams of you; you have been the very sunshine of my life; without you

existence would be a prison-wall, shutting out the only thing for me to hope for — the grave! You leave for the city to-morrow; when you return perhaps it will be too late. Edla! dear, dearest Edla! need I tell you that I love you? Here, in this very room, I have pictured to myself the outlines of a great hope; circumstances have brought the picture nearer, but beside it stands — Death!'

'Oh, Harold! do not talk so! Consider — it can never be — my father never would consent ——'

'And is that the *only* reason?' said Harold.

Edla looked down, her neck and face crimsoned with blushes.

'Edla! Ed-la!' cried Aunt Patty, from the head of the staircase.

It seemed as if Heaven with a whole troop of angels floated into Harold's heart as he took Edla's little hand and pressed it to his lips.

'Why, dear me! what a fine color you have got!' said her aunt as they left the house; 'hain't you found Harold's manners rather agreeable?'

Next morning Mr. Grey's new travelling-carriage rolled past the stone house; on the back-seat were Edla and her father, and on the front, Mr. Mortimer Squiddy. There was a wave of the little hand, two very polite bows from the gentlemen, a cloud of dust, a turn in the road through the woods, and she was gone!

For several days Harold seemed like one who had eaten the heavenly manna; a divine light beamed from his eyes, and spirits seemed to minister to him:

> 'Oh, Love! when womanhood is in the flush,
> And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
> His first breathed word and her half-conscious blush
> Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.'

'It can never be!' he murmured to himself; 'my father never will consent — never will consent! Can he refuse, when he knows that a daughter's happiness depends upon his decision? No, never! noble-hearted man! — this will be *no* obstacle!' With Harold the idea started up in all its strength, like the naked gladiator, who seizes sword and shield, and at once is armed and ready for the contest. Sanguine boy! dream on, while you may — while you may! dream on!

To the brother and sister, Aunt Patty was an argosy freighted with good tidings; every day she paid them a visit, and occasionally brought news of Edla; if no news, why then they *talked* of her; and dear to Harold's heart were the little memories of her niece as he escorted Aunt Patty home in the evening.

One day, when the time of Edla's return drew near, Harold (as was his wont after his usual labors,) hurried to the chamber of his sister. To his surprise, when he found Alice, her cheeks were suffused with tears.

'Dear Harold,' she said, putting her slender arm around his neck, 'I have bad news for you. Here,' she continued, reaching her hand behind the pillow, and drawing out a letter; 'oh! be calm — be calm, and read this!'

Harold read as follows:

'*New-York, October* 15, 1813.

'My dear Sister: I do not know whether you will be surprised or no when you read this letter; for you must have observed there was some little attachment existing between Mortimer and Edla while he was at Greysburgh. Since our arrival in the city Edla has been very much pleased with him, and yesterday the young spark had the impudence to ask my consent, at the same time giving me a statement of his fortune, etc., which is ample, as I very well knew. This morning Edla is all blushes and smiles, but not very communicative. I suppose all that remains to be done is to name the day, etc. Expect us home in less than a week; until then,

'Your affectionate brother,

'Miss Martha Grey.' 'Philip G.'

Harold read the letter over and over; then with a face as calm and white as the pure Parian, he said:

'You are still left to me, Alice — the last, the best, the only one!' And without another word he went to his little study.

There is an anguish so intense that death, even in its most appalling form, would be a relief. Hour after hour passed, and he scarcely waked or slept; a fiery cincture seemed girded around his heart, burning, burning, burning! Shapes started up from the earth, and vanished in air like flame-spray. The spongy ground beneath shuddered and rocked as if with an earthquake; phantoms beckoned and mocked him with shadowy fingers; now he seemed amid a wide tempestuous sea of ashes, lurid with distant fires, and roofed with rolling vapors! Oh, that he could die! oh, that the fires would consume him! Suddenly he thought of Edla. There was a response to his thought, for voices answered 'She is lost!' Louder and louder it pealed through the vault; myriads of voices echoed it; anon it died away, and 'She is lost!' reverberated in thunder-mutterings in the distance. Then it seemed as if a storm of ashes poured down with bursts of flame. At last, tears — the scanty tribute of a bereaved heart — restored him to consciousness and the gray dawn of the morning.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!'—Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

The inhabitants of Greysburgh made quite a distinction between their two principal buildings. With due respect they had built the church nearly a mile off, upon some land given them by the public benefactor and town-sponsor; while, with marked contempt, the tavern was planted in the very centre of the village. The latter edifice exhibited the usual proportions of clap-board and shingle; a willow-tree was placed ingeniously in front, so as to throw all the shade in the middle of the road during the heat of the day; while a hoarse-throated pump on one side, and a swing-sign with the following inscription:

'THE SUSQ
UEHANNA,
HOTEL BY
J. FLOC[illegible]'

gave life and variety to the picture. In the interior, the bar was built after the most approved style of fortification, being a complete palisado of round upright wooden bars, behind which frowned a heavy armament of black bottles, charged to the muzzle with grape; and a little square, stubborn-looking stove, grim and gray with age, stood sentinel in the middle of the floor, winter and summer. These, with the addition of green asparagus bushes in the white fire-place, an episcopal convention of flies, four farmers, smoking silent pipes around the cold stove; a few specimens of mammoth corn on the walls, and our old friends Bates and Ludolf Schlauff, comprise the fixtures of the 'Susquehanna Hotel.' Schlauff, since his recovery, had become a boon-companion of the melodious sergeant. Evading the proffers of his benefactor, he preferred loitering around the tavern, patching up a precarious existence with such chances as fortune threw in his way. A profound silence reigned in the bar-room, broken only by the buzzing of the flies, or the occasional 'Phup! phup!' of the aforesaid smokers.

'I swow!' said the sergeant, looking out of the window, 'the Grey's is hum! I see their carriage up at the gate thar.'

'Grey?' said Schlauff, with a malignant gleam in his drunken eyes; 'd——n Grey! I kill him some time!'

This heterodox opinion was derived from the following circumstance. A few days before his departure to the city, Grey had employed the Westphalian, with other extra hands, to assist in grubbing up the stumps of some trees on one of his distant fields. It is customary upon these occasions to provide a jug for the use of the laborers, filled with what is classically denominated 'bald face,' or 'old brown whiskey.' Schlauff, who had been on many a foraging expedition before, kept his eye on the precious vessel, and observed that it was carefully deposited in a secluded place. He, being naturally of a retiring disposition, modestly withdrew from his companions, was soon saturated with 'bald face,' and in consequence dismissed by his employer with certain tender marks of regard, which could scarcely be called 'complimentary.'

'Pooh!' said the sergeant, 'don't be a fool! School 's eout!' he continued; 'here 's the boys! I 'll go and tell little Phil. his father 's come hum; I guess he don't know it.'

'Little Phil.' had been a great favorite with the sergeant ever since the day he told him 'he liked his singing even better than sister Edla's.'

Schlauff pitched himself off the barrel he was sitting on, and walked after the sergeant. 'Dis is one of de Greys, hey?' said he, seizing the little fellow by the ear.

'Let go the boy!' said the sergeant; but Schlauff only pinched the tighter, while the child screamed with pain.

'Let go, I tell yer, you brute!' said Bates, taking him by the arm, and striving to get his finger loose. It was of no use; the soldier's hand was like iron, and with the obstinacy of a drunken man he refused to release his hold.

The piercing screams of the child seemed to reach the occupants

of the carriage, for Grey came round and looked down the road. Perceiving his child in the grasp of the drunken ruffian, he seized a heavy whip from the box and ran toward the tavern.

'You had better go,' said Bates; 'here comes the old man.'

It was too late. In an instant Grey was upon him. A blow with the butt of the whip felled Schlauff to the earth, and the exasperated father beat him until he was exhausted.

'I 'll teach you to touch a child of mine!' said Grey; 'and now go and tell *your friend* at the stone house, you scoundrel!'

With this parting request to the insensible soldier, he bore the little fellow in his arms to the house. If the truth must be told, Grey was not in the best of humors: there was not a smile upon his face.

The next day was Sunday. A distant church-bell sent its clear notes spreading abroad over the valley, like odors wafted from an opening rose. The German, with a dark, livid weal over one eye, and in a battered condition generally, made his appearance at Harold's early the next morning.

'I vill your rifle take, vor der deer,' he said.

Although unconscious of the events of the preceding evening, there was something so deadly in the expression of *that* face, that Harold's heart almost ceased beating as he answered:

'My rifle? Not to-day, Schlauff; it is Sunday.'

'Ich care no. Deer vill come Sunday, too.'

'You cannot have it, nevertheless. But what is the matter?—you are hurt!'

'Notin!' replied the Westphalian, 'den your powder will lent?

'Not to-day.'

'Vell den I go to Bates; he, no gun has do.'

So saying, he wheeled round and left the house.

Harold did not go to church that day. A vague dread of meeting with Edla, kept him at home. He saw the carriage pass his door and then took a stroll through the woods. It was almost noon when he returned, and was nearly home, when he observed a man at work with a spade at the bend of the road where it makes an abrupt turn as it runs through the forest. There was Schlauff! A powder-horn lay on one side of him, and he was so busy that Harold was at his side before he observed him.

'What are you doing here!'

'You shall see; dey luf *you* no better dan me.'

'See what?' said Harold, an idea of some injury intended to the approaching carriage, coming into his mind.

'Dis!' said Schlauff, filling the hole with powder. 'Now you will see sport when dey come — vere min fuse is?'

'Villain,' said Harold, grasping him by the arm; 'what would you do?'

In an instant Schlauff turned and struck him a violent blow in the face. Harold grappled with him; both were powerful men, but the younger had the strength of a giant. Down went Schlauff with Harold uppermost, struggling and tearing each other like wild beasts. On came the carriage.

'See Damon and Pythias,' said Grey, with a sweet smile.

Edla looked out, uttered a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands as the carriage rolled on. The conflict was soon ended: the German lay panting by the road-side, and Harold sought his home.

'This night,' said he, 'I will see her, perhaps for the last time, and from her own lips I shall hear the story of her heartless dissimulation.'

Slowly passed the day; the sun wheeled down behind the mountains, covered with his glory, and the night came on, dark and threatening. The last half hour of expectancy! who has not known it? Ages seemed compressed in minute-intervals, and the shadow of eternity rests upon the Present! The lingering moments scarcely move, time stagnates, and the heart stands still.

'Harold!' said Alice in her low sweet voice.

He motioned her with his hand to be silent, for he feared he would not hear the distant church-bell. 'Hark! it comes — swelling upon the wind and dying away in echoes among the hills.' He went forth into the dark night. As he neared *her* house, some one passed and touched his arm. It was Schlauff! He could not see him, it was so dark, yet he *knew* that it was him. 'Never mind,' he gains the garden gate, the door, and the servant ushers him into the parlor. How many little forget-me-nots clustered around every thing in that parlor. A sheet of music lay upon the piano. It was a *familiar piece*, and the melodies of past times stole into his heart. Hark! a step — a light step — then another; the door opens and Edla enters with her father.

'I have permitted my daughter to see you this once,' said Grey. 'She has informed me of the proposal you have had the presumption to make her, and you shall hear from her own lips that she *declines* the proffered honor. Is it not so?' continued he.

A faint inclination of the head signified Edla's acquiescence.

'Besides, the scene we witnessed this morning! — disgraceful enough at any time, but on the Sabbath — Mr. Herrman!'

'Mr. Grey!' said Harold; but his pride would not permit him to make the explanation.

'Apologies are useless, Mr. Herrman.'

'I have none to make,' said Harold; 'and it is only the remembrance of former kindness which prompts me to forgive the insulting expressions you have just made use of. As for you, Edla!' he continued, in a softened tone, turning to the terrified girl, 'it is the last time that I shall cross this threshold. Yet I shall still think of you not as you are now, but as the *little girl;* the dear companion of my childhood; the playmate of my sister Alice; and now — farewell! forever!'

Harold was a powerful man, and there was something in his eye which imposed silence upon his father's friend.

As he left the door he observed a red light in the direction of his own house. Down the garden path with the speed of wind, and through the woods — great God! it is too true; the smoke was pouring in a thousand jets through the roof, and the wing was in a blaze! Hastily bursting open the hall door, he rushed up stairs, stumbled over

something in the entry, and amidst a dense cloud of smoke, sought for Alice. She was gone — *the bed was empty!* Blinded, suffocated, frantic, he retraced his steps in the pitchy darkness. A thought struck him; he staggered to the hall, and found upon the floor the lifeless body of his sister. To carry her into the open air was a moment's work, but it was too late: her spirit had departed, and Harold stood alone in the world.

Still the fire roared and blazed and sparkled; lighting up the opposite banks, glaring upon the river, and making the huge vine around the elm appear to writhe and move like a molten serpent. People from the village crowded to the place; buckets filled with water from the river passed from hand to hand; some dash into the burning house and return laden with furniture, while amid the tinkling of glass and the cracking of burning beams the smoke uplifts itself and rolls away in dense volumes over the reddened water. Still roars the flame; the roof falls, scattering showers of sparks into the murky night, while high above, a flock of wild-ducks sail slowly toward the south, reflecting the light upon their bodies, as if a cluster of topaz hung suspended in the bronzed sky.

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The cold light of the stars shone through the rifts of a deserted cabin near the burning house. There lay the remains of Alice, and beside her, on his knees — Harold Herrman, the last of his name.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

'One human glance of grief upon the grave
Of all that fortune gave
The loiterer takes; then turns him to depart,
And grasps the wanderer's staff, and mans his heart.' SCHILLER

'How did it originate?' Every one was full of conjecture next morning, and no one could give a satisfactory answer. The fire evidently commenced in a wooden addition, or wing, at the end of the main building, which had been used as a work-shop and store-room for farming implements; 'but how?' No fire had been in or near the place for many months; old Almy, the cook, nurse, and general house-maid, slept in the kitchen, (a little stone building apart from the house;) before retiring, she had put out her fire, as usual, and when awakened by the smoke, saw the end of the house in a blaze, through the window; the kitchen was untouched. Old farmers gathered in groups around the smouldering ruins, and with many a grave shake of the head surmised improbable things; boys clustered at doorless and windowless apertures, or peered among the ashes, seeking for scraps of old iron, blackened nails, and the cause of the conflagration. The town-sponsor was the busiest man upon the ground. After proffering the use of his house to the bereaved brother, which was declined, as a kind but poorer neighbor had offered him an asylum, he examined into the causes of the fire, asked questions of every one, consulted with the old, assisted the

young to carry the remnants of furniture, and made himself as useful and popular as possible.

'Mr. Grey! Mr. Grey! look a here! — see what I 've found; look what 's cut on the bottom on 't!' said a boy — one of the treasure-seekers — holding up, as he spoke, the burnt and blistered end of a powder-horn. He looked, and saw 'I. BATE" ' carved in rude letters on the wooden bottom.

'Ike Bates! Where is Bates?'

The sergeant was soon found, his coat off, working with all his heart.

'Bates,' said Grey, fixing his eyes steadily upon the blinking light-houses of the sergeant, 'is that your property?'

'I 'll be darned if 't aint! I loaned it to Schlauff yest'- d'y mornin', and — I swow! where is the critter?'

In the confusion he had not been missed before, but now it passed from lip to lip, 'Where is Schlauff?'

No one had seen him since the fire. The sergeant and Grey exchanged looks; they understood the whole matter at once.

'Keep still,' said Bates, in a low voice; '*he is the man!* — and I 'll fetch him to-night, tew; ef I do n't, I wish I may be ——'

'Hush!' said Grey; 'no swearing ——'

'D —— d!' said the sergeant, emphatically.

There was a little, square-built, rugged, ragged fellow among the crowd, Theophilus Tippin by name, usually called 'Tot Tippin' for the sake of euphony. The sergeant and he had been 'ancient, trusty, drouthy cronies' until the arrival of the German, when Bates had abandoned his old and tried friend for the sake of the new one. Tot could not be called a handsome man, although he was as true as steel. His hair grew in gray blades over his crown, one of which came down in a Napoleon-like point on his os-frontis; two others flattened themselves upon his temples, and the remainder of his sparse sedge curled up at the back of his head very much like a drake's tail. Moreover, he was short in stature, spare in leg, and wide in hip; round-shouldered, strong-armed, and although charitable to a fault, he seemed to have no bowels; while certain small pellets of wax on his bony hands, and a peculiar crook of the little finger, indicated the genus — shoemaker!

Perhaps there was a consciousness of ingratitude lurking in the sergeant's heart, for he looked abashed when he went up to his old friend. 'Tot,' said he.

'Oh! is that you?' said the little man, quite coolly.

'Yes; I want a leetle of your help to-day, Tot, and I want to borrow your gun.'

'I 'm busy,' said Tot, shortly.

'Wait till I tell yer,' answered the sergeant; whereupon he took him aside. The shoemaker's face was like a moving diorama while listening to the sergeant's story. Now it widened into a plain, then contracted again; now his brows hung over his eyes; anon they sprang up into the middle of his forehead like a pigeon-trap; then he gripped his hands and clenched his teeth; and finally, taking the

sergeant by the arm. he said 'Come on!' and so led him off the ground as rapidly as his short legs could travel.

It was nearly noon when the two friends reached a narrow part of the Susquehanna, about ten miles above the village. At this place the scenery is singularly wild and romantic. On either side, the hills, denuded, gray and sterile as the sierras of Spain, rise in abrupt masses from the river, or roll in vast undulations, like congregated billows, toward the north, covered with dense forests, beautiful in all the variegated hues peculiar to autumnal foliage. Cultivation seems arrested at these natural barriers, and the only indication of humanity is yonder rude cabin of logs, whose tiny column of smoke threads its way upward in the still October air.

'Hev you seen any body up this way?' said Bates to a man who was busy felling a huge sycamore which stood near the cabin.

'Yes; a man took breakfast with me this mornin'.'

'What kind of a man?'

'Well, he was a curis-lookin' critter. I seed he had on'y one thumb——'

'Warn't I right, Tot?' said Bates; 'did n't I say he would keep clear of the settlements? And which way did he go?' continued the sergeant.

'Up toward the Unadilla,' replied the man, pointing with his axe. 'Won't you stop to dinner?'

'We hev suthin' in the basket, and no time,' was the short-hand response. 'Come on, Tot!'

That afternoon a funeral procession passed over the little rustic bridge at Greysburgh. Without pall or hearse, a rude coffin, borne upon the shoulders of four men, was carried to the burying-ground on the west bank of the river. The customary rites are performed, the body lowered into the grave, the sharp-cutting spade is at work, cold earth drops upon her breast, and Alice sleeps in peace by her mother's side, in all her purity and gentleness.

'Harold,' said Grey, taking him by the arm.

The brother unclasped the hand, and released himself.

'Harold!' said Aunt Patty, with streaming eyes.

He looked at her — took *her* hand, and pressed it to his lips — one last gaze at the grave, and he turned toward the deserted world, without a relative, without a friend, without a hope!

Meanwhile Bates and his taciturn companion pursued their way. Roads there were none in this unsettled region, and the only route was beside the stream. At last they came to a place where the sandy shore terminated abruptly. The Susquehanna here gathering itself in a dark and narrow volume, rushed with great rapidity between two perpendicular walls of rock. A natural foot-path along the side of the cliff afforded the only passage for the travellers. Cautiously threading this in single file, they had reached about half-way to the summit, when Bates stopped.

'Do you see, right down below us there, a dark patch in the water, where that tree is skimmin' round, eend-foremost?'

'Yes.'

'Waal, that's 'The Devil's Pocket;' that's whar I caught the big trout more'n tew years ago.'

'Ah!' said Tot, drawing a long breath; 'and how are we to get round that rocky p'int afore us?'

'Keep close along; there ain't a mite of danger, ef you do n't fall.'

Clinging to the side of the cliff with their hands, they passed the point, when Bates seized his companion by the arm, and said in a low whisper:

'Hush! there he is.'

'Where?' said Tot.

'Beyond there — do n't you see — with his back toward us?'

Tot looked and saw nothing but a huge tree, whose gnarled roots grasped the bare bosom of the cliff, while two vast and leafless arms uplifted themselves as if in defiance over the dark water that swept below.

'Do n't you see, close by the bank there? Give me the powder, the gun aint primed.'

'Oh! yes, I see him now,' said Tot; 'but you aint a goin' to kill him, be you?'

'*Kill* him? did you ever see a man in prison with a ball and chain to his leg?'

'No.'

'I 'sposed not. Well, I 'm a-goin' to fix this cunnin' little ball to *his* leg, so that he can't run; that 's all,' said the Sergeant, chipping the flint. 'But where 's the primin' agin? the touch-hole 's tew big.'

They crept up cautiously until within a short distance of the German.

'Hallo!' said Bates.

Schlauff sprang to his feet. Bates raised the gun and pulled the trigger; an unexpected explosion followed.

'Blast the gun! if 'taint blown the lock clean off!' so saying, the Sergeant threw it down and ran along the narrow ledge after the fugitive. There was not a moment to be lost. Schlauff gained upon the old man; reached the tree, and seizing a projecting stump, attempted to swing himself around it, when the limb broke off in his hand, and he fell backward into the dark water. Bates and Tot looked down in the abyss; they saw an arm thrust itself up; a face glared upon them; then sank again, as the bubbles swept around the rocky point and disappeared.

'A — h!' said the Sergeant, with a long-drawn sigh, 'I feel kinder sorry for the poor critter, arter all. It 's nat'ral enough to wish a man harm when you are hot-foot arter him, but when it comes to the pint you almost wish he war'nt hurt. It's jest so in war. I never seed a wounded red-coat but what I always felt as ef he was my own brother, and I 'd do jest as much for him.' 'But Tot,' continued he, changing the subject, as if ashamed of the sympathy he had exhibited, 'that gun of your'n! that are 's a nice gun! Ef it did n't come nigh making a one-thummer of me, jest like him, (pointing to the water below) then my name aint Ike Bates, that 's all.'

'Can't he get out?' said Tot, whose thoughts, drawn down with Schlauff into the whirlpool, had not yet come to the surface.

'Get eout? Yes he may, but it will be on t'other side of the world, I guess, among the anty-podes; nothin' that gets in the Devil's Pocket ever comes eout agin at the big end, that I know.'

It was nearly morning when the weary travellers reached the village. The blackened walls of the burnt house stood up in bold relief from the dark gleam of the river. Every puff of wind swept a sheet of sparks from the smouldering timbers; blue flames puffed out and subsided again, and embers like living eyes glared at them from among the sepulchral ashes. Tot and the Sergeant held their breath as they hurried past. Suddenly they stopped; a tall figure in a gray riding-coat, mounted on horseback, sat motionless as a granite block in front of the ruins.

'He has escaped!' said the horseman, in a voice which they recognised to be Herrman's.

'Drownded!' was the laconic reply.

'You think so, but it is not so; years may intervene, but — no matter,' said he, abruptly. 'Bates — Tot — I thank you, and now good-bye.' He grasped their hands, then turned from them, and in a few minutes they heard the dull sound of the horse's hoofs crossing the wooden bridge below.

They went on in silence; a dreary stillness rested upon the slumbering village; in the East a heavy cloud lay like a pall over the distant mountains, where dawned the cold and spectral morning.

'Here we are — hum,' said Tot, with a feeling of relief.

A repetition of raps aroused one of the inmates of his little homestead. The upper half of the door opened and revealed a light held aloft by a bare and withered arm. Under the light was a night-cap, and under the night-cap a pair of sleepy eyes, a little peaked-up nose, and a mouth drawn into a contracted *O*, as if it had *thought* 'Who's there' and had n't quite said it.

'Tot, is that you?'

'Yes, Betsy — good night, Bates;' and the lower half of the door opened, then both halves shut, and the sergeant was left to pursue his way alone in the dim twilight.

'The only fault I find with Tot,' said he, 'is this: he haint got no more manners than a shote; that 's all.'

The sound of a horse trampling over the bridge was heard again, and the solitary horsemen rode by the elegant mansion of Philip Grey, Esq.

'It is for the last time,' he said, as he looked toward the chamber where she lay sleeping — unconsciously sleeping, in loveliness and peace. 'The last time,' he repeated; 'and now, oh! whither?'

. . . .

A LITTLE more than a month has elapsed. The first snow rests upon the mountain summits that girdle the Susquehanna. A month is but a short time, and yet the blue ocean lies between that wanderer and his native valleys. When will he return? Perhaps never!

'I wish,' says the reader, 'they would not publish these stories in numbers. It is so tiresome to be obliged to wait a whole month, and even then perhaps not reach the dénouement.'

'Kind reader'— I wish I could say most patient reader — do not refuse to the poor author his only consolation. *You* read his story, perhaps to him a work of ceaseless toil and anxiety; you dissect it with the keen scalpel of criticism. You examine — compare — perhaps condemn. What can he do in return? Nothing but this: *he can keep you a whole month in suspense;* and oh! blessings upon all Magazines! this is lovely retaliation!

THE REAPERS.

BY J. CLEMENT.

I.

Already white for harvest
The fields before us lie,
And who are they, the reapers,
The sickle keen to ply?
They 're not alone the heralds
That labor in the van;
Each chosen one is summoned
To quit him like a man.

II.

There still are humble gleaners,
As in the days of Ruth,
Yet should we all be reapers
In the golden fields of Truth.
And while the sun in splendor
Along the zenith rolls,
O gather in the harvest
Of ripe rejoicing souls.

III.

Shun not the noontide fervor,
Fear not the threatened rain,
But while the sun is shining
Still load the groaning wain.
Each drop of sweat that moistens
Of sacred toil the field,
In heaven will be an ocean
That endless joy will yield.

Buffalo, September, 1848.

A DIRGE FOR MARY.

BY ORETTA.

I HEARD a wail amid the echoing hills.
There Autumn lay at twilight's gray decline,
And her tears dropped within the murmuring rills.
I heard her sighs upon the moaning air
As to the listening stars she told her plaint.
Her melancholy brow and streaming hair
Were crowned with yellow leaves, and on her breast
Drooped the pale children of the golden Spring.
All night she sobbed, and one by one caressed
These fading widows of the sunny hours,
And ever and anon, I heard a cry,
'The beautiful is dying, SHE must die!'

The beautiful is dying, buds and flowers.
Gone are the golden days, the fragrant airs,
The silent dews, the soft and nursing showers:
The noontide holocaust 'neath summer's sun
Will rise no more, nor shall the sound be heard
Of murmuring insect when the day is done,
No zephyr sporting by may linger now
To fan her forehead with its viewless wings,
Or lift the tresses on her gentle brow:
Beneath the sod where summer's lifeless blooms
Send up a damp faint odor, she must lie;
The beautiful is dying, SHE must die!

She came with them, a frail and lovely thing
When buds were bursting, rainbows arching high;
In the fresh morning of the smiling Spring,
When Hope new crowned, took Joy to be his bride
And angels left their homes to linger here.
Earth was so lovely in her new-born pride.
Then, like an iris on the brow of heaven,
Shone her bright smile, the harbinger of love,
And the brief beauty to the earth was given
Which now must perish, crush'd before its prime.
All its sweet life exhaled like a soft sigh:
The beautiful is dying, SHE must die!

The beautiful is dying: Naiads mourn
And Hamadryads wail among their trees,
And birds sail on and think not of return.
Stern Winter's frowns are blackening in the North,
And slowly he unrolls his cloudy pall
To cover the dead face of drooping earth.
Then SHE must die! SHE must not live to know
The cold and storm, the wind and blight and change,
But with the pale flowers we must lay her low,
Deep in the softness of their grassy bed.
Has not the mandate echoed from on high,
'The beautiful is dying, SHE must die!'

Why mourn her flight? She was not born to stay;
Like oceans ships, that stop at some green isle,
She had but lingered in her onward way.
Like the far mountain's echo, sweet, sublime,
Yet closing as we listen, like a day,
But not a fadeless day of golden prime.
Like the sweet dreams of childhood, blithe and gay
But short as lovely; like the brief bright flash
Of momentary joy; like the quick ray
Shot from the glory of a shooting star.
Thus, was she lent a season from on high
But with the beautiful, She too must die!

Autumn! wail on; in desolation lie!
Give to the winds thy saddest, sweetest plaint,
For never more shall She who now must die
Print in thy dews her footsteps. They shall come,
Thy other children, and thy fragrant ground
Shall oft be covered with their dewy bloom.
But not for her; oh! never more for her
Their sister, shall they smile a welcome here,
Or neath her gentle breath their leaflets stir!
Mourn Autumn on thy tinted hills afar,
And let thy mountain music soft reply,
The beautiful is dying — She must die!

Baltimore, September 30th, 1848.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

Having been honored by Commodore William C. Bolton, commanding United States Naval Force on the West Coast of Africa, with the appointment of secretary, a six months' acquaintance with 'Ship and Shore' induces me to hope that some brief extracts from my journal will not prove without interest to your readers. If I shall not have succeeded in making the narrative acceptable on the score of incident and variety, I feel warranted in saying that on that of fidelity and truth it possesses claims to belief and confidence. My story opens with a visit ashore in the island of St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verds, and is entitled

A TRIP TO THE VALLEY OF TRINIDAD.

Tuesday, October 26, 1847.— Lieutenant T. R., the purser and myself, left the ship (the well-known and noble sloop of war Jamestown) on an equestrian trip to the valley of Trinidad, some seven miles from Porto Praya. The day was bright and favorable, although the air was close and the sun hot. After a considerable delay in procuring horses and making our preparatory arrangements, having been joined by Lieutenant V. A. of the Boxer, we sallied forth upon a set

of horses, few of which would answer as racers or for cavalry service. However, we managed to get on by dint of blows and use of spurs, composing a cavalcade rich in variety but not in grace. Our route carried us through a hilly and sterile country at first, but soon the green vale of Trinidad opened beneath, and the soil was covered with the productions of the climate; on our way I dismounted to take the dimensions of a Devil Tree, about a mile or so from town, and found it to be at least forty feet in circumference. We only saw one decent looking farm-house during the whole distance; all the rest being miserable thatched hovels, worse than our worse quarters on a Maryland or Virginia plantation. We halted at one of these roadside settlements, the country seat of a man named Castro, who is the owner of a long white beard, a number of mulatto and black natives, a group of dirty mud shantees, and a large portion of the valley. He produced some liquor for our entertainment, very strong and very unpalatable, manufactured from the sugar cane, grown on his estate, and we were stared at for the brief period of our visit by the scantily dressed population of the villa. Continuing our journey, Mr. V. A. and myself, the others of our party having preferred the route at the bottom of the ravine, followed the steps of our black guides, and bearers of our grub, up the steep hills which hem the valley in. Our road led us over a rough, steep and narrow path, and my eyes were attracted by the novel appearance of surrounding objects, the oranges shining yellow and golden-hued, thick as pears and apples among us at home; the cocoanut, banana trees and pawpaws and sugar cane, growing tall and fruit laden on every side. It was indeed new and strange to me to see trees and fruits, with us considered rarities, carefully nurtured and preserved in hot-houses and under cover, so common and abundant, and their produce sold and distributed as the lowest-priced fruit or vegetable in the new world.

We soon reached the spot fixed upon as the scene of our lunch, near an old chapel where service is given about thrice a year by the priest of Porto Praya. We found that the rest of our party had arrived, and were busy with preparations for the feast. We were soon surrounded by a gang of 'sansculottes' gentry, attracted by the novelty of our appearance and the hope of sharing in our grub and money. They grinned with delight whenever we gave them scraps of food, and drafts of our ale and whiskey. One old darky, the weaver of the place, who plies his primitive and homely manufacture in a small hut adjoining the chapel, whom some of our party dubbed with the cognomen of 'El Padre,' became the 'Ajax Telamon,' the hero of the dirty gang, showing his white teeth and imbibing the 'strong water' with a zeal worthy of a better cause. Having concluded our rural repast, we turned our horses' heads shipward, and took an affectionate adieu of our sable friends. Halting again at Castroville, with an addition of several other officers to our party, in merry mood we galloped on our returning path, making the hills and dales ring again with the tramp of our steeds and loud huzza as we swept on gallantly into town. And then, after lounging about awhile, and being gazed at by a motley, though no doubt admiring crowd of dingy natives,

we hied gayly to our boat, and soon trod again upon the deck of our gallant ship.

MONROVIA—KROOMEN.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.—As we were standing in with a fair breeze, and about five miles from the Cape, a small speck upon the waters was discovered, and reported to be a canoe of Kroomen. Pulling rapidly toward us, we soon made out five of these worthies, naked and unadorned save with straw hats, necklaces and bracelets. With a skill and quickness of movement, showing how expert they were with their oars, after securing their frail boat alongside four of them stepped aboard, and were forthwith surrounded by an admiring group of spectators. They were fine looking, young, athletic negroes, a little more decently clothed than when in their 'dug-out,' wearing an apron round their loins, and the indispensable old straw-hats upon their woolly heads. One sported a lofty cap made of monkey skins, and looked quite imposing in his native bravery. Another wore beside large ivory bracelets on his wrists, a silver medal round his neck, which he said he had inherited from his father, to whom it was presented by the Colonization Society, as a faithful servant of General Ashmun. Some one or two of them spoke broken English, and produced from their hats, a kind of portable and economical trunk for these primitive navigators, written scraps of dirty paper, testimonials of their having served aboard men-of-war and merchantmen. One of them insisted that we were the 'Jimtown,' having, as he said, served aboard on her former cruise along the coast. The fellow with the monkey-skin cap and necklace was evidently the dandy, the 'beau nasty' of the squad, and looked more in face, whiskers and general appearance, costume excepted, like one of our own blacks than I could possibly have expected among the native Africans. They gave us a specimen of their dialect while I was standing near, and a more uncouth, wild, unlearnable one I am yet to hear and wonder at. I had hardly concluded my hurried examination of our visitors 'in black,' ere we were surrounded by quite a little fleet of native canoes, and our decks soon ornamented by some couple of dozen additional specimens of African humanity. Stalwart frames, shining skins, straw and monkey-skin hats, bracelets, necklaces and charms or 'griggries,' appended on their brawny breasts, splendid rows of snowy teeth, and a remarkable limited supply of wardrobe. Such was the group that clustered in picturesque simplicity on our decks, 'the observed of all observers.'

The commodore having kindly suggested that it might be agreeable to me to accompany 'the flag' on an official visit to the authorities, I was too eager to tread terra firma once more, and see what was to be seen, to allow the opportunity to pass without profit; so Lieutenant R., the purser and myself were soon and safely landed at the foot of the hill, called Cape Mesurado, and on the extremity whereof, looking to the ocean, the light-house is erected. We were all struck—at least such of us as trod the land for the first time—at

the number, size and greenness of the trees, and the freshness and luxuriance of vegetation, which extended even to the water's edge, and pronounced the scene to be pleasant and picturesque.

ASHORE AT MONROVIA.

We had scarcely put foot on shore, and landed dry-shod, most luckily, through the surf that foamed and roared upon the low sandy beach, when we were honored by the presence of some dozen inhabitants of the Kroo village, a quarter of a mile ahead. Escorted by our dusky friends, we made our way along the narrow strip of land which separates the grove and hill from the water. Passing through a little Kroo town, composed of low, straw-thatched, mud-walled, dirty huts, and sheltering dirty-looking people, where we saw some of the 'lords of creation;' but owing to the domestic and retiring habits of the 'fair sex,' whose modesty kept them squatting inside, with their sweet families around them, not getting a good sight of these specimens of Afric's dusky daughters, we trudged on, ever followed, and oftentimes rather unpleasantly pressed upon, by our too attentive escort. We soon discovered that our train was useful as well as ornamental; for lo! a pond or broad canal is spread athwart our path, and to attain the other side of this dark Rubicon we must fain entrust ourselves to the broad shoulders of our suite. Then we splashed on through the marshy pool, with us three helpless youths not over gracefully perched upon their shoulders, clasping in not too affectionate embrace their sturdy necks. But now the ford is passed, the perilous trial over, and we stand once again on Mother Earth, with naught but rumpled and soiled costume, glad to be relieved from our uncomfortable elevation. A scramble up a rugged hill and over a stony path brought us soon to the town of Monrovia, the metropolis of the new republic. I was agreeably surprised to find that several of the settlers had provided themselves with quite genteel and respectable-looking stone and frame two-story buildings, which would have done credit to many of our best country villages.

The governor or president, a bright mulatto, spare and delicate in his appearance, received us very politely at the Government House, and we enjoyed quite an interesting conversation with him and Dr. Lugeubel. The manners of President Roberts are dignified and genteel, making a favorable impression upon us from the start. I believe he is generally respected, and acquits himself well of all his duties. But as we shall see more of him, and learn more of the present state and operations of the government in further interviews with him and the other dignitaries of the republic, I will merely for the present observe, that in consequence of an election held in February last, eleven delegates were chosen to represent the people of the colony in national convention, that a new constitution was framed in July last, and other arrangements made preparatory to a 'Declaration of Independence,' which event came off on the twenty-fourth of the same month at Monrovia, with appropriate pomp and ceremony.

Colonel Hicks, 'aid' to the president, a gentleman well known to all those who visit this region, and whom not to know argues one's-self unknown, informed us, during a pleasant visit we paid him on our way back to the ship, that the ceremonies were 'grand and imposing,' and that his brother-in-law, whose name I did not learn, delivered a 'beautiful oration' on the occasion, graced as it was by military display and the presence of the 'fair' dames and damsels of the metropolis and surrounding settlements. So the republic of the 'Lone Star' has taken the initiatory steps toward assuming a place among nations; and that the experiment may succeed is my sincere aspiration. The first day of the coming year is selected for the new government to go into operation.

The Colonel, a native of Kentucky, remarkable for his elegant and high-flown style of thought and conversation, his fondness for epistolary correspondence, (and we have been already favored with divers rich specimens of his talents in that line,) and his friendly off-hand way of knocking off the handle to your name; and his worthy lady, a mulatto-woman from Baltimore, also remarkable for good washing, keeping a clean house and quite a respectable table-d'hôte, are very distinguished and prominent members of this new democracy. I propose to cultivate their acquaintance, and may perchance collect matter from my intercourse with the friendly Colonel and from other quarters to amuse and instruct my esteemed friends across the water. Having duly discussed our host's liqueurs, and enjoyed his original style of thought and conversation, we started at about eight o'clock for the ship, attended by our wild-looking escort, (attached to us by not being pre-paid,) lighted on our uncomfortable road by a sickly lantern, the foresight of our hospitable host, and carried by his trusty valet and factotum, Kroo-boy John. Stumbling on down the rugged hill and stony path again, we soon reached the perilous pool once more. Then did our dark porters step forth to present their broad shoulders for our service, and on we went through the foul water, plunging and shaking on our apparently unsafe support with feelings and fears of a ducking, easy to imagine but difficult to describe. You may fancy us, if you please, in our novel situation; and should my description prove too tame, fill up the picture to your taste, and pardon my deficiency. It would have been worthy the pencil of a Hogarth, or if you choose, the brush and genius of a Salvator Rosa, to put on canvass our strange and uncouth-looking group during the passage of the stream. Remember that the moon was not yet up, and the shades and dews of night, and an African night at that, lay dark, damp and dismal on the dense thickets and marshy soil. Perched on the shoulders of naked Kroomen, and shouting out many an useless caution and direction to our noisy escort, we adventurers were carried forward, the dim light from our lantern shedding a spectral ray upon the struggling, splashing, yelling group, just distinct enough to bring out into relief the strange character of the scene. Right glad we were again to escape from the rude but friendly grasps of our useful attendants, having safely passed through situations startling and picturesque.

The hour for retiring to their couches having not yet arrived, we saw groups of natives squatted in front of their miserable hovels, or peeping curiously from their dark interiors; and tired enough of their noise and dirty persons, and much fatigued by our expedition, we bade our friends adieu; and passing through the raging surf without accident or detention, were welcomed back on board the 'flag' once more.

AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO MONROVIA.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25.—According to arrangement, with a fine day to favor us, the commodore, captain, and several of our officers set out in the barge and gig, at about half-past nine, A. M. The ward-room supplied the first lieutenant, fleet-surgeon, 'flag,' the purser, marine officer, and your humble servant, and Mr. M. K. represented the 'young gentlemen.' Pulling very near to the 'Liberia Packet' and a Danish brig, which had come in the previous evening, we soon approached the bar, which nearly shuts in the mouth of the Mesurado river, where it empties into the bay. Under the skilful pilotage of 'the flag,' we got safely and comfortably through the narrow channel which gives a passage between the breakers; and though rocked and tossed about considerably in the heavy swell, and made closely acquainted with the surging music of the white-capped rollers, we were in due course of time brought into still water.

The approach to the town from the river affords quite a pleasing prospect. The ground rises gradually, and to quite a respectable elevation, from the water, and at this season looks green and refreshing. We landed comfortably at some wharfs where the merchants of the place have their ware-houses.

A small island, near the junction of the Mesurado and Stockton rivers, and a short distance from the main land and present town, was pointed out as the spot where the original settlers, who came from America in the ship 'Elizabeth,' some twenty-six years back, first established themselves, and found their position, though confined, well adapted for defence against the hordes of surrounding and hostile savages. I observed a sapy-tree near the path we followed up the hill, from which the natives procure the poisonous decoction used as a judicial test, or ordeal, to settle all personal disputes and differences arising among them. After the bark has been sufficiently steeped and the tea strong enough, it is forcibly administered to the patient, and if he gets stupified, and the effects thereby establish his guilt, he is knocked on the head with a club, and so sent to his final home.

A shower of rain forced us to put in at a settler's house on the way, and we were very politely received and treated by the occupants, a negro man and his wife, from Charleston. The shower over, we marched on, stared at by the admiring natives; for the glittering uniforms and cocked-hats of our party, nine in number, and the cortége which escorted us, composed of the 'oi polloi' of the place and

the ever-present Kroomen, were well calculated to make our procession imposing and picturesque. Arriving finally at the Government House, a large two-story frame building, with long porticoes in front, we were received by the Governor. We were soon agreeably engaged in conversation with him and several distinguished 'colored gentlemen' of Monrovia and Cape Palmas, who, with three whites, Captain Goodman, of the 'Liberia Packet,' Dr. Lugeubel and Mr. Hall, the son of the Maryland Society's agent, composed the company who were to assist in entertaining us on the occasion. After chatting awhile at the Governor's, we accepted the invitation of Judge Benedict, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and accompanied him to his residence, which is nearly opposite to the Government-House. The Judge, although but nine years a settler, is a rich and prominent citizen, holds a high and confidential office under the present government, and was President of the Assembly which framed and adopted the new constitution. He showed me a copy of their Declaration of Independence and Constitution, printed in Monrovia. I perused the latter hastily, and thought it a very liberal and creditable document. The residence of Judge Benedict, who is now a gray-headed man, well dressed, genteel and intelligent in manners and appearance, is of brick, and one of the best houses in town. It is well and neatly furnished, is as comfortable as some of our best country-village dwellings at home, and his library is respectable, with some good books on the shelves and tables. In order to get through the time which must elapse between noon and the dinner-hour, at three, some of the party strolled on to Colonel Hicks' mansion, and had the honor of enjoying the company of that great scribe and warrior and a pull at his good cogniac.

Upon our return to the Governor's we were joined by the different guests who were to partake of the dinner. I need scarcely say that our pull on the water and walks about town put us in prime condition to do justice to the gubernatorial banquet. In a short time the welcome invitation sounded in our ears, and with due form and ceremony we descended to the hall. The board was groaning under the smoking viands and savory odors, more welcome now than 'the sweet south, blowing over roses,' shed their grateful fragrance round. Then it was a sight well worthy beholding to see the varied aspect and circumstances of the scene. All hues, from the more than auburn locks and pale complexion of the writer, and the better personal gifts of his fellow white diners, through the light hair and skin of the Governor, to the dark color of a certain sable member of the medical profession of Monrovia, prevailed at our table. And yet, despite the striking contrast of the performers, and the novelty of finding myself playing knife and fork and hob-nobbing with 'gentlemen of color,' I was almost made to forget the fact by the gentility, propriety and good taste which prevailed at the entertainment, and the politeness, good sense and information exhibited by these new republicans. After paying all justice to the substantials, which were of good stuff, well cooked and served, and being really pleased and edified by the manners and conversation of our new acquaintances,

we were ready for the toast which the occasion required. So Governor Roberts arose, and glass in hand, proposed the health of our commodore, and expressed in a very handsome manner his sense of the compliment paid him by our presence, and the good wishes and kind feelings of himself and his fellow-citizens toward our country and ourselves. The sentiment was appropriately acknowledged and reciprocated by our commanding officer. Both toasts were drunk standing, and with all the honors.

Dessert and cigars duly attended to, the hour for our return drew near, and we took our leave, expressing what we felt — great gratification with our visit, and the kind reception we had experienced.

The governor accompanied us to our boats, and we were soon pulling again for the bar which seemed to be rougher than when we passed it in the morning. On coming near, we found that the rollers were coming in big and fast, each wave chasing like a winged steed its predecessor, and startling ear and eye with its roar and height. Again we are tossed upon the swell with foaming breakers on either side, and soon emerge, Captain Cooper, the trusty Monrovia pilot at the helm, from all this turmoil and commotion, making our course steadily to the ship. We are once more safe and sound aboard, and comparing notes, we find all well pleased with the adventures of the day.

I must not omit to state that the customary salute was made to the Commodore upon his arrival at the Government House, and promptly returned by the Jamestown's battery.

While strolling about town, beside the well known Kroomen we saw a number of the natives differing somewhat in appearance and costume from the former, and upon inquiry learned that some of them were Deys, the tribe who inhabited and owned the land where Monrovia is now situated, and from whom it was purchased by the settlers; and others, Congos, recaptured in the Pons, and landed here some two years back. These tribes do not associate with each other, and have different dialects. The Deys wear a fancy-colored shawl of cotton thrown over their shoulders, and falling around them in graceful folds, somewhat resembling the Roman toga. They seem to be much cleaner, and are a better-looking race than the Kroomen or Congos. The latter dress at times like the civilized blacks, and being apprenticed among the colonists, and associating with them, have been somewhat broken into traces, and are now delighting the good Monrovians by the zeal and spirit with which they enter into the revival or religious excitement which at present so absorbs the community as to suspend the issuing of the Liberia Herald, its editor being a divine, and one of the leaders of the excitement aforesaid.

Asking one of our Monrovia friends to-day about the marriage ceremonies of the Kroomen and other neighboring tribes, I was told that wives are universally purchased, some of them while infants. They are then handed over by their destined lords and masters, to certain old ladies who receive and educate the damsels, sacred from the sight and approach of the other sex. When their owners wish to take their spouses from this primitive nunnery (if I may mention profane and sacred things together,) or 'griggrie bush' in African

parlance, which varies from twelve to eighteen years of age in the happy partners of their joys, they give a grand feast, and after a public frolic, the two are one. The price of wives is fluctuating, and according to the personal charms of the lady. What their taste is in the matter of beauty I cannot say, but that there is a standard among these worthies is proved from the fact that a 'fine woman' costs four cows, and 'very fine,' two 'niggers.' Courtships, you will see, are not in vogue among these people, and the ladies are not I suppose very hard to please. There is no disputing about taste, but you need not admire their plan, nor I recommend its adoption.

In my account of the gubernatorial dinner, I omitted to say that our number at table was twenty-two, twelve white gentlemen and ten gentlemen of color, and that among them we find the names of Brander, father-in-law to Governor Roberts, and Vice-President elect, General Lewis, Secretary of State, one of the elegants of the metropolis, Judge Benedict, Doctor Prout, a very dark gentleman, in a very white shirt bosom and cravat, and owner of an embroidered pocket handkerchief and a pair of big professional-looking spectacles. Doctor Magill, Colonial Physician at Cape Palmas, his brother, the brother-in-law of the celebrated slave factor, the rich Canot, Major Brown, an emigrant from Virginia, and a few others, all of the upper class, the 'first circles' of the colony.

SADNESS.

I.

When the evening wind is sighing
In the solemn forest shade,
And the sun's last beam is dying
Over silent hill and glade;
Then my heart is sad and heavy,
And my soul is drear and lone,
For the wind and waves seem sighing
For the loved who cold are lying,
Who are gone — forever gone!

II.

When the night is dark and fearful,
And the chilly rain-drops weep,
And the moonbeams, pale and tearful,
Faint in shadows dark and deep;
Then most bitter is my sorrow,
And my cheek with grief is wan;
For the clouds seem with me weeping,
And the pale moon watch is keeping
O'er the gone — forever gone!

New-York, September 19, 1848. M. A. V.

STANZAS: HOPE.

BY S. T. CUSHING.

Thou of the silver wing!
Bright-glancing Hope, fair daughter of the skies,
Come to me now, and woo me with thine eyes,
As in my boyhood's spring!

Then kind indeed wert thou,
As I sat musing by the crystal rill,
Or climbed at eve high on some beetling hill,
To see the young moon's brow.

Thou camest to me there,
And whispered words of gladness in my ear,
And painted visions, beautiful to hear,
Of coming moments fair.

Along thy magic glass
I saw bright pageantries flit to and fro,
And palaces of gold, where gardens grow
With flowers of loveliness.

And all along the walks
Stood statues of the radiant gods of yore,
And fountains foamed o'er the mosaic floor,
And murmuring leaves held talks.

And there I saw divine,
Proud forms of female beauty sweeping by;
And all these things that shone so gorgeously,
All these were mine!

Then changed the scene anon,
And to the world I struck a silver lyre,
And, thou didst whisper, poured a fervid fire,
Like the true spirits gone.

Then shone I gay in arms;
Then ruling thousands through the potent voice,
By wisest counsels bade my land rejoice,
Unscathed by war's alarms.

In thee I had a home,
A bride of beauty, and a gentle band,
Twining around me closer, hand in hand,
Too glorious for the tomb:

For thy sweet fancies fair
Then never died; I could not give away
The creatures of the mind to mix with clay,
Or fade in empty air!

But they are gone, and thou!
Thy rainbow wing hath ceased at length to wave,
Thy gentle children all are in the grave,
Their dust is on thy brow!

But still this hast thou given,
To breathe a cheerfulness o'er common life;
To make each common scene with beauty rife,
And teach a faith in Heaven!

Columbus, Ohio, 1848.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

'The student resumed. 'I have been reading,' said he in a quiet tone and seemingly unconscious that he was wandering from his subject, 'I have been reading a few passages from Claudian, and the following lines strike me with more force this morning than they ever have done before. Let me repeat them to you; they state pertinently the matter which disturbs me and which makes me a denier.' Hegewisch read in a low but collected voice the following:

'Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
Nam cum dispositi quæsissim fœdera mundi,
Præscriptosque mari fines, annisque meatus,
Et lucis noctisque vices: tunc omnia rebar
Consilio firmari Dei —
Sed cum *res hominum* tanta caligine volvi
Aspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
Religio.'

'The student closed the book and looked at me inquiringly.

''The Bible,' said I, 'is full of this subject. It does not slide over nor evade it. We read in direct terms of the apparent injustice in God's management of the affairs of men.'

''The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor.'

''For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire.'

''There is a just man that perisheth in his righteousness, and there is a wicked man that prolongeth his life in his wickedness.'

''Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea are mighty in power?'

'Yet how distinctly are we assured of the great and final RESULT. How surely and how confidently does the Bible speak in vindication of the ways of GOD to man.

''Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know it shall be well with them that fear GOD, which fear before HIM.'

''But it shall not be well with the wicked.'

''Thou renderest to every man according to his work.'

''I have no patience with the subject,' interrupted Hegewisch, bitterly. 'Nor can I ——'

'The student stopped suddenly, and with a strong effort at self-control, he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, while a perceptible shudder passed across his frame:

''*I have blasphemed enough!*'

''You have forgotten the narrative,' said I, gently, without noticing his emotion. 'Pray finish it now before I leave you.'

''The narrative!' repeated Hegewisch wildly, and clasping his hands across his forehead, 'The Narrative! Ah! yes, I recollect; but where was I? Oh! I remember that too. Pardon me if I have detained you; but those lines from Claudian. Yes, the lines were running in my head.'

'And thereupon Wolfgang Hegewisch continued as follows:

'A few leagues from —— and still farther up the Rhine, stood the castle of the ancient lords of Richstein. A house at that time in high repute as well for its long line of ancestry as for the wealth and influence which was centred in its then present possessor. This personage had married late in life and was blessed with a single child; a daughter, to soothe the asperities of declining age. The lord of Richstein, and the Baron, my father, were friends. And it was understood between them that the elder son of the Baron should wed the young Meta of Richstein. Both were then in their infancy. The little Meta being nearly three years my junior.

'Time rolled along; the two children saw a good deal of each other, but when together they were quite too young to form any serious intimacy. Before Meta had reached her tenth year, the lord of Richstein was summoned to his last resting place. And on the year following, the same tomb closed upon his wife. Thus,' continued Hegewisch, 'was Meta left at a tender age an orphan, an heiress and the sole representative of an ancient and a noble house.

'The death of the lord and the lady of Richstein, struck me with terror; but the impression soon wore away, and when I learned that Meta was to be removed to another part of the country and receive her education under the direction of her aunt, the much respected and beloved patroness of the holy abbey of Rennewart, I rejoiced that the young girl would have an adequate protector, without thinking how prejudicial the remove might be to my own prospects.

'In short, I indulged in no prospects; I cared for none. The idea of marriage had never seriously entered my head. I had no

worldly cunning nor policy, nor shrewdness, none whatever. I was satisfied with my home and my means of enjoyment, and of course I was happy.

'I do not remember whether I bade Meta adieu or not, probably I did not. She was kept cased in deep mourning and shut up in the house after her mother's death until she went to her aunt. And before a twelvemonth passed new scenes and new associations had doubtless led us quite to forget each other.

'Only the Baron did not lose sight of the proposed alliance. He kept up a formal correspondence with the lady patroness which was productive of a letter every six months, in which the Baron inquired in courtly phrase after the health of the holy Abbey of Rennewart, the health of the lady patroness, and the health of the young lady of Richstein. To which every six months answer was returned in like courtly parlance, that the health of the holy Abbey of Rennewart (LAUS DEO) was good, the health of the lady patroness was good, and the health of the young lady of Richstein was good! Nothing occurred for several years to disturb the uniform current of events. Meta and myself had not met since the young girl left Richstein. Still our betrothment was held as settled both by the lady patroness and my father. I was about twenty. To this period I have given you a brief outline of my history and of that of Caspar my brother, and I have gone back only to make my story intelligible.

'Yes, I was about twenty. One morning as I was engaged in my own room, collating several favorite passages from ÆSCHYLUS, some one knocked at the door. I uttered some word of admission and Caspar entered the apartment. He came close up to me, and I observed for the first time that his countenance was pale and that he had the appearance of extreme dejection. I asked him to sit down, but he shook his head despairingly. I inquired what troubled him, and again he shook his head. I could do no more, so I remained silent until Caspar should see fit to speak.

''My brother,' exclaimed he at last, in a low and pathetic tone, 'my dear brother, I am the most miserable of creatures!'

'Completely astounded at such an announcement from one usually so calm and self-possessed, I was for the moment unable to reply.

''I am, believe me — I am, Wolfgang!' continued Caspar, 'and you are the only one to whom I can go; you — you — who will prove my enemy and my ruin!'

''For the love of Heaven,' I exclaimed, 'what mean you, Caspar, and why do you speak with such horrid significance?'

''T is true — oh, too true! Say — speak — tell me, Wolfgang, may I reveal the secret of my soul to you?'

'I looked the speaker anxiously in the face, but said nothing.

''I must, I will tell it to you, although it enure to my destruction!' continued Caspar. 'Know that I love Meta — Meta of Richstein — your Meta! And know too that my love is returned — that Meta loves me! I have uttered it; kill me if you will, for life is a burden to me! I will not prove a traitor to my brother; I cannot live without my love!'

'"Is that all, Caspar? Does your distress centre in this?' said I, in a lively tone. 'If so, take the girl and welcome; I wish you joy of her. Long may you live in the old castle of Richstein, and your descendants after you. So compose yourself, and for once in your life look cheerful and happy.'

'Caspar stood amazed. 'Are you in earnest, brother?' he cried, 'or are you sporting with my feelings?'

'"In earnest?—to be sure I am!' I replied. 'Come, I will sign, seal and deliver. Prepare your documents. How can I be in love with a girl I have never seen since she was a child?'

'"But the castle,' interposed Caspar, timidly, 'and the large tenures, the baronies, and——'

'"All, every thing goes with the bride,' interrupted I; 'so say no more about it, or I shall begin to think you care more for them than for your ladye-love.'

'Caspar winced a little under the last remark, but took no notice of it.

'"Documents in writing,' continued he, musingly, 'are certainly unnecessary, when there is as yet no vested right. Nay, in this case the right can scarcely be called inchoate, or contingent even; still, Wolfgang, as the world views things so strangely, and as none of us can read the future, may I trouble you, since you kindly offer it, to say something in writing to the effect that you relinquish all claim to the hand of Meta?'

'I hesitated. My suggestion had been made playfully, and here was a serious request for a written relinquishment! I could not but look upon Caspar as acting with his accustomed selfishness, and all my former antipathy toward him revived. But I was anxious to be rid of him. I took a pen, and wrote as follows:

'"My brother Caspar having become attached to the Lady Meta, of Richstein, and the Lady Meta reciprocating the attachment, I freely resign all claim to the hand of the Lady Meta which I may have in consequence of any betrothment by our respective parents.'

'This I signed and handed to Caspar. He read it, changed color, stammered, and looked at me suspiciously.

'"Is it not satisfactory?' said I, sharply.

'"O! yes,' replied Caspar; 'only I would suggest a trifling alteration, to save Meta from all embarrassment.'

'"I shall make no alteration. Take the paper, or not, just as you choose. As I have said, I resign the whole to you. I mean what I say. 'T is done!' Such was my indignant answer. Caspar ventured no more, but thanking me with assumed humility, he hastened from the room.

'The longer I thought of this occurrence the more mysterious it seemed. I did not doubt a moment that Caspar was influenced by ambitious and mercenary motives, but I wondered how he could have managed to meet with Meta, while she was at such a distance, and bring affairs to so serious an issue. However, I soon dismissed the matter from my mind.

'After this, Caspar was away from us much of the time. Father Hegel came rarely to visit him, and it would seem that their intercourse was becoming less frequent.

'Several months passed. The spring had gone, and summer was commencing. I had prepared to take several pedestrian excursions along the Rhine and into the regions adjacent. These rambles were made quite at random, pursuing as I did no fixed plan of travel, but allowing the caprice of the moment to lead me this way or that. In one of these hap-hazard excursions I strayed away as far as the old town of Rhineck. Fatigued by the exercise I had taken, I stopped at the first inn that presented itself, and securing with difficulty a small chamber to myself, I immediately retired. I slept I know not how long. After a season I was awoke by the sound of whispering near me, and opening my eyes, I perceived a stream of light across my apartment, which came from a crevice in the partition against which my bed was placed. The whispering which had disturbed me was continued from the other room. The parties were seated close to the crevice, and as I was so near to them, I could hear distinctly the following:

''Are you sure that it was he?'

''Yes, quite sure.'

''But was he coming here, do you think?'

''How do I know? I only know that I saw him. But if he was coming here, he has no idea that *Meta* is at the chateau. Beside, I have told you over and over again that Wolfgang cares not for the girl.'

''He! he! he!' and I could hear Father Hegel laugh a low, vulgar, discordant laugh, while I recognized in his companion my brother Caspar. 'The young cub has no love for carnage till he has lapped blood; so the youth knows not the volcano which he carries within him till his passions are roused. Let Wolfgang meet the young girl of Richstein, and then good-by to your claim!'

''I do not think so. What Wolfgang has said he will abide by.'

''When he discovers the cheat you have put upon him?'

''It will then be too late.'

'I could hear nothing farther, for the parties changed their position, and shortly after left the room.

'I slept no more that night. I saw that a villanous plot was laid to ensnare an innocent girl, and that I had unwittingly been made to play a part in it. New light dawned upon me. I felt older by years than when I laid down. I could now appreciate the worldly shrewdness of Caspar and understand the cold selfishness of his nature. Every thing was clear to me.

'*There it was*— the change from youth to man! The new energy, the awakened purpose, the first framed practical development; the harnessing in to the train that sweeps round the earth, laden with every imaginable object of human hope, and every imaginable desire of the human heart!

'I rose early on the following day. I expected to meet and confront my brother, and was prepared to do it. This was not to be,

however. He and his companion had taken their departure before I left my chamber, and no one about the inn could tell me whither they went. My next thought was to seek for Meta; but where was she to be found? Occupied with the idea, I started out, and walked on mechanically till I came to the town-gate. Producing my passport, I went through, and continued my stroll until I was entirely away from the suburbs, and surrounded only by pleasant green fields, through which were frequent lanes leading to the river. I turned down one of these, which led me presently to a spacious old mansion, situated a little way from the water, surrounded by a high wall. The entrance was protected by a large gate. As I came up, I saw a little boy upon the outside struggling violently to get it open. He had apparently strayed away and somehow got through the gate, but was unable to get back. Finding his struggles of no avail, he began to cry. I ran forward, and opening the gate, took the little fellow in my arms and carried him inside. At the same moment, a young girl came bounding down the path, and ran to the spot where I was standing with the boy. I never yet forgot a countenance that I once beheld, where the lineaments had become formed, and I recognized instantly in the beautiful and blooming girl before me the young Meta of Richstein!

'With remarkable grace and self-possession, yet with becoming modesty, she thanked me for the trouble I had taken with her little charge, who she said was placed under her care for a few minutes, and who ran off unperceived, giving her considerable alarm for his safety. I saw that I was not known, and I could not resist the temptation of preserving my incognito. Indeed, I knew not what to say, or how to announce myself. The longer I hesitated the more difficult it seemed.

'It was a strange meeting between two betrothed! Destiny had thrown us together, just then upon that day; when the air was balmy, the season delightful, and nature smiling. The water spirits too upon the bosom of father Rhine were sporting and playing pranks among the waters, and nymphs and fauns and fairies were revelling in the fields and through the bowers and around the wells and fountains of the old chateau, at least it seemed so to me.

'And I thought of my renunciation, and I wished that I had not written and signed it, and I was glad that I had framed it so cautiously, and I wondered what would be the upshot of the whole matter; and in revolving all these things in my head, I was standing stock still gazing upon Meta, but taking no notice of what she said nor of any thing else under the sun. But there I stood looking, looking and saying nothing at all.

'How long I stood in this way I do not know. I believe Meta spoke to me and asked if I was ill, or something of the sort, but I am not positive. When I recovered from my trance she was standing as much enrapted as I had been. A dim reminiscence was flitting across her mind, and memory was summoned to do its office. But the shadows were too fitful; they threw no certain trace across the vista of

the past; the glimmering disclosed only the same dim reminiscence. Meta was the first to speak.

'"Excuse me — you come I presume to call on the Baroness; but your countenance seems so familiar that I must ask if I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before?'

'"I have been often in Rhineck, but never at the chateau.'

'"Nay, it cannot have been in the town; but your countenance *is* familiar. You are some friend of our family?'

'"Then we may have met at Rennewart?'

'"At Rennewart; no. But this shows that you know me.'

'"Yes, I do know you, Meta of Richstein,' said I, slowly, and sadly. 'I only hope that you may not remember me.'

'"It is the young Baron of ——,' exclaimed Meta, suddenly, with a look first of terror, then of scorn. 'What would he here?'

'The air, just before so balmy, became oppressive; nature turned her smiles into a frown. The water spirits ceased their sports and plunged down to their caverns in the bottom of the river, and the nymphs and fauns and fairies left off revelling and slunk noiselessly away into the dark recesses of the woods.

'How different my first and second trance! Meta's voice brought me to my senses. She repeated in the same disdainful tone her former questions.

'"What would you here?'

'"I would expose a base and premeditated fraud upon myself and you. I would prove that we are the victims of an outrageous, a fiendish plot. I would clear myself from aspersions which I believe have been cast upon me, and explain whatever may seem to you deserving of censure.'

'"Of censure!' exclaimed Meta, scornfully. 'So it is but a trifling matter for censure when a nobleman of an ancient and honorable lineage basely insults an unprotected maiden over whose destiny he has control, through a compact of their parents, by bartering away his claim to her hand as he would to the service of a bondsman, and at the same time adding indignity to insult by mentioning as a reason for it his preference for another!'

'"False, false — all false!' said I. 'You have been deceived; and I have been traduced.'

'Spare your hypocritical excuses,' interrupted Meta, drawing a a paper from her bosom; 'read that and begone!'

'She handed me the paper. It was the same that I had given to Caspar. I opened it, and to my astonishment read as follows:

'"My brother Caspar — Having become attached to the Lady *Myra* of *Eberstein*, the lady *Myra* reciprocating the attachment, I freely resign *in your favor* all claim to the hand of the Lady Meta, which I may have in consequence of any betrothment by our respective parents.'

'A feeling of transport overflowed within me, as I looked upon this convincing proof of my brother's treachery. Not the sudden discovery of so wretched a crime in him could restrain it. I remained

calm, however, and after reading the writing twice ovre to mark the alterations distinctly, I handed it back to Meta.

'"Well,' said she indignantly, 'what have you to say now?'

'"That the writing is a forgery.'

'"Do you deny your signature?'

'"No! But if you will listen to me calmly for a few moments, I will prove the forgery to you.'

'"I will listen.'

'My explanation was short, but explicit. I detailed with exactness what occurred at the interview between Caspar and myself, so that Meta could understand that it was solely on her account that I had signed any thing. I described Caspar's earnestness and apparent sincerity. I narrated all he had said of Meta's attachment to him, and the wretchedness which the betrothment with me was causing both.

'I then came to the paper which I had myself written and signed. I bade Meta examine it carefully. I pointed out distinctly the several forgeries; first, where, by a new punctuation and a capital, I was made to address Caspar instead of naming him; second, the two alterations of 'Meta' to '*Myra*;' third, the change of 'Richstein' to '*Eberstein*,' and fourth, the addition at the end of a line where a space was left, of '*in your favor*.' The alterations were made with extraordinary skill, but were nevertheless apparent to a practised eye.

'I next told Meta the conversation I overheard at the inn, and the resolution I took of seeking her out and vindicating myself, though at the expense of exposing a brother's guilt.

'Meta was overwhelmed by my disclosures. We had remained standing all the time, she listening to me earnestly, while her face was at one moment completely crimsoned and the next bloodless and pale. As I pointed to the alterations in the paper, we stood still closer together, she holding one side of it and I the other. And I perceived her hands tremble and her eyes droop and her lips quiver as she discovered the irresistible proofs of this most foul conspiracy. How my heart warmed toward her as she stood agitated by conflicting emotions; how I cursed my previous indifference; how I wondered that I could have so long abstained from seeing and knowing the one with whom my destiny had been linked; how on a sudden was I touched by her extreme loveliness, her dignity, her grace, her modesty, her spirit, her pride and lofty bearing; how on a sudden did every perfection of womanhood seem to shine in her; every adornment of the sex seem to find place there. Meta folded the paper, handed it to me, and said in a low but emphatic tone:

'"I am satisfied. You will accompany me to the chateau that I may introduce you to the Baroness.'

'I assented, and we went on together, Meta declining with kindness my offer of assistance. On the way she informed me that the Baroness was her cousin, whose husband had died some years since, and that she had been in the habit of spending some portion of each year with her.

'The reäction attendant upon the discovery of injustice done to an

innocent party is not generally of a pleasing nature, but in this instance I am sure that our walk to the chateau was a happy one.

'I know not how it was, but although we scarcely spoke to each other, yet insensibly we slackened our pace, and were moving very slowly along the path. Somehow we walked very near together, although Meta had declined taking my arm — and I began to think that I was Meta's protector, and it seemed as if I could feel, away down in the bottom of my heart, that Meta's spirit was receiving support from mine; and then all nature was gay again, the water spirits and the Undines reappeared, and the nymphs and fauns and fairies set to work as sportingly as ever.

'We arrived at the chateau at last. I was ushered in, and Meta left me, to inform her cousin of my coming. More than an hour elapsed before either appeared. After that Meta and the Baroness entered together. Meta said nothing, but the Baroness greeted me with great kindness. It was evident that she had heard the history of the deceit practised upon me. After a while she took occasion to refer to it. She told me that Caspar had for several years been a frequent visitor at the chateau; that he had introduced to the lady of Rennewart and to herself a monk for whom he claimed a superior sanctity and holiness. This of course was father Hegel. That I was represented as having apostatized from the true faith, (I never had been a Romanist,) and was reckless and unprincipled in the extreme. As a proof of the former, the fact was cited that I had never thought even of inquiring for the Lady Meta or of seeing her, and that I would not hesitate to sell my claim to her hand.

'These insinuations were made gradually and quietly; not to Meta, for no opportunity was given for it; but to the Baroness and the lady of Rennewart. That after a season, they had been convinced, and had promised Caspar if he obtained proof of my *positive* indifference they would, with the consent of the Lady Meta, and of the Baron my father, consider him the betrothed of the young girl; that Caspar was finally allowed several interviews with Meta, in which I was traduced in the vilest manner; and to crown the whole, Caspar had called that very morning and left my written renunciation. That he had not as yet produced any consent from my father, but had promised to do so shortly. The Baroness went on to say, that she hoped I would add nothing to what I had already communicated, that she felt satisfied of my honor and integrity, and that Caspar had always excited in her mind distrust and apprehension. She concluded by informing me that Caspar was expected to return and dine at the chateau, and requested me to take such steps as to receiving him *as I* should think proper.

'The Baroness had scarcely concluded, when approaching footsteps were heard in the great hall, and Caspar was ushered into the room. He stopped quickly on seeing me, looked at Meta and at the Baroness, and turned deadly pale. He did not speak, nor show *any* other mark of excitement, but maintained his position, as if determined to be addressed before speaking to any one. It was too much for me to bear. I rose and came close to him:

'"Caspar,' said I, 'you are henceforth no brother of mine! Never again speak to or approach me. For the first and last time I heap opprobrium upon you. I am compelled to do it for my own defence. I call you forger, liar, knave! Your base plans are frustrated, your plot discovered, and you disgraced!'

'Before I had done speaking, Caspar's countenance had resumed its natural cool, sardonic expression. When I concluded, he glanced calmly around the room, gazed for a moment at the Baroness and at Meta, whose looks told him plainly what were their feelings, and then cast his eyes upon me, with an expression of mingled curiosity and scorn. Suddenly he nodded his head, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, muttered slowly to himself '*The monk was right!*' turned on his heel, and left the apartment.

'The departure of Caspar was a great relief to all. So speedy a termination of the interview, especially when we believed it to be decisive, removed a load of anxiety which, in spite of every thing, weighed upon us. Meta continued silent, but I knew that she felt happy and tranquil, because I felt happy and tranquil myself. The Baroness, however, had enough to converse about. She taxed my patience by narrating with great particularity Caspar's course from the commencement of her acquaintance with him down to that time. 'She could now see why he had said such and such a thing, and done so and so; she was sure Meta never cared for him; that Meta would say so herself,' and so on, and so forth; until at last I ventured to suggest that the subject might be unpleasant to the Lady Meta, (her words were daggers to me;) whereupon the Baroness remembered that she had forgotten something or other in her haste to receive me, and begged me to excuse her for a season. I was left alone with Meta.

'How it gladdened my soul that I had never seriously thought of her as my betrothed; for my heart was left free and untrammelled by any previous association, and I could feel like approaching her as if we had never been the subject of compact or conference. All the unhappy influences of a betrothment were thus obviated, while the circumstances connected with Caspar's villany insensibly drew us to each other. After the Baroness left the room, we took a stroll upon the river's bank together. We spoke not one word of the incidents of the morning; we conversed about ordinary and casual things. Very little served to entertain us, *for we were satisfied with each other.*

'Day after day passed, and found me still at the chateau. Day after day I lingered in the enjoyment of Meta's society, and dreaded lest any change should break the spell which held me entranced.

'Those are halcyon days,' continued Hegewisch, after a pause, 'the days of the first wish of love; the days when at last the object is found and the wish becomes a sensation; the days when as yet no words are spoken, but when in place of words there is that indescribable something in the look, in the manner, in the conduct of each toward the other, which is perfectly felt and appreciated, yet not quite understood, but which leaves room for delicious doubts, and exquisite

half-formed hopes, and gentle fears, and sweet questionings of the heart.

'But I must on. May the POWER which is mightier than I give me strength for this last trial!'

SUMMUM BONUM.

WRITTEN 'A LONG TIME AGO.'

'MAN never is, but always to be blest.' — POPE.

WHILE anxious mortals strive in vain
The *summum bonum* to obtain,
Each takes a different way;
Their aims are levelled in the dark,
Their arrows fall before the mark,
Or far beyond it stray.

The miser heaps up golden ore,
Surveys the glittering mammon o'er,
And thinks he 's gained the prize.
His bliss, alas! is soon destroyed;
His treasures vanish unenjoyed,
Or he repining dies.

Others pursue the path of fame,
And strive to gain a lasting name
By toiling up the ascent;
While the least blast that Scandal breathes
Mildews their never-fading wreaths,
And mars their true content.

Some men from wine to women fly,
And centre their felicity
In things that always change:
In search of constancy they rove,
Through all the labyrinths of love,
And still are doomed to range.

The fickle boy with double darts
A bitter and a sweet imparts
To every human soul;
With so much gall the honey 's mixed,
That, when we think our joys are fixed,
We loathe the tasted bowl.

GOD, who is love, decreed it so,
Lest we should fix on things below,
And never look to HIM
Who only has the power to bless,
From whom doth spring all happiness,
The fountain and the stream.

A BLACKSMITH.

PRIDE: A SONNET.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

When the first strugglings of our souls with Grief
 Are over, and her steel has pierced our hearts,
 There comes a comforter which ne'er departs;
And though it never whispers of relief,
 It helps our nature firmly to endure;
To bear keen sorrow with unwincing nerve,
Nor ever from defying scorn to swerve,
 And soothes the gaping wound it cannot cure.
Unconquerable Pride! — thine iron throne
 Shall stand within the palace of my soul,
 So long as suns and seasons o'er me roll;
And though I walk this barren world alone,
 Unblessing and unblessed, yet thy control,
Stern and unyielding, I will ever own.

1843.

A TALE OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

BY HARRY GARELESS.

'H——, did Dr. B—— ever relate to you any of his experience as a physician?'

'Never.'

'Nor to me. Suppose we ask the old man, some of these long winter evenings, to give us some passages of his medical life?'

'With all my heart. I 'm sure he 'll not refuse, and few men have seen more than he.'

And so my fellow-student and I agreed to ask the Doctor for 'a yarn;' for though we had already spent a year or more in his office, and his kind, affable manners had quickly made us feel at home with him, we had never heard any of his professional history. The opportunity was not long wanting; it was eagerly embraced, and we were not deceived in our hopes from his kindness. I have sometimes thought the good old man's vanity was a little flattered by the request; but however that was, he readily consented to gratify us.

'Some thirty years have passed,' began the Doctor, 'since I resolved, like many other young men, to try my fortune in 'the new countries' toward the South. For several years I had been vainly striving to gain a practice in my native city; but while I had many *friends*, and, though I say it, a knowledge of my profession seldom surpassed in young men of my age, I had no patients. A spell

seemed to be cast upon my efforts. Others were rising into notice, and even into fame, who I knew were in every respect my inferiors, while I could scarcely gain a livelihood. True, some of them made use of means to which I could not stoop, even for bread; but it seemed hard that I could not gain enough for even my scanty wants. At length, almost despairing forever of success, I resolved to seek it elsewhere. Adventurers of all sorts were turning their attention to the new territories on the Gulf of Mexico. The country was still wild, and almost entirely uncultivated; but settlers were rapidly pouring in, and rumor spoke loudly of fortunes acquired there as if by magic. The prospect was a tempting one; success seemed almost within my grasp; to remain where I was would be to starve. In short, many weeks had not elapsed before I was settled as a practising physician in the little town of M——, almost on the shores of the Gulf itself. A curious place it was, then; its inhabitants, though numbering only a few hundreds, seemed as it were the *débris* of the various races who had in turn ruled the land. Indians, French, Spanish, Creoles, were alike represented; and the morals of this motley population accorded well with the character of its members. But it was little to me who or what they were; from the position of the town its future commercial importance was inevitable, and a permanent settlement there I looked on as a sure guarantee of success.

'It was late in the fall when I reached M——. The winter passed pleasantly enough; and when spring arrived, I had the satisfaction of finding my prospects gradually brightening. But with the advancing season came a trial I had not anticipated. The epidemic of the South, the dreaded *yellow fever*, began to make its appearance. I had heard of this terrible scourge before leaving my home; its severity I well knew; but I had flattered myself that even should it prevail during my first summer there, a little care would guard against all danger. But that summer it came with unheard-of violence. Whether it was engendered by the vegetable effluvia from the newly-cleared forests, or sprung from some occult cause past finding out by human ingenuity — whatever its source, it was in our midst. Never before had it been so severe; nor ever, through the many years that have elapsed, have its ravages been so terrible since. For a time I hesitated whether to remain or to leave the town. All who could were adopting the latter course; hurrying away, any where, so they but fancied themselves safe. To stay seemed like facing certain death; to go, would be to abandon my patients, and perhaps to lose the advantages I had already gained. I resolved to brave it out; influenced partly, at least, by a sense of duty to those who looked to me, under God, as their only safeguard from disease and death. And I did remain, through the whole of that trying period, with disease and sorrow and death around me — meeting me at every step; my sole employment to strive against their fearful ravages. Oh! it is horrible to live thus, day by day, in the midst of pestilence! To go forth in the morning, sick at heart from the scenes of yesterday, with the thought that the morrow may perhaps find you too stricken down; to walk abroad at noonday through the

lonely streets, and hear no sound of living being save the dull echo of your own foot-fall; meeting none, except here and there an anxious messenger from the sick-bed, or the dead-cart hastily rumbling over the stones with its loathsome burden; to look with jealous distrust even on the gifts of nature, lest they prove a curse; to throw aside the tempting fruit, for fear it may sow the seeds of dissolution; to shun the gentle breeze of evening, lest it come loaded with the unseen messengers of disease and death, the noxious *malaria;* to tremble at each new sensation, dreading lest every transient pain prove the forerunner of the destroyer himself; and at last, worn out by such excitement, to fall into a despairing indifference, worse even than the fear of death, and in a morbid and sullen apathy to live on, careless of life; almost wondering when the fevered pulse and aching brow shall come to warn you too of your end. Yet such, for weeks, was the life I led. I have not exaggerated my fears, for it was not in ignorance that I resolved to encounter the peril; that I did escape has always seemed to me little short of a miracle. I had no lack of employment where disease marked almost every house for his fearful visitations. Yet it was like a mockery to visit the sick; for too often I could only confirm the bitter forebodings of those who watched by the couches of their friends. Day after day I went forth on my gloomy rounds, to return each night, weary and sick at heart, to my solitary chambers.

'I was young then; young in years, and young in my profession; but before that awful season ended, I felt the weight of many a year upon me. It makes me sad, even now, to think of those days. I have seen much sickness and sorrow in my life; I have looked upon affliction in almost every form; the bitter grief of the new-made widow — the anguish of the bereaved mother, 'refusing to be comforted' — the deep, silent agony of the manly mourner — all these I have witnessed, and I trust, with no callous heart; but never again sorrow like that of those days. A settled gloom was upon all within the town. A feeling, almost of fatality, spread itself abroad; too often the sure precursor of disease to the well, of speedy death to the sick; and when the destroying angel stretched forth his hand, no murmur followed; no weeping, nor lamentation; but that deep, dead grief, to call which *sorrow* were a mockery. The blow fell upon hearts already made lifeless by its anticipation; it only mangled them now.

'One evening, while the pestilence was at its height, I was returning to my office from a visit to some patients. My way happened to lie through a narrow and unfrequented street; little more, indeed, than a passage between two large thoroughfares, and bordered only by the old low-roofed houses of the Spanish times. The sun had almost set, and I hurried homeward to escape the damp vapors of night. At the end of the street, where it opened into a larger avenue, stood a small old house, built of wood, in the Spanish style, and now fast going to decay. A single opening in the side looking outward served to admit the light, for the sash was long since gone. The door, stained with the gray rust of age, had half fallen from its

broken hinges; a board hung loose here and there from the side, and damp, greenish moss encrusted the mottled shingles above. I passed close to the door, and unsettled, excited as was my mind, I could not repress a mournful feeling as I looked upon even this common appearance of decay. As I stepped into the street, my ear caught what seemed a faint groan, apparently issuing from the wretched hovel. I stopped and listened; the sound again reached me; a low, prolonged groan, as though of a man almost exhausted by bodily suffering. I turned and tapped gently, but no answer was made. Confident that some one was within, I determined to enter; and pushing open the crazy door, passed the threshold.

'A glance showed that I had not been mistaken. I had entered a small, dark room, whose bare floor and scanty furniture gave tokens of poverty, if not of distress. Not far from where I stood, upon a low bedstead, lay a man, evidently in the last stage of the fever. His large, dark eyes, now rolling wildly around, now concealed by the livid, quivering eye-lids; the coal-black hair that lay in matted masses over his forehead, and the natural swarthiness of his complexion, convinced me that he was of Spanish blood. His features had once been fine; the thin, but well-defined lip, the slightly aquiline nose, the high, full forehead, were still there — the wrecks of his manly beauty; but the seal of death was set upon them. The clear brown of his complexion had faded into a ghastly yellow; the *livery* of his destroyer. His features were rapidly assuming the sharp, fixed outline of death; and the unnatural brilliancy of his sunken eyes, when he was excited, contrasted with the dull, vacant stare that followed, like a flash of lightning at the dead of night with the doubly oppressive gloom it leaves behind. So rapid had been the progress of his disease, that he still retained the outward signs of great physical force; but the strong man was bowed down at last; a child might have mastered him now. He was not alone. At his side knelt a female figure, with her face turned from the door, apparently engaged in some office of kindness for the sufferer. The noise of my entrance caught her ear; she started suddenly to her feet, and turning toward me with a gesture of horror, exclaimed:

''Not yet! oh, not yet! He is not——' and then, as if perceiving her mistake, suddenly stopped, and burst into a passion of tears. An involuntary shudder came over me; for I well knew the thought which had flashed upon her as she heard the foot-steps of an intruder. She had thought the dead-cart was at the door.

'I have omitted one feature in that season of wo, which may serve as an index to all its horrors. So frequent had the deaths become, that except in the case of the few in better circumstances who remained, even the common decencies of burial were abandoned. It became impossible to observe the solemnities of a funeral; friends were absorbed in their own grief; even money had lost its all-potent persuasiveness. Some way of removing the dead must be found; and at length the last expedient of a plague-stricken city was adopted. Each day through the deserted streets there went from house to house the DEAD-CART. An old slave was induced to undertake the

task. Wherever he bent his footsteps echoed the appalling summons, 'BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!' One by one his burden was made up; one by one, from the very arms of childless mothers, of heart-broken widows and desolate orphans, they were deposited, without coffin, without shroud, in his charge, to be conveyed where in one common receptacle they might return to dust.

'I was by this time too familiar with such scenes, not to attribute to its true source the emotion of the woman before me. A glance at the sick man was enough to convince me that there was little hope for him; my only thought was to afford what temporary relief I could, and if possible to remove her. I advanced to the side of the sufferer, and in a few words explained to her my hopes of giving him aid. For a moment I addressed her unheeded; but when I spoke of *him*, her face was no longer hidden from me. Brushing back abruptly the dark tresses that fell on either side upon her neck and shoulders, she bent upon me from her tearful eyes one long, beseeching look, and in a voice broken by sobs, implored me to save her Pedro; if— if it were not, (the word seemed almost to choke her in the utterance,) too late! 'I will try,' I said; but when I saw the agony that rent her young heart at the very thought of his death, my conscience smote me for seeming to encourage a hope that must so soon be deceived. She had spoken in Spanish; and her appearance indicated that she was of Spanish descent. She was not beautiful; yet I have seldom seen a face which so impressed itself upon me. Her complexion, the olive tint peculiar to the races of the south, had lost the flush of health for the pale hue of sorrow; her dark eyes no longer sparkled with the brilliancy of youth, and their deeply-fringed lids dropped tears

> 'As fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum.'

'Of her features I have little remembrance; I can only recall the expression of her countenance, as with choking sobs she appealed to me for aid. But once since then, have I met with such a countenance; it was in a painting by some one of the old masters; Mary at the foot of the Cross.

'I turned to the sick man. He lay in a sort of stupor; the result, however, rather of physical exhaustion than of the disease itself. The parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over his temples; and the feverish pulsations beneath seemed like the dull beating of a muffled drum ushering him onward to the grave.* His hand, as I took it up, fell heavily into mine; a faint motion of the closed eyelids, and a half-audible 'Gra-ci-as' from his pallid lips, as I bathed his forehead with a lotion from a pocket-case, were the only signs of consciousness he gave. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and an expression of pain passed over his countenance; he seemed about to speak; but as I bent my head to catch his words, his whole frame shook, as if in a spasm, and the harsh, dry *hiccough* burst from him. The last spark of hope was extinguished; for no human aid could now avail

* THE Doctor was a great lover of American poetry.—H. C.

him in his struggle with the last enemy. She too understood its fatal meaning; an ashy paleness overspread her features, and overwhelmed by the approach of a blow the very thought of which was agony, she could no longer restrain her passionate grief. As she bent over him, clasping his hand to her breast, tears and sobs were mingled with her heart-rending exclamations!

'"He will not; oh! he cannot leave me! Pedro, you will not die; tell me, you will not forsake me!'

'The sufferer made no reply; but the convulsive workings of his face, and the sudden clenching of his hand in mine till the blood almost started, bore witness to his emotion. I strove to console her, but in vain; my efforts were frantically repulsed.

'"I will not be comforted,' she said; 'how can I live if he die; who is left to me but him? He cannot — he *shall* not die!'

'But the king of terrors was not thus to be deprived of his victim. Each moment he grew weaker; the intervals between the terrible spasms; for such they certainly were; were gradually diminished, and their violence increased. Once or twice he essayed to speak; the half-formed syllables died upon his lips, but I could catch the word 'Maria.' Her name was uttered with his dying breath. At length the hiccough ceased. A calmer expression settled upon his features; his eyes closed gently, as if he were disposed to sleep. Wondering at a change so sudden, and apparently so favorable, she looked up at me as if for an explanation, and again at him. A moment after, and with one choking gasp for breath, she swooned upon the floor. He had ceased to breathe.

'I raised her at once, and applied what restoratives I had with me. Long and anxiously I watched for some sign of returning life; and yet I almost hoped it might not be; for what now was life to her? Slowly and painfully she revived; but her glance was without meaning as at first she looked about her. As I followed it round the room, our eyes at the same moment fell upon a new object. The slave of whom I have spoken; he who buried the dead, had entered unperceived; how or why I know not, and was standing by the bed. Even as we looked upon him, he stooped over the body, and as if satisfied that life was extinct, laid his hand upon the still muscular arm. A shock, as if from a powerful battery, thrilled through the seeming corpse; the eyes unclosed, with a fixed and glassy stare; slowly rising from the bed, it assumed a sitting posture, the arms opened wide, and an instant after the horror-struck negro was clasped between them in an embrace like that of death itself. Then their grasp relaxed, forever; and with a cry of horror the terrified negro burst from the room. I stood almost stupified, till the noise of a heavy fall recalled me to myself. Maria lay near me on the floor; a scarlet foam oozed slowly from her mouth. I was alone with the dead.

'I returned home; and for many weeks after that evening friends watched by my bedside night and day. The constant excitement to which my duties had exposed me, and which the scenes of that evening especially had produced, re-acted on my nervous system. The

consequence was a dangerous illness; and when I recovered, the frosts had set in, and the pestilence was gone. But the wealth of the Indies would not have tempted me to pass another 'sickly season' in M ——; and before long I bade adieu to the south.

'But, Doctor,' I asked, 'who were Pedro and Maria?'

'I never knew more than I have told you. In a remote corner of the cemetery at M ——, a little mound marks the place where they lie. There is no monument; only a small marble slab rests upon the turf; and upon it these few words are cut:

'IN THEIR DEATHS THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.'

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JACK BRAGE.

'OH, tell me not of festive hours!' — 'THE LAMENT.'

I.

OH! tell me not of festive hours
Among the happy and the gay,
Nor wreathe for me the summer flowers,
Whose hopes and joys have passed away:
The smiles of pleasure's glittering throng
Are for the gay and happy only;
For them are dance and mirth and song,
Not for a heart so sad and lonely.

II.

My thoughts were once as light of wing
As e'er were plumed in Fancy's flight;
My heart had known no sorrowing,
But dwelt in Hope's all-radiant light.
Now, like a bird with plumage torn,
Victim of some unpitying blast,
It sits in sorrow, and forlorn,
Broods over the unhappy past!

III.

To festive scenes then woo not me,
But when her garland FRIENDSHIP weaves,
Oh! let her seek the cypress-tree,
And pluck its dark funereal leaves!
For scarce a hope on earth is mine,
And disappointment's emblems only
Are fit that thou shouldst haply twine
To match a heart so sad and lonely!

THE ANCIENT GODS.

BY R. M. STODDARD.

I.

Alas! ye are no more, ye gods of old!
Shorn of your ancient splendor, pomp and sway,
Realmless and sceptreless, ye waste away—
Forgot, like perishing things of mortal mould;
Ye have no temples now, no robéd priests,
No gorgeous shrines, or mystic oracles,
No sacred groves, or haunted grots, or wells,
No festivals or feasts;
Ye moulder in the dim and solemn Past,
Beneath the shadow of Oblivion's wings,
Where early creeds and fables, monstrous things,
And all the lumber of the world, is cast;
Where all things false have gone,
And all must go at last.

II.

Jove lies confounded, with a sullen frown,
Hurled from Olympus, bound with linkéd bands,
Grasping his thunderbolts with nerveless hands,
And sighing o'er his crown;
Imperial Juno sits with haughty mien,
Fallen, but still a queen;
Stern Pallas turns her Gorgon on Decay,
But all in vain; its power has passed away;
And soft-eyed Venus languishes apart,
Her golden tresses streaming on the ground,
Her bosom bare, her pearléd zone unbound,
Unclaspéd by the beating of her heart,
And solemn Cybele, with turrets crowned,
Lies like a stately temple fallen low;
And Dian, huntress of the silver bow,
Shorn of her crescent, roams the darkened plain;
Wing-footed Hermes, god of cunning thieves,
Sits fettered, striving to unloose his chain;
And Ceres, garlanded with withered leaves,
Droops like a sickly autumn o'er her sheaves;
And rosy Bacchus lies beside a vine,
Wreathing a ruined fane embowered deep,
'Mid heaps of empty flagons stained with wine,
Drunken, and fast asleep;
White-handed Hebe holds a cup of gold,
Heavily sculptured, rich with jewels bright,
Snatched from the Olympian treasury in her flight—
Jove's drinking vessel in the days of old;
Apollo, glorious with his locks of fire,
Sits sighing o'er a stringless, broken lyre;
Mars strides disarmed, with horrent crest a-field,
Smiting in ire his red ensanguined shield;
And all the mighty Titans, wan and pale,
Lie overthrown in bruised and battered mail:

And fauns, with cloven heels and shaggy coats,
And rough and frisking satyrs, horned like goats,
Huddle with PAN in Lethé's lonely marsh,
 Forlornly listening to the moaning reeds;
And PROSERPINE and PLUTO, grim and harsh,
 And NEPTUNE, with his trident hung with weeds,
And sweet AMPHRITE, with her dripping locks,
 Old TRITON with his shell, the Nereiads fair,
 And all the nymphs and river-gods are there,
Leaning on empty urns among the rocks;
And all the dryads, with their crowns of green,
 Driven from Arcadian forests, wail aloud;
And coy and laughing Oreads, seldom seen,
 Glimmer and fade in wreathing mist and cloud;
And poor old SATURN plucks his beard of snow,
And gropes his way in darkness faint and low;
And burthening Fate with many an awful curse
Wails o'er the lost and godless Universe!

III.

Fallen! forever fallen! Time will bring
 Much of the Past to light; old sciences, arts,
 The rude creations of its mighty hearts,
And many a grand and many a lovely thing;
But never you, ye gods! — your day is o'er,
 Your power, forever more:
As the first idols of the adoring mind,
 Groping in ignorance in olden time
 Untaught of GOD, yet loftily inclined,
Glowing with holy fires and thoughts sublime;
As early gods ye had your part to play,
As early gods, ye filled your destined day,
 And then ye passed away:
Faded, to let a better faith succeed,
Vanished before a purer, holier creed:
GOD's spirit left the world of old, to show
The folly of its wisdom; false and low
Were man's conceptions of the DEITY;
And false and low they must forever be,
Till Heaven reveals itself within the heart:
And Priests, time out of mind a juggling crew,
Seized their conceptions and embodied you;
Shaping and moulding with the nicest art
Gods for a sinful world, impassioned with
 Love, Hate, and Falsehood — every thing that stirs
The evil mind of man — a sensual myth,
 That pandered to its sensual worshippers.
 And even the wisest men
 Could reach no higher then;
Old sages pondered in that darkened time,
 And mused in dreams and reveries profound,
And climbing loftily in thoughts sublime,
 The ladder of creation, round by round,
Even to the eternal stars, those watchers bright,
 Guarding the walls of Heaven, no farther trod,
But reeled and tottered, giddy with their height,
 And lost in clouds the clue that led to GOD,
And fell to earth again, as mortals must,
And grovelled in the dust;
 Nature was but a blind and erring guide,

Groping in darkness toward the source of light;
She could not lead her followers aright
In paths unknown to her, but wandered wide,
Lost in a labyrinth till Heaven in love
Sent star-eyed REVELATION from above
To anoint and take the scales from off her eyes,
And lead her to the skies!

IV.

At last the hour arrived; the hour foretold
By heaven-directed seers in days of old,
And GOD was manifest below, and truth,
That fled the sinful world, in Nature's youth,
Came back like morning through the gates of night,
And filled the earth with light.
Then you, ye gods! began to fade away,
Shrinking and trembling in your lofty fanes,
And all your sacred nymphs and vestal trains,
And all your robéd priests, with cunning gray,
Heaped dust upon their heads, and rent in wo
Their robes, and wailed your solemn overthrow:
And lo! the hour when CHRIST was crucified,
Fulfilled and sealed your doom, and earth denied
The sins and idols of her early years;
And bowed with shame and tears,
Tottered along the pathless realms of space:
And hoar Olympus, shaken to its base,
Disowned and cast ye from its cloudy height,
Like falling stars adown the gulfs of night.

October, 15th, 1848.

THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

ART-UNIONS were invented in Germany. It was there, about twenty-five years ago, that the power of associated effort, the importance of which had already been recognized in commercial enterprises, was first applied to the encouragement of Art. In 1823, a society was established in Munich, which, according to Count RACZYNSKI, was the earliest that had for its principal object the promotion of Modern Art and the encouragement of rising genius by the purchase of pictures. The Berlin association was founded in 1825. It owed its organization in a great degree to the talents and zeal of the celebrated WILLIAM HUMBOLDT. It was he who drew its constitution and was its first president. Associated with him were the sculptors RAUCH and TIECK, the architect SCHINKEL, the painters WACH and SCHADOW, and other distinguished men. Societies of a similar character soon sprung up in every part of Germany, and before the close of the year 1839, there were twenty-nine in full operation in that country, exhibiting an aggregate of twenty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-one subscribers, and annual receipts amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

The London Art-Union was established in 1837. The annual receipts of this institution have increased from a few hundred pounds

the first year to more than seventeen thousand pounds in the year 1846. Flourishing institutions of the like nature have been organized in Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, and other cities of the United Kingdom.

In our own country the American Art-Union, then called the Apollo Association, was founded in 1838, and incorporated by the legislature of New-York in 1840, and Art-Unions have within a few years been also established in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Boston.

The plan of all these societies in Europe and America is essentially the same. Each subscriber pays some small amount annually. This forms a fund which after defraying necessary expenses is appropriated to the production of engravings and the purchase of works of Art. The engravings are given to all the subscribers, and the other works of art are distributed among them by lot. In the London association, money prizes are allotted instead of paintings, the holders being required to expend the money in the purchase of works from certain specified exhibitions. This plan has been adopted by the Philadelphia association. In nearly all the others, however, the works distributed are selected by the managing committees, and an attempt is now being made by the Board of Trade which has the supervision of the London society to have the same method adopted there.

The AMERICAN ART-UNION is the only one in this country which from the extent of its operations and the amount of its resources can be called a national institution. Its history is a striking proof of the peculiar adaptation of its plan to the character and circumstances of our people. The rapidity with which it has grown in public favor is altogether unprecedented. At the first anniversary meeting in December, 1839, the number of subscribers for that year was stated to be eight hundred and fourteen, and the amount received from them, four thousand one hundred and forty-five dollars. In 1841, the number of subscribers was nine hundred and thirty-seven, and but seven works of art were distributed. Six years afterward, in 1847, the subscribers had increased to nine thousand six hundred and sixty-six; the receipts to forty-eight thousand seven hundred and and thirty three dollars and ninety-one cents, while nearly three hundred paintings were distributed, beside hundreds of medals in silver and bronze. Its prosperity during the present year is still more remarkable. The bulletin of October tenth, states that for the few weeks previous to that date the subscriptions were four times as many as they were the last year during the corresponding period. A list of from twelve to fifteen thousand is confidently anticipated; but the committee have determined that whenever so much money is received as can be judiciously invested in paintings, the books will be peremptorily closed, although subscriptions received afterward will be entered in their order at the head of the list for 1849.

It is not surprising that there should be so much eagerness displayed to participate in the next distribution. The programme is uncommonly attractive. The engraving promises to be one of much merit. It is from a striking picture by HUNTINGTON, representing 'Queen Mary signing the death-warrant of Lady Jane Grey.' In

addition to this, each subscriber will have a copy of Irving's tale of Rip Van Winkle, beautifully printed and illustrated by six large outline etchings by DARLEY. We confidently predict that the publication of this series will mark an era in American art. Several of them have been completed, and we say without hesitation that nothing has been issued by any foreign Art-Union which excels them in the expression of character and feeling. They tell the story as significantly as Irving has done it in words. In delicacy of execution they are fully equal to Retzch's celebrated outlines, while they are superior to these in fidelity to Nature and in entire freedom from academical stiffness.

The paintings already purchased are thought by many to be a better collection than any previously distributed. And even to form the best exhibition of works by American artists ever opened to the public. This opinion seems far from being extravagant, when we consider them in detail.

Here are the superb series of the 'Voyage of Life' by COLE, four pictures finished by him in the full maturity of his powers, and for which he received six thousand dollars from the late Mr. Ward. This great allegorical production is too well known to require more particular mention in this place. Here are two landscapes by DURAND, one of which, 'Dover Plains,' should rank with the best of his works. Those who have observed the wonderful truth to nature with which the long range of distant mountains, covered with forests and illuminated by the broad sunlight, has been painted in this picture, will fully acquiesce in this assertion. There is also here a glorious historical scene by LEUTZE, 'The mission of the Jews to Ferdinand and Isabella.' Rarely has this accomplished artist depicted the energy of passion with so much effect as in the Torquemada of this piece. The 'Strolling Musician' by EDMONDS shows that quick appreciation of character and those pure colors and silvery tones for which that artist is distinguished. Beside the 'Queen Mary' from which the engraving is being made, the collection contains two charming landscapes by HUNTINGTON. It embraces also an excellent work by CHURCH, the pupil of Cole, and one of the most promising of the younger landscape painters. This is called 'The River of the Water of Life,' and will well repay the closest study. There is given in it the effect of the sunset illuminating a lofty headland, while the rest of the scene is in shadow. In this picture, let the visitor observe the truth with which a partial rippling of the stream is represented, and the great accuracy of touch in the foliage. We might enumerate also works by DOUGHTY, CHAPMAN, GREY, KENSETT, CROPSEY, HINCKLEY, MAY, WENZLER, AUDUBON, GLASS, ROSSITER, GIGNOUX, DUGGAN, ODDIE, PEELE, WHITE, and many others, most of them interesting specimens, and generally exhibiting a marked improvement over former productions.

In addition to this long list of pictures, and many others which will be purchased before the close of the year, should be mentioned the medals, which are not the least attractive of the advantages offered by the Union. The subject for the medal of this year is the

distinguished portrait-painter Gilbert Stuart. Of this the die has already been executed by WRIGHT, and highly successful it is, both as a likeness and work of art. Two hundred and fifty copies of it will be distributed, and also two hundred of the Allston medal, which was published in 1847, and which has been greatly admired.

As to the influence of this association upon the condition and prospects of art in this country, we think that it has been beyond a question most beneficial. It has certainly brought the subject before the public more distinctly, extensively and constantly than it has ever been presented before, and created an interest in regard to it in multitudes who otherwise would have remained unmoved and uninformed. More has been effected in this way perhaps than in elevating the standard of public taste, although something has been done in the latter direction. The Art-Union has brought forward several artists of great promise, who would certainly have languished in obscurity without its timely patronage. Since its establishment it has distributed nearly eight hundred paintings. It has published six engravings in line, three in mezzotint and one in outline, from which more than thirty-six thousand impressions have been disseminated among its subscribers, from Maine to Texas. It has established agencies in all the principal towns and many of the villages of all the states, and also in Canada, Mexico and the West Indies. It publishes a regular bulletin of its proceedings twice each month, which is communicated to the subscribers through the honorary secretaries.

So far as the extent of territory embraced in its operations is concerned, all the foreign associations are insignificant in comparison with this. It receives, exhibits and distributes the works of artists residing in the most remote parts of the United States and of Europe. Pictures by more than one hundred different persons, from St. Louis, New-Orleans, Cincinnati, Mobile, Rome, Dusseldorf, Boston, New-York, and many other widely-separated places, were in 1847 hung side by side in the gallery. There is something grand in this feature of the institution. There is a largeness and liberality about it which is worthy of the genius of the nation. Every poor struggling artist, no matter how narrow his circumstances, how remote his residence, can send his work hither with a certainty of its being examined by unprejudiced eyes, and receiving a fair judgment. Here it will be compared with other works, and subjected to that ordeal which true genius courts rather than dreads.

It must be remembered, also, in estimating the influence of the Art-Union, that its gallery is not only the receptacle of its own purchases, but is frequently adorned by paintings and statues which have been ordered by private citizens, and which, under other circumstances, would never be seen by the public. In the course of the present year many beautiful works have thus been exhibited, the productions of foreign as well as of native artists, and owned by the residents not only of New-York, but of other cities. The superb 'Court of Queen Bess,' by Leutze, Woodville's 'Cavalier's Return,' Church's charming 'Tribute to the Memory of Cole,' and 'The Quarrelling Couple,' by Hubner, have been admired here by thou-

sands who otherwise would never have seen them. In connection with this subject it may be observed, that under the London and Philadelphia system of distributing money prizes instead of paintings, all these advantages resulting from a free gallery must be relinquished. And here, by way of parenthesis, let us add, that under such a system there can be no well-established scale of prices for works of art. A Committee of Management certainly are not infallible; but it must be obvious to all that their long practice in making purchases of this sort, and their opportunities for comparing one man's productions with another's, and with his own previous works, would enable them to form a juster estimate of the value of any particular object submitted to them than could be attained by the inexperienced subscriber.

With us in New-York the accompanying privilege of the free gallery should settle the question as to the comparative merits of the two plans beyond all dispute. The gallery is no longer a superfluity; it has become a necessity. It is a part of the public property as much as the fountains, the parks, or the City-Hall. The retired merchant from the Fifth Avenue, the scholar from the University, the poor workman, the news-boy, the beau and the belle, the clerk with his bundle, all frequent the Art-Union. Its hall shows the progress of the hours as well as Trinity clock. First come the noisy boys and girls, on their way to school; then the staid merchants drop in as they go down to their counting-houses; then the strangers from the country, who set off early after breakfast to see the lions, appear; about noon the gentlemen in moustaches and yellow kids lounge about the seats, yawning in the faces of the fashionable ladies who alight from their carriages here on their road to Stewart's; in the afternoon comes the returning throng from the offices and counting-houses, while in the evening the working-men, whose shoulders through the day have been free from the restraints of broad-cloth and buckram, don their uneasy Sunday-coats and come hither by hundreds, escorting their wives and children, and all their female relations. Now of all these motley crowds, is it not certain beyond a doubt that many go forth from this gallery with minds elevated by what they have seen, with manners and feelings refined, with new checks fastened upon coarse and unruly passions? Is it not certain that tastes are begotten here which afterward shed the charm of quiet and content over many a household? Nay, is it not certain that sparks of genius have been kindled here in poor neglected bosoms which shall dazzle us with their glorious light at some future day?

Not much has been written about this institution in magazines and newspapers. It has attracted much less attention in the literary world than its importance demands. It has even been slandered in some quarters, and several falsehoods concerning it have been spoken and written. The selection of pictures, of course, is frequently attacked. One overhears constantly in the gallery the most annihilating criticisms. The outside, non-subscribing gentlemen, who have the entertainment provided for them gratuitously, are generally more

ferocious in their ridicule than any others. One thinks that their happiness for life will be destroyed by the exhibition they have condescended to visit, so terrible are the oaths and epithets with which they assault it. Here, for instance, is a pair of moustaches and lemon-colored kids fresh from Europe. Every opinion which comes from him is oracular. He has walked through the Louvre, the Pitti Palace, and the Vatican; he has ordered copies of the Magdalen of Carlo Dolce and the Madonna della Seggiola; he has bought shell-cameos in the Piazza di Spagna, and sulphur casts in the Toledo; he has twisted his neck in the Rospigliosi, and bumped his head in the Golden House of Nero; he is consequently a Winkleman and Raphael Mengs united in the eyes of admiring friends. Of course nothing here pleases Kids-and-Moustaches. Not that he sees the pictures particularly; he pretends to be looking at them, to be sure, but all the while is thinking of himself, and trying to remember the big words of his Italian ciceroni, so that he may astonish the by-standers with the learning and pungency of his criticism. For our part, we prefer to such people the poor working-woman who knows not oil-paint from water-colors, but who weeps when she looks upon 'The Mother's Prayer,' unconscious of any defect in form and color, and seeing only its truth of character and expression.

Verily, the longer one considers the subject, the more numerous seem the requisites for critical competency in matters of art. For those of us who do not possess these qualifications the safest and happiest plan is to encourage a habit of *wide-liking;* to hunt for all the beauties and excellencies in any work which may be submitted to us, and allow ourselves, if possible, to be pleased with them. Acting upon this principle, we confess to have taken a great deal of comfort in the Art-Union gallery. We believe it gives us a fair view of the present state of American art; that if some inferior works have crept into the collection, nothing very good has been offered which has been allowed to remain unpurchased. We think that the artists are decidedly improving, both in elevation of aim and in technical skill. We are sure that the Committee of Management are sincerely striving to raise the standard of the public taste; that they are bestowing much time and labor upon this object; and we call upon all patriotic citizens to assist them in it by friendly words and prompt subscriptions.

EPIGRAM.

In the second century there were religious enthusiasts who passed their lives on the tops of pillars. SIMEON was the most noted

SIMEON of old the church has made a saint,
'Cause on high pillars he did live and die;
Yet on his character is left a taint:
With all his sanctity, he lived too 'high.'

J. I. B.

SONNET: THE DEVOTEE.

BY JAMES WYNNE, M. D.

'T was not the beauty which the glow of youth
Cast o'er thy features with its richest blush,
Tinging thy cheek with a still ruddier flush,
And mounting o'er a brow as dark and smooth
As daughters of the old Castilian race.
Nor eyes' deep tenderness, nor jetty fringe,
Which lent their hue a deeper, softer tinge;
Nor all the charms of faultless form and face,
That fixed my gaze; but the meek gentleness
And melancholy sadness of the air
Which at the altar mingled with thy prayer;
Yet not the sadness of the heart's distress,
But of the mind of pure and sinless thought
That at the shrine of God for mercy sought.

CHARRED EMBERS.

BY KIT. KELVIN.

You may think, dear Knick., I love to dwell upon sad details, but methinks a recital of serious events, occasionally mixed with the thoughtlessness of the age, may not come amiss. 'T is true, gayety is, as it should be, the natural language of the heart; and although it is often wrecked, still, like the sweetness of a crushed rose, it should breathe its better perfume in lieu of direful complaints and unsavory ingratitude.

You have musical contributors, whose papers are replete with wit and bursting with rich humor; such as is portrayed in the 'History of Babylon;' and there is no one who enjoys such reading more than myself, nor am I ever weary of them; yet there is a satiety for the heart, even in gayety.

I will not preach a prosy sermon, nor advocate Utopian measures, nor pull at the windlass of uncertain *isms;* but merely etch a simple souvenir. I would willingly give you many such, if I thought a mellow influence upon the heart of any of your world-wide readers might be the result. But although the hasty step may be delayed, and the rash spirit bend for a time upon Memories, yet it is natural to forget; and not until the ardent heart feels the adder's tooth can it know of stern realities.

I clip a few pages from an old journal, which with a little pruning I enclose to you.

A SHARP crack of the driver's whip, and a sudden increase in the rattling of the coach-wheels, started me from a drowsiness incident to a long ride. I looked out to find myself in my native village, from which I had been absent many years. The declining sun threw a soft light over the old woods that dot the outskirts of the hamlet; such a sunset as had witnessed my departure; and for a moment I was absorbed in the remembrances of earlier days that had been so long buried. With life's realities I was too conversant, else I should have believed a 'deep sleep' had fallen upon me, from which I was just awakening. Although surrounded by those whom I well knew, still Time had played too merrily with me to be recognised by any one; and among the villagers I was as an utter stranger. As each familiar face turned from me with cold indifference, I resolved to continue my journey; but reflection tended to bind me closer to old memories, and my feelings yielding to my former purpose, with a quick step I passed the threshold of the 'Village Inn.'

It was like looking upon an old and well-remembered painting. There was the same division in the room constituting the 'bar,' with the same letters, once gilded, but which years had nearly effaced, that told the traveller here he could fling his knapsack down, and with common civility and a moderate purse, temporarily forget his cares. Behind the railing stood the same rosy-cheeked, chin-dimpled and orbicular-bodied landlord, with the same ready smile and twinkle of the eye. His obesity had increased and descended into the locomotive organs to such a degree that his natural alertness was essentially impeded; which, with a slight sprinkling of white in his once black hair, were all that my eye detected of change in him. He met me with a cheerful 'good evening,' but it savored little of acquaintanceship. To him I was now a stranger. Not so some twenty years before, when with the nimbleness of a deer he chased me over the green, with ire in his eye and determination in his voice. I had poached upon his grounds, and fastened a favorite game-cock to a tree, to circumscribe the limits of the bird and protect one of my own from a bloody contest. To innovation he was opposed, and clung tenaciously to old customs and fashions. He had preserved his 'inn' from the least appearance toward improvement. The same wooden pegs that lined the entry wainscotting still existed, and I verily believe the same spider-web floated in the corner of the bar that hung there when I left the place. I could not have desired a more perfect realization of other days.

Occupying one of the old chairs that had been in use for two generations, I was musing with eyes cast upon the floor, when there entered a person whom the landlord saluted as 'Captain Jerry.' Before I looked up, this familiar title pictured to my mind a well-known feature of the village when I left it; a man about fifty, with a bright black eye and business step; of great loquacity, yet backed by an uncommon share of intelligence. He had enjoyed all the

honors of the town, from 'school committee' to a seat in the capitol of the state. I could not fancy a change in him; but I looked up, and beheld him as he now was. The vigorous gait had fallen into the shuffling step of age; full limbs had withered to 'shrunk shanks,' and the eagle-eye was dim and cloudy. He was the very personification of that beautifully descriptive poem of HOLMES, 'The Last Leaf:'

'But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.'

'Oh, Epictetus!' I exclaimed to myself, 'can Time gnaw and corrode like this?' The old man tottered to a seat. He looked at me for a moment, and a bright light of other days seemed to gather in his sunken eye. His lip quivered, his look grew more earnest, until springing from his chair, he fell into my arms. The old man had recognised me! His voice was tremulous as he said 'It is ——!' Faint and musical, that sentence still rings in my ears — nor can I ever forget it.

I was no longer a stranger. The room was crowded by those who were warm and hospitable in their welcomes. I was a boy again!

I gazed upon the old man with peculiar feelings. His son had been my play-fellow. Directly back of the village in a quiet grove, we had parted, with exchanges of lasting friendship and affection. It was my first cruise; and flushed with hopes that brightened in the future, I had made known to him my ambitious projects. He was the oldest, and bade me remember all that was good in him, and not to forget the playmate of my boyhood, however humble might be his avocation. Beneath a mild exterior there was a proud spirit, destined, as it seemed, to command. Since that time we had not met; I had never before returned; and as my profession carried me away from my native shores, I had heard but rarely of this early friend.

A fearful conflict of hope and doubt occupied my mind, as I approached the old pilgrim. His head was bowed and rested in stillness upon his cane. With much exertion I at length essayed:

'And where is Thomas!'

A slight convulsion crept over his frame, and tears dropped in quick succession down his wrinkled cheeks. He raised his head, and gathering firmness, whispered:

'*He sleeps!*'

Again his head was bowed, while the old man wept aloud; nor was he the only mourner. I never heard so much expressed in two short words before. I placed myself by the old man's side, and urged him to calmness, while he related to me events in the life of his son with which I had not been made acquainted.

My friend had run a short but brilliant career. He had graduated at the Military Academy; had carried distinction in his wake, and had not the grave become enamored of its prey, he would have won un-

dying laurels in his profession. A restless zeal had led him to acts of imprudence, and before he was aware, disease had besieged his iron frame. He left a southern port, returned to his native village, calmly bade his father, the world, and all his bright visions of advancement and honor, adieu and — died!

He was the last link that bound the old man to earth. He was waiting with patience to depart. My friend had left a message for me:

'Tell —— I have heard from him often. Would that I could see him! Tell him to remember the vanity of all human power; to remember poor Wolsey's last words to Cromwell: 'I charge thee fling away ambition! By that sin fell the angels!'

Evening had stolen upon the scene. It was with sadness I bade the old man 'Good night;' for his eye was more cloudy and his step more feeble. He was upon the threshold of the door that swings outward into eternity!

The bright rays of the sun were peering through my window when I awoke. A slow, distinct tolling of the village bell fell heavily upon my ear. It was the knell of death. The 'last leaf' had left the 'forsaken bough.'

He was laid by his gallant son in the quiet church-yard on the borders of the woodland. My eyes wandered again through the silent pathway which had witnessed our adieus; and I confess a tear followed the sad reflection, that another life-link had been severed.

I have returned since, but the landmarks of old days are fast fading away. The railways have abolished post-coaches, and the supernatural scream of the engine has frightened old echoes from their nestling places in the wild-woods. I advocate advancement — I am in favor of progress; but I dislike innovations, and heartily detest the morbid spirit that courts mere novelty. With the power of the 'wise men of the East,' I would stay the age of steam wherein it blends city with country. We want some quiet place as a 'city of refuge;' some fields of sweet fresh air; and these we want uncontaminated with town malaria and fearful contagion.

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN ON HEARING AN UNSEEN LADY SING IN THE CHOIR OF A CHURCH RECENTLY.

Ah! who could dream that sounds which
 The echoings of celestial choirs, [seem
Had found on earth a place of birth,
 To fill our souls with pure desires.

Yet, maiden fair, that guerdon rare,
 So little known this side of Heaven,
Has been to thee, for charity,
 And holy deeds of mercy given.

Could seraphs know the fitful throe
 That envy wakes in mortal breasts;
Thy voice would charm, thy skill alarm
 E'en those who bear God's high behests.

Let Orpheus sing, let Amphian bring
 The stones to build the Theban wall,
Thy voice to me yields melody,
 Which far exceeds and stills them all.

May years survive to keep alive [heart,
 That generous faith which prompts thy
To chant His praise in sacred lays,
 Whose fondly cherished child thou art.

New-York, October 10, 1848. C. J. M.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ALBAN THE PIRATE: A ROMAUNT OF THE METROPOLIS. By WILLIAM WALLACE. New-York: BERFORD AND COMPANY.

WE but slightly affect stories of pirates or banditti, such as either 'land or water hath;' we choose therefore to permit Mr. WALLACE to evince his poetical powers rather by the desultory lines we shall segregate from his performance than from any critical consideration of the narrative itself. Here are sixteen lines which every body can understand, and most readers will feel:

'YET, some good left, the boy remembered still
His mother's voice and his relaxing will;
Her words of love, that fell like fragrant flowers
When south winds waken in magnolian bowers,
The evening walk — the evening prayer — his blind
Sense of some awful sorrow in her mind,
Wildering his childhood: these were not forgot,
But flowed like Kedrons in a desert spot.
Shall they not gleam in olden strength again,
Lift the dead flowers and purify the plain?
What though he knows that mother's grief and shame?
Man! soiled or bright, a mother is the same!
So dark or fair the rain's parental lake
Back to their source the filial showers take:
So dark or fair the sweet moon rolling by,
It is, it is the only moon in all the sky!'

Passages like these will be remembered much longer by Mr. WALLACE's readers than any story so hackneyed as a piratical tale, how cleverly soever it may be executed. We like the verse written at Greenwood Cemetery far better than any thing contained in 'Alban.' The following lines will justify our encomium:

'I PAUSE and think
Among these walks lined by the frequent tombs;
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment — but here all sleep.
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the Past:
Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes —
They sleep! Sweet Summer comes and calls, and calls
With all her passionate poetry of flowers
Wed to the music of the soft south wind —
They sleep! The lonely Autumn sits and sobs
Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart
Would break — they sleep! Wild Winter comes and chants
Majestical the mournful sagas learned
Far in the melancholy North, where GOD
Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas —
They slumber still! Sleep on, oh, passionless dead!
Ye make our world sublime: ye have a power
And majesty the living never hold.'

These are the best lines we have ever seen of Mr. WALLACE's, and they certainly reflect credit upon his pen. We observe 'fourth edition' prefixed to the little pamphlet-volume before us, from which it is inferrible that 'ALBAN's narrative has been perused by a good many sentimental readers. We wish its author success, and have no other advice to give him than to study clearness of limning and simplicity of expression; excellencies which he formerly evinced to a far less degree than now; a fact which shows him to be moving on among the 'progressives' of the day.

SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE, OR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF SCHOOL-HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY BARNARD, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. New-York: A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY.

WE trust our readers will not make the mistake of regarding the subject of this volume as one of limited importance, or of an exclusively professional character. It recommends itself most strongly to the notice of all who feel an interest in general education; in other words, to every patriot and every philanthropist. Every one at all familiar with this great subject knows how much the fitness and excellence of the school-house has to do with the success of the school itself. The relation between school-house and school is almost as intimate as that between mind and body; and it is as utterly impossible for education to be efficient where it is undertaken in a close, crowded, unhealthy, filthy school-room, as for the mind to develope itself in a helpless and disordered body. This truth is now pretty generally acknowledged, thanks to the zealous efforts of Mr. BARNARD and his fellow-laborers in the work of education; but much is yet to be done to carry it out fully into practice. The general reader, when perusing our pardonable self-glorifications as to the progress of common schools, the increasing crowds of scholars, and the liberal sums voted for their support, is quite ignorant how utterly wanting many school-buildings are, even in enlightened communities, in neatness, in comfort, in provision for health, and even for decency. We seem to have begun building our edifice of common-school education at the top instead of the foundation; to have established a liberal system of teaching before providing proper places in which to carry it on. Mr. BARNARD, who has been for over ten years among the most zealous and successful laborers in this great field, says, in the introduction to the work before us: 'The subject was forced on the attention of the author in the very outset of his labors in the field of public education. Go where he would, in city or country, he encountered the district school-house, standing in disgraceful contrast with every other structure designed for public or domestic use. Its location, construction, furniture and arrangements seemed intended to hinder and not promote, to defeat and not perfect the work which was to be carried on within and without its walls.'

'For years,' says Mr. MANN, in his report on education in Massachusetts, (1846,) 'the condition of this class of edifices, throughout the state, had been growing worse and worse. In 1837, *not one-third part of the public school-houses in Massachusetts would have been considered tenantable by any decent family, out of the poor-house or in it!*' The Hon. SAMUEL YOUNG, in his report to our legislature in 1844, states, among other facts equally or even more disgraceful, that 'the whole number of school-houses visited and inspected by the county superintendents during the year, was nine thousand three hundred and sixty-eight, of which seven thousand six hun-

dred and eighty-five were of framed wood, four hundred and forty-six of brick, five hundred and twenty-three of stone, and seven hundred and seven of logs. Of these three thousand one hundred and sixty were found in good repair, two thousand eight hundred and seventy in ordinary and comfortable repair, and three thousand three hundred and nineteen in bad repair, or totally unfit for school purposes. The number furnished with proper facilities for ventilation is stated at one thousand five hundred and eighteen, while the number not provided with these essential requisites of health and comfort is seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine. No subject connected with the interests of elementary instruction affords a source of such mortifying and humiliating reflection as that of the condition of a large portion of the school-houses, as presented in the above enumeration. One-third only of the whole number visited were found in good repair, another third barely sufficient for the convenience and accommodation of the teachers and pupils, while the remainder, consisting of three thousand three hundred and nineteen, were to all intents and purposes unfit for the reception of *man or beast!*' We refer to the introduction for the strong and feeling language in which Mr. YOUNG comments on these and worse deficiencies, as also for similar testimony from the school officers of Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, New-Hampshire and Michigan. Want of ventilation — that want, unfelt and unappreciated by the community until the recent spread of physiological knowledge, but felt sadly enough by the poor inmates of these filthy prison-houses — is especially insisted on. Decency is as little cared for as health or comfort. One report concludes in the following emphatic language, which our own limited experience fully confirms: 'We will close these remarks by observing that after an extensive and careful examination of the state of a great number of school-houses in this and other states, we are constrained to believe, that in regard to accommodation, the convicts in the state-prisons, except those condemned to solitary and perpetual confinement, and are not certain that in all cases these should be excepted, are better provided for than the dear children of New-England, the glory of the present and the hope of the coming age.'

This assertion, it is true, was made in 1833, and since then great and laudable reforms have taken place. And those who examine the modern school-houses of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, or pass by the ample and commodious edifices recently erected for our public and ward schools, may think the above only a tale of the past, and of historical interest only; but there yet remains much to be done in city as well as in country. The friends of education, the friends of their country, should not rest until every school-house in the land is furnished with all proper appliances for health and comfort, and all suitable aids to study and to that higher education which consists in the formation of correct habits and refined taste and the encouragement of sound principles.

We have no time to take up in detail the subjects so fully discussed in this volume; subjects requiring much time and thought to master, trifling as they sometimes seem in themselves. But nothing is trifling on which the health of body and mind of the future men and women of the country in any degree depend, and hence the science and experience devoted to the study of proper distribution of room, suitable forms of desks and seats, modes of warming and ventilating, etc., is most worthily and profitably employed. It is impossible to get at the amount of discomfort of all sorts caused by neglect in any of these matters; as for instance by ill-formed and uneasy seats, causing inattention and restlessness, weakness and languor, and often ending in permanent bodily deformity, and he must be a bold man who would undertake to state the amount

of ill-health caused by imperfect ventilation of school-houses alone. Now all these matters have been so thoroughly studied of late, that the science of school-architecture in all its details, may be considered as fully known; and Mr. Barnard's work contains the results of all previous investigation of the subject.

We have only glanced at the more immediate good which would flow from a more general knowledge of the true principles of school-architecture in promoting the comfort and facilitating the progress in learning of our youth. We shall merely allude to many other advantages to be gained by making our school-houses attractive and comfortable; and to many other trains of thought suggested by Mr. Barnard's volume. How vastly important is it that school-houses should be made welcome and loved places of resort, instead of temporary prisons; that the children in our common schools should be taught, by all they there see around them, those lessons of neatness and order; those habits of refinement which their own homes may not afford them; and which they will carry back with them to their own firesides, and out with them into the world, and into all their after life; how important that they be surrounded not only with book knowledge, but with every influence that can soften, refine and elevate. The influence of which the daily, hourly contemplation of neatness, order and beauty, and that in a place devoted to instruction, must have on the impressible minds of children, many of whom unfortunately can see this spectacle nowhere if not in school, is all-important.

Mr. Barnard's book forms a neat octavo volume, with several hundred wood-cuts of plans and elevations of school-houses, furniture, apparatus, etc.; and beside giving a number of the best designs for school-houses with specifications and details, contains a great deal of collateral information on the various subjects it embraces. It is every way worthy of his reputation as an authority on education. It is the text-book on this very important subject of school-architecture, a subject of humble pretensions, but an important branch of the great subject of national education.

Principles and Practice of Medicine. By J. W. Hood, M. D. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite and Company.

We have no disposition to infringe upon the rights of the journals whose business it is to discuss and set forth the merits of medical books; but this work of Dr. Hood possesses so much common sense, and is so clear upon matters which every body ought to understand, that we take pleasure in recommending it to the attention of our readers. The author, who appears to be a Kentuckian, without the education that might distinguish him as a writer, only enters the arena of the author for the purpose of showing 'that some of the causes of our maladies have been overlooked, or have not received the attention which their importance demands; and that several well-known remedial agents have fallen into disuse, notwithstanding their value and the rank they deserve in the catalogue of remedies.' Then, having no turnpikes, 'no royal road to perfection,' no books to accompany him to the bedside of the sick, he takes nature for his guide, and 'from the teachings of the animal economy by post-mortem examinations, and the effect of morbific and remedial agents in clinical observations,' he succeeds in curing and prolonging the lives of his patients. 'The obscurity of our science and the fallibility of human reasoning,' he says, 'not only call for careful investigation, but a generous dissemination of light and truth. But should our

judgment be warped by prejudice, or too much regard for dignity, and our mental energies encumbered by erroneous notions and doctrines, it is impossible we should advance or exalt the character of our profession.' In the first chapter is given the configuration of the body; and it contains much which ought to be generally known. In the second, we have the 'chronic diseases of the viscera of the abdomen,' and to the common reader this chapter will prove of great importance. Here it is shown that nineteen out of twenty of our diseases arise from constipation, and that constipation is derived, or chiefly derived, from a gravitation of the digestive organs. He shows that as this is a mechanical derangement, mechanical agents should be used in its cure. The other essays upon strumous habit, fever, female diseases, Asiatic cholera, mechanical agents, reducible hernia, hemorrhoids, the tongue, and the gout, etc., are discussed and treated with ability and characteristic energy. The gout alone, to those who are afflicted with it, is an important theme. In short, the work deserves the attention of the profession and the public.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

A VERY good and well-varied number of our well-established and standard Quarterly. It contains ten articles, upon the following themes: 'WILLIAMS's Account of China;' 'CAMPBELL and STEVENS's History of Virginia and Georgia;' the 'Life of WILLIAM TYNDALE;' 'Novels of the Season,' embracing 'JANE EYRE,' 'Wuthering Heights,' 'The Tenant of Wildfell Hall,' 'Hawkstone,' 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' BULWER's 'Harold,' 'Grantley Manor' and 'Vanity Fair;' 'MILLS's Political Economy;' 'PELLEW's Life of LORD SIDMOUTH;' 'COQUEREL's History of Protestantism in France;' HEDGE's 'Prose-Writers of Germany;' 'Two Scottish Peasants,' and 'Critical Notices.' We take the subjoined remarks in reference to 'Vanity Fair' from the paper on the 'Novels of the Season:' ''Vanity Fair' is a fresh and vigorous transcript of English life, and has numerous profound touches of humanity and humor. Sir PITT CRAWLEY is a very striking piece of caricature; GEORGE OSBORNE, DOBBIN and AMELIA, are characters almost literally true to nature, and are developed with consummate skill and fidelity. Mr. OSBORNE, we fear, is too fair a representative of the English man of business of the middle class; selfish, arrogant, purse-proud, cringing to superiors and ferocious to inferiors, rejoicing in a most profound ignorance of his own meanness and cruelty, and ever disposed to rise on the ruin of his neighbors. That disposition in English society, of every class, to trample on the one immediately beneath it, and to fawn on the one immediately above it, THACKERAY felicitously represents in this portrait and in other characters. Nothing can be more edifying than Mr. OSBORNE's conversations with his son GEORGE on his intimacy with men of rank who fleece him at cards, and on his duty to break off a match with AMELIA after her father has become bankrupt. But the finest character in the whole novel is Miss REBECCA SHARP, an original personage, worthy to be called the author's own, and as true to life as hypocrisy, ability and cunning can make her. She is altogether the most important person in the work, being the very impersonation of talent, tact and worldliness, and one who works her way with a graceful and effective impudence unparalleled among managing women. Of all the novels on our list, 'Vanity Fair' is the only one in which the author is content to represent actual

life. His page swarms with personages whom we recognise at once as genuine. It is also noticeable that THACKERAY alone preserves himself from the illusions of misanthropy or sentimentality, and though dealing with a host of selfish and malicious characters, his book leaves no impression that the world is past praying for, or that the profligate have it. His novel, as a representation of life, is altogether more comprehensive and satisfying than either of the others. Each may excel him in some particular department of character and passion, but each is confined to a narrow space, and discolors or shuts out the other portions of existence. THACKERAY looks at the world from no exclusive position, and his view accordingly includes a superficial, if not a substantial whole; and it is creditable to the healthiness of his mind that he could make so wide a survey without contracting either of the opposite diseases of misanthropy or worldliness.' Our own opinion exactly, as has already been made apparent to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Of BULWER the reviewer thus speaks: 'With considerable respect for his talents and accomplishments, we think that he always fails in every attempt demanding creative energy or clear representation. As an historical novelist, he stands half-way between SCOTT and JAMES — between truth and stupidity. He is often true to the external fact, but never penetrates to its internal meaning. The readers of his novels are made acquainted with life and character in the past or present as his own ingenious and brilliant, but morbid and discoloring mind has conceived them; not as they are in themselves. He is an illustration of KANT's theory, that the qualities of objects are not perceived by the mind, but projected from it; and accordingly all his novels, whether the hero be PELHAM or WARWICK, DEVEREUX or HAROLD, leave a similar impression.'

THE BOY OF MOUNT RHIGI. By the author of 'Redwood,' 'Poor Rich Man,' 'Home,' etc. Boston: CHARLES H. PIERCE.

THIS is a very charming, truthful little volume, which we hope to see widely disseminated. It is the first of a series designed for the young people of our country: 'that ground in which we sow hopefully and with promise.' The volume is written to awaken in those of our young people who have been carefully nurtured a sense of their duty to those who are less favored; to show them that the ignorant, neglected, and apparently vicious have the germs of goodness in their souls; that patience, kindness and affection will fall like holy dew upon them, nourishing that which GOD has implanted. That the safety of the republic depends on the virtue of the people is a truth that cannot be too assiduously taught; and that it is the business of the young as well as the old to help on the cause of goodness cannot be too strongly impressed. 'Perhaps,' says our author, 'some young persons may feel more deeply, after reading this work, than they have felt before, what are their true riches; that if they have no money to give, they have a treasure to impart in the example of truth, honesty, fidelity and industry, and in the action of hope, patience and kindness.' That such will be the effect of the book the reader will have as little doubt as ourselves. It is written in Miss SEDGWICK's best manner, and is appropriately dedicated to Mr. JOSEPH CURTIS, one of our most estimable citizens, who is never so happy as when going about doing good: 'Permit me, my dear friend, to dedicate this book to you; and in this mode to express a second time my respect for one who has devoted and is devoting a good portion of his life, without the reward of money or the fee of celebrity, to the advancement of our young people, the hope of our country.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A CURRENT OF THOUGHT: BY 'LINCOLN RAMBLE.'—The reader, we are sure, will share with us the great pleasure with which we welcome 'LINCOLN RAMBLE' to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. His style combines simplicity with force; and we scarcely know which most to admire, his satirical humor or his tender pathos. We shall hope often to be made the recipient of his papers. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'HE'S DRUNK!'

IT was a current of thought in Broadway.

It first encountered an unsteady citizen who had evidently indulged, and was brought to that condition in which one's 'vocabulary is reduced to a few interjections.' His hat was shockingly crushed, his coat hanging off his shoulders, as if inclined to leave his society, and his feet looked as if they had led him off upon a great many digressive journeys not laid down on any chart, nor embraced in any 'line of life' which he had marked out for himself.

It was morning, and the spectacle offended me. I myself contrasted strikingly with the maltreated individual before me. I had risen from a good breakfast, and was clad in decent attire.

'The scoundrel,' said I to myself, 'ought to be imprisoned, if not scourged!'

'Halloa!' exclaimed an unseen monitor, whose voice was heard in the heart; 'what has made you so moral? You would fain exclaim with FALSTAFF, 'Is there no virtue extant?' Why should you grow malicious toward this TOBY BELCH, who probably suffers from 'potted herrings?' Have you never had your feet under mahogany when the small hours were journeying toward their larger brothers, and you with a piquant cigar gazed dreamily at the candles which multiplied so mysteriously around you? Have you never felt that the influence of wine which you had generously lodged in your mortal tenement that its spirit and yours might become social, was greater than either judgment or reason? Have you never startled the echoes of midnight streets, and the repose of 'dexterless and fit' watchmen, by a chorus in which there were many parts without resemblance or harmony? You were perfectly sober, of course; sober as MICHAEL CASSIO! Your friends, though, were awfully 'tight,' and required your fostering care. Your devotion surprised even yourself. You would not leave them until they were safely ensconced in bed; if they could 'catch it when it came 'round.' You underwent the mortification of eating raw

oysters at Cisco's, and drinking several 'goes' of brandy-and-water, merely that the sensitive feelings of your friend might not be wounded. You not only grew 'familiar to the common streets,' but shook hands with a cab-man decorated with an India-rubber coat and oil-skin hat. You took aside a melancholy gentleman in a subterranean bar-room, and generously informed him, with as many protestations as would suffice for a Montague Tigg when borrowing a V, that although 'public opinion' assigned him a high place in the category of 'sponges,' yet you thought his absorbents not more active or capacious than those of his neighbors, and on the whole, rather despised the false principles of society which crushed his spirit to the earth. Brandy-and-water on top of oysters and champagne is a wonderful provocative of pathos and friendship, and induces us to overlook the trifling rules which society and nature have united to establish. And yet you would play the moralist, and revile this unfortunate reveller, whose station is not equal to your own, and who has committed the indiscretion of having *his* lark out later than those of nature!'

If there is to be any sermonizing, let it be done by

'ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTABLE OLD CITIZENS.'

Yes! there he comes, regarding with an indignant complacency that just merges into a smile, the poor wassailer who has stumbled past him. This sleek and well-conditioned snob can make no allowance for the freaks of passions, because he never had soul enough to know them. He is one of those who 'never broke a promise, nor bestowed a farthing.' He will regale a man whom he knows to be ruined with the gratifying intelligence that he (lucky snob!) has always paid 'twenty shillings to the pound,' and never more than the law required, though this he does not add.

He has always been successful. His life, as Dr. Maupray says of Richelieu, 'has been one triumph.' He received a competency and a mean disposition as an inheritance from parents who grew wealthy and despicable under the grovelling dictates of 'Poor Richard's Almanac.' He has always lived in a retired street, retained the old knocker on his door and the large brass plate covered with attenuated letters. He has taught beggars to keep at a respectful distance from his house, and would fain placard his windows with the announcement that all pray-ers for relief 'found trespassing on these premises will be dealt with according to law.' He will not permit the boys to tread on his clean oil-cloth that they may recover a lost kite or ball. He knows the annual tax-list by heart. He remembers the 'good old times' when there was neither crime nor expense. He has grown to be a loquacious liar without being aware of it, and sighs over the degeneracy of an age which exhibits its folly in not beseeching him to keep the President and heads of departments fully advised as to his opinions on all subjects whatever. He can demonstrate the utter folly of many acts which common people think wise. He takes an 'old-fashioned' paper which refuses to keep pace with the times, and is cautious never to pay his subscription without letting the publisher feel that the compliment is worthy all praise. He occasionally contributes an article, asking where the street-inspector is, or suggesting a new system for garbage-carts. He abuses the corporation because any thing is suffered to go wrong in the streets. He wears round-toed shoes, with a meagre polish daubed on by a half-starved wench, who has been 'half a century in the family,' and actually survived it. He reads the grocer's newspaper, and the butcher's; the very journals which he tells his venerable companions he 'never suffers to come into his house.' He is well informed as to the prices of groceries and marketing, having deli-

berately resolved that no one shall 'get the better of him' in a bargain. He is privileged to interfere with the business of other people, having none of his own, except to wring the largest amount of rent out of the 'hard hands' of humble tenants. If he ever condescends to take part in public affairs, it is only to allow the use of his name as one of seventy or eighty vice-presidents at a meeting to reduce assessments. He goes to church every Sunday morning, and hears the divine lesson of benevolence taught from eloquent lips, and on his return home threatens with the Bridewell or penitentiary a dying woman with a starveling child at her breast seeking a crust of bread.

Lofty and philosophical citizen! he cannot believe that any one need want who is willing to work, and with him pauperism and thievery are synonymous. He has a son whom from paternal vanity he educated liberally, but to whom in early manhood he denies the means of mixing on equal terms with his fellows; and at last, when the young man becomes degraded, the old niggard does not perceive the natural consequence of his own parsimony, but raves against the profligacy of the age, and spurns his own flesh and blood from his door to perish in want and vice. At last the old curmudgeon dies; an imaginative parson attributes to him virtues he never possessed; no one truly regrets his departure, and the only tributes to his memory are the letters testamentary and acquittances to executors necessary in administering his estate.

This man may talk of good habits; tell you that he has always retired and risen early; boasted of having avoided tobacco; anathematize wine, and sigh over the depravity of man; but you cannot afford such a display, and ——

THAT HAT IN THE OMNIBUS.

You had better get in. Well! here I am, directly opposite the hat, and passing away from the snob I have described. It is only a straw hat — a woman's hat — very plainly trimmed, and has inside two or three artificial rose-buds, which I regret to say are a little faded; but behind the roses is a face which I can trace back to a quiet rural district in 'merrie England.' It has the clear complexion and ruddy look so seldom found among our country-women. It is not a shrinking face, turning away in affected displeasure because you glance toward it, but a face which, because you look pleased, seems to think that it knows you, and without becoming forward, or even familiar, looks human and inviting. The eyes are quite ready to recognise yours if there be the slightest previous acquaintance, and the full red lips part to indicate that speech would be much more pleasant than silence. If she did speak, it would no doubt be in a sweet tone, and with words roundly articulated, making such music as it is right cheerful to hear. I warrant that her clear tones have often rung over green fields, or issued from a door around which the honeysuckle clustered, when she gave a pleasant welcome to a friend. I like to hear English women talk, and I would have liked to hear the owner of that bonnet say a very few words; so I rode past the street where I should have got out. It was of no avail. I pulled the string, and left the omnibus just as unluckily the bonnet turned forward and hid that face from my view. Where she in truth came from, where she was going to, how could I conjecture? We met, and we parted. She may go back to England; and if I visit that country in after years, I may whirl past some quiet country-house, and catch another transient glimpse of that cheerful face peering from a window at the passing train. That is only one chance out of millions, and yet perhaps the only one

I have. Well, it makes no great difference. Yes it does, after all. These passing faces often dwell miraculously in the memory. Several years ago I opened one of the Park gates for a beautiful Quaker woman. I had hurried to have the privilege. It was a lovely morning in June. The sun shone brilliantly, and the blue sky looked full of divinity. The Quakeress thanked me with a look in which quiet and purity were combined. The sun-light and her countenance have always been so mingled since, that very often on a bright day, when I have leisure for a day-dream, those features come back and unite me with the past, as meet

THOSE TWO RAG-PICKERS.

THAT 's funny enough! Two chiffoniers, each with hook in hand and head bent downward, have brought their crowns together in a way more striking than pleasant. Will they growl and fight? No; they bow, flourish their hooks in the air, and apologise. I cannot hear what they say, but their motions are more intelligible (to me) than the pantomime of the MONSIEURS. Their rude excuses are over, and they seat themselves beside each other on the curb-stone, with their feet in the gutter. They grow familiar, shake hands, lay their fingers on each other's shoulders. They are from the same country; probably from the same hamlet, mountain, or valley. They remember the old bridge over the ravine, the post-house, the burgomaster and the fat landlady. To be sure! they met on the same play-ground in youth! Does he remember HANS SCHWITZEL? That 's a pretty question! HANS was his own cousin! There never was mortal could wrestle like HANS, drink more ale, smoke more pipes, or bawl more lustily the chorus of a drinking-song. But HANS is gone. Alas! This makes both rag-pickers melancholy. Their thoughts are at home in Fatherland. They beat their hooks on the cobble-stones in moody contemplation. Whew! there comes a breeze, and borne before it a scrap of paper gambolling lightly along. Both dreamers awake to business, and forget that they ever had homes. Off they scamper in chase of the flying fragment. One overtakes it, and the prize is stowed into his bag. He stalks away, without a look toward his late companion, and the latter trudges in an opposite direction. They may never speak again.

I hope that the KNICKERBOCKER is not

'FULL INSIDE,'

As an omnibus was the other night, in which, during that awful rain, I found myself sandwiched between a fatigued butcher and a moist baker. There were thirteen of us, all told, and yet the driver would stop, despite the curses of an apoplectic individual, who grew very red in the face at every such occurrence. Omnibus-drivers are evidently unacquainted with the supposed fact that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. The fellow who drove us would make an excellent collector of the port, for with such an ample building as the custom-house he could find places for all the patriots in either of the four parties now distracting the republic and endangering the 'Principles of '98.' Halloa! the vagabond has stopped again! The rain sluices down; 'sluices' is the very word! The door opens, and a mountain of female flesh appears, with a huge umbrella and an immense basket. The driver, putting his mouth to the hole through which silver makes so many journeys, mildly inquires: 'Can you make room for that lady?' Imagine the state of our apoplectic friend's circulation when he replies: 'Yes — when we get the whole of Oregon!'

Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley.* — The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the organization of which has lately attracted much attention, has at length came out with the first volume of its 'Contributions to Knowledge.' It is in the imperial quarto form, superbly printed, on the finest paper, and contains upward of two hundred finely-executed engravings on wood, together with fifty lithographic plans of the ancient earth-works, fortifications, pottery, crania, etc., belonging to, or found in the great Mississippi Valley. This interesting work, as its title indicates, gives the results of extensive explorations made at the west, chiefly in the state of Ohio, by two gentlemen ardently devoted to antiquarian research, unaided by any government or society. Several years were occupied in their researches, and large sums of money were expended by them, in making surveys, excavations, journeys, etc. Their explorations resulted in the discovery of a vast number of interesting and curious relics of the ancient race which raised the mounds and earth-works, and which are the only memorials left us of their existence. They also show that the people who constructed these works were not untutored and wandering savages, but a people more advanced in the arts than any aboriginal tribe of which we have any knowledge at the period of the discovery of America; that they were skilled in the science of fortification; had a religious system of their own, and were an agricultural people. The remains of their sculpture exhibit a skill which would do credit to an artist in our day; for we find among their household utensils, representations of nearly every animal peculiar to the country, while of its birds and reptiles the variety is equally great. These are not merely moulded in pottery, but are carved from the hardest stones. Their fortified places consist of vast enclosures, some containing several acres, while others are confined to a prominent hill or point, protected by ditches, embankments, and walls resembling the works of the ancient Britons, and in some respects not inferior to the Roman fortified camps. The vastness of some of these enclosures in such, that they could hardly have been constructed for military defence; for we find that one, two, and even three hundred acres are enclosed in these areas. They may have been made to encircle a town, or to confine large herds of cattle, in either of which case, we can imagine their utility. The lesser enclosures seem to have been fortified, and were also used for religious ceremonies, games and amusements. The fortified hills seem to exhibit the greatest skill. In these we find stone walls, ditches and gate-ways constructed with such skill that they must have presented formidable obstacles to an enemy, with the weapons of defence which they possessed. The mounds, of which there are vast numbers, varying in size from five to ninety feet in height, seem to have been raised for various purposes. They have been classified by Mr. Squier into 'mounds of sacrifice, temple-mounds, mounds of sepulture, and for look-outs.' To point out the reasons for this division would be beyond our limits, but the arguments seem so plausible, both from the relics found in the mounds and from their peculiar location, that there seems no room for doubting the assertion. The Grave Creek Mound in northern Virginia, near the Ohio river, is ninety feet in height, and has been the subject of several dissertations on account of the engraved tablet which it has been asserted was found in it, the truth of which discovery now seems doubtful. In

* The Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley; comprising the results of extensive original surveys and explorations. By E. G. Squier, A. M., and E. H. Davis, M. D. Imperial Quarto. New-York: Bartlett and Welford.

Miamisburgh, Ohio, is another of these great mounds, measuring sixty-eight feet in perpendicular height, and eight hundred and fifty-two in circumference at the base, containing three hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and fifty-three cubit feet. The truncated pryamid at Cahokia, Illinois, has an altitude of ninety feet, and is upward of two thousand feet in circumference at the base. The great mound at Selsertown, Mississippi, is computed to cover six acres of ground. Mounds of these extraordinary dimensions are most common at the south, though there are some of great size at the north. The extent of these immense earth-heaps is such that many have believed them to be natural formations and not the work of man. On this subject Mr. FLINT, one of the most accurate observers and writers on western geography, says: 'We have seen mounds which would require the labor of a thousand men employed upon our canals, with all their mechanical aids, and the improved implements of their labor for months. We have more than once hesitated, in view of these prodigious mounds, whether they were not really natural hills. But they are uniformly so placed in reference to the adjacent country, and their conformation is so unique and similar, that no eye hesitates long in referring them to the class of artificial erections.'

We have said that the mound-builders were an agricultural people. It requires little sagacity to see, that a dense population, such as must have occupied the fertile valleys of the Ohio, Mississippi and their tributary streams, which constructed the vast enclosures, mounds, fortifications, etc., of which we have been speaking, could not have subsisted by the chase. The work under notice consists exclusively of descriptions of ancient remains, details of explorations, views of mounds and other structures, etc., etc. It is a plain matter-of-fact statement, without theory or embellishment, and hence, furnishes abundant materials for a more elaborate essay on the builders of these works. Who were they? Whence came they? Were they emigrants from the old world, and if so, at what period did they come to America? And lastly, where are their descendants? These are questions which it is highly necessary should be investigated, for the history of the races of man, the science of which (termed Ethnology,) is now attracting so much attention throughout the civilized world, would have a valuable accession from a close study of the interesting facts which have been brought out in this volume. But before this is done, an examination must be made of the monuments and remains in the central portions of North America, of which it is known that many exist in the southern states, as well as of those in Mexico; for without a knowledge of these, all attempts at a hypothesis would be useless. Mr. SQUIER, it would seem, by the preface, intends this memoir only as a preliminary step to a complete exploration and account of all the ancient remains in the country.

We are happy to learn that he has already devoted much time to the comparison of the ancient remains at the west, and those found in other parts of the world. The Druidical and Celtic remains of England, France, and the north of Europe, possess many peculiarities resembling the ancient works of the west. The oldest works in India, Persia, and Northern Asia, exhibit other resemblances; and even Egypt, in her primitive days, as shewn in her implements of husbandry, exhibits a remarkable similarity in these articles and those of the ancient American. But it is not to the Old World alone that Mr. SQUIER is devoting his inquiries. He is already deep in Mexican hieroglyphics and picture-writing; and we venture to assert, from what we have already seen of his sagacity in antiquarian matters, that he will ere long astonish the world with some highly interesting discoveries in this field of research, as important to Mexican history as the discoveries of Champollion were to Egypt.

We cannot close our remarks, without speaking of the *Smithsonian Institution*, by the liberality of which this splendid and valuable work on our ancient monuments has been brought before the world. Its accomplished secretary, Professor HENRY, already distinguished for his labors and discoveries in Physical Science, in which department he undoubtedly stands at the head, in the United States, appears to have embarked in archæology with as much zeal and enthusiasm as he would in his own particular sphere. In selecting works which should be actual 'contributions to knowledge,' he saw the great interest which would be attached to the labor of Messrs. SQUIER and DAVIS, in a field entirely new and purely American, and determined to secure their work to begin the series of 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.' For so doing, he as well as the Board of Regents deserves the thanks of the community. No pains nor expense have been spared in getting up this volume, which we do not hesitate to say surpasses in elegance and extent of illustration, any volume published in the far-famed 'Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London;' a society which has been in existence one hundred and eighty years, and which has published nearly as many volumes as it has had years of existence. Now, when we state that these 'Philosophical Transactions' are among the most interesting and the best printed and illustrated of any society transactions in Europe, we shall be claiming for the first volume of the 'Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge,' a high rank. We are happy to learn that several important memoirs of Physical Science will immediately follow this work; which, together with the volume now published, will be presented to about five hundred of the principal learned societies and public libraries of Europe, Asia and America. What a magnificent example is this! and how completely will be carried out the intentions of the founder of this noble institution, which will make known in every quarter of the globe where learning is appreciated, the name of SMITHSON!

WE have received the following communication from our friend Professor FELTON, of Cambridge, which will itself clearly set forth its purport and aim to the reader:

'*To the Editor of the Knickerbocker:* '*Cambridge, September* 26, 1848.

'IN the KNICKERBOCKER for April, 1847, there appeared a notice of DRISLER'S and PICKERING'S Greek Lexicons. In speaking of the latter, the writer of the article remarks: 'DUNBAR has been accused of stealing from PICKERING. Not having seen the charge supported by any examples, we cannot pretend to decide on its justice, for it is hardly to be expected of the most patient reviewer that he should collate two whole lexicons on the chance of discovering coincidences,' etc. (p. 360.) In a footnote on the same page, the writer says: 'PICKERING'S editors affirm that Professor DUNBAR'S Lexicon, in the first edition, was in substance a reprint of the second edition of the American work, and was acknowledged to be so in the preface. We have read over said preface three several times, with the assistance of a friend, *and can discover no acknowledgment or intimation of the kind.*'

'The italics are those of the writer of the review. The words attributed to 'PICKERING'S editors,' are the words of Mr. PICKERING himself; and are so stated to be, by the publishers. They form a part of the characteristically modest prospectus, which he had prepared for the present edition of the Lexicon. The language of the reviewer conveys a distinct imputation of untruth. To those who knew the spotless in-

tegrity of that distinguished and lamented scholar, any such charge or imputation seems shocking and incredible. But it is possible that some readers of the KNICKERBOCKER may have thought that the assertion of Professor DUNBAR'S indebtedness to Mr. PICKERING'S labors was a mere pretence for giving an apparent support to an unfounded claim to originality.

'When I read the paper in the KNICKERBOCKER, I was astonished at the language of the reviewer; for I remembered distinctly the acknowledgment to which Mr. PICKERING alludes, and I resolved to request you to set the matter right. But the first edition of DUNBAR was out of print, and though I inquired for it, in various quarters, I was long unable to find a copy, and I chose to make no assertion sustained by my memory alone. Within a few days, however, it has been sent to me; and late as it is to rebut so injurious an imputation, I hasten to communicate the facts which my reverence for the memory of Mr. PICKERING forbids me to withhold. But first let me give his words, in their connection. 'And here,' says that candid scholar, 'in order to prevent any misconception or suspicion of plagiarism on the part of the American editor, it is proper to state that Professor DUNBAR'S Lexicon, in the first edition, *was in substance a re-print of the second edition of the American work, and was acknowledged so to be in the preface;* although in the second edition no acknowledgment whatever is made, that would lead the reader to suppose this to be the case. We advert to the fact, not on account of the great value we may be supposed to attach to our humble labors, but simply to inform the reader, who may happen to notice the close resemblance of the two works, that this has not been in consequence of our having committed a plagiarism upon Professor DUNBAR.' (Advertisement: p. 11.)

'The very first paragraph of the Preface to DUNBAR'S first edition, published in Edinburgh in 1831, is as follows:

'''The Lexicon now offered to the public is founded on that, of which the second and improved edition appeared at Boston, U. S., in 1829.'

'DUNBAR'S Lexicon was re-printed at Edinburgh, with additions and improvements, in 1840; and though Mr. PICKERING'S labors were incorporated in it, as in the edition of 1831, no acknowledgment whatever was made, and the volume appeared as an original work by Professor DUNBAR.

'Very respectfully yours,

'C. C. FELTON.'

MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY have just published an elegant volume, entitled '*Women of the Bible*,' which will attract much attention from the literary and religious world. It is a series of sketches of the most remarkable female characters whose deeds are commemorated in the sacred Scriptures. The sketches are written by some of the ablest divines in the country, and of course present some of the most splendid specimens of composition, of our time. Dr. WAINWRIGHT of New-York is the editor, and Dr. SPRAGUE, Dr. COIT, Bishop MCILVAINE, Bishop DOANE, Dr. CHEEVER, and others of equal eminence, have assisted as contributors. Eighteen superb portraits in the stippled style of engraving, from original paintings, form the embellishments. The paper, printing and binding are of unwonted excellence. The book cannot fail to acquire a speedy and permanent popularity.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—The reader will find in preceding pages an interesting article upon '*The American Art-Union*,' to which we invite attention. This institution, now so well established, has always been mentioned in this Magazine in the terms of praise which its objects and efforts deserved. We shall therefore the more readily be pardoned for saying, that there exist at the present time, in the minds of many contributors to its fund, objections to one or two of its more prominent features, and in certain respects, to the course of the Management. It is admitted by all that the institution itself is a good one; that it has benefitted artists, and been a source of amusement and gratification to our metropolitan citizens. But it is contended, that as it is its object to *elevate art*, as well as to encourage artists, its indiscriminate purchase of pictures cannot but prevent the accomplishment of so desirable an end. 'Men and boys,' says a subscriber to the Union, in a communication now before us, 'who could not live a week on the productions of their pencils, have supplicated successfully for the admission of their crude efforts, which evince little talent and no genius. I should like,' continues our correspondent—a true judge of art, let us add, who expresses himself with equal fearlessness and force—'I should like to go round the hall of the Art-Union with some of the accepting committee, and point out the daubs which they have hung up on their walls, and which are to be distributed as prizes.' The writer goes strongly against buying a great many pictures in order to meet the demand of a great many subscribers. He is himself a contributor to the fund, yet he remarks that he would pay the Management to keep *out* of their rooms many of the pictures they have purchased: 'Rather pay high prices for good pictures, gentlemen-managers, than multiply your distribution at the lowest possible sums.' Our correspondent also complains, and we must say that we think with reason, that the Art-Union should be made a show-room for the exhibition of elaborate and costly foreign pictures, owned by private citizens, especially when, as he alleges to be a well-known fact, they exclude from the walls pictures of distinguished merit by our own most eminent artists. The foreign pictures should be exhibited by themselves, and not be permitted to usurp the best places in an institution established to encourage American art and American artists. 'It is wrong,' he writes, 'to put in competition pictures elaborated through a year or two, and for which thousands of dollars have been paid, as a just reward for faithful labor and refined genius, with paintings of our own artists, finished hurriedly because not amply paid for. When our rich men desire good pictures, let them give an order commensurate with their love of art, and their colossal fortunes, and I venture to predict they will be supplied with pictures every way worthy of their generosity.' The payment of prizes in money instead of pictures, after the plan of the London and Philadelphia Art-Unions, we have heard strenuously advocated, as well by the artists as by subscribers. A subscriber by this means chooses such a picture as *pleases him*, if it fall within the limits of his prize; while by the present plan he may draw a painting which in subject and treatment may be entirely foreign to his tastes. Moreover, a merely 'speculative' subscriber, in some distant state, with no love of art, is by the picture-prize system often made the fortunate possessor of the most valuable painting in the entire collection, which he at once advertises for sale, without perhaps ever seeing or desiring to see it. These objections, which we hear frequently urged, are certainly worthy of consideration by the respectable managers of the American Art-Union, whose object

should be, and we cannot doubt is, to retain the favor of the public, which has been hitherto awarded them in so eminent a degree. . . . We copy from a blank-leaf of a traveller's guide-book the following illustration of the feeling which a friend, an American artist, of distinguished merit, entertained of the 'land he left behind him,' while residing amidst some of the finest scenery in Scotland: 'Fill me with scenery to the brim, yet my heart still turns to my country; not that I love mere land and stream, but that I love those who live under the warm sun of those happy skies; wife, children, father, brother — these all are there; and they seem to chide me for one moment's forgetfulness of their claim upon the thoughts of my heart. Even in these sublime scenes of nature, the man-nature rises over all; and my heart yearns more for love and friendship than for scenic beauty — for lake and mountain sublimity; and this is saying a good deal for an artist in search of the picturesque.' On an adjoining leaf of the same volume whence the foregoing was taken, we find the following:

'Oh, horrid Doune, first house of all I saw,
Was red with slaughter, bloody beef and raw;
Next long-faced Presbyters pent up the way,
And seemed to glory in the burning day;
Not one young damsel met my anxious view,
But every girl I think was sixty-two;
My hat, alas! the sun-shade of my land,
Seemed like a pistol made to 'bring to stand;'
For old and young, the town indeed 'en masse,'
Came out to see the felted wonder pass:
And then the tavern — bless us, what an inn!
'T is Sabbath day, and therefore I 'll not sin;
But to escape with Robert I 'll be stirring,
And hire a coach, and post me off to Stirling.'

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When there comes a warm autumnal rainy day, it gives us great enjoyment to go over (*omnes solus*) to Hoboken, and repair to a gable-angle of the Swiss châlet, built by the tasteful Stevens, and there, under an open 'weather-board' canopy, gaze for hours upon the distant city, spreading before us like a map, and our noble harbor and bay, covered with tall ships, their tapering masts and cordage pencilled against the sky, or the lighter craft, with their white sails glinting for an instant in the fitful sunlight that steals through a broken cloud. There we watch the rain sift in long slanting lines across the bay, and over the town, and along the majestic Hudson, and think 'on diverse things foredone,' when we were as yet but a little boy; especially of early days in the country, when with departed 'Ollapod' we used to perch ourselves upon the top of a fresh hay-'barrack,' (soft and fragrant couch!) and from underneath its straw-thatch roof look out through the gently-falling rain upon the fading yellow woods, the meadows of dim dying green, and russet stubble-fields. That remembrance links with others of the country, until it merges in a sort of mental essay on Political Economy. One thinks of the reapers cutting the golden grain; of man and boy rolling the round fat 'murphies' out of the black loamy soil; of gathering in the yellow-green oats, so smooth, and so pleasant to 'cut, rake and bind;' of the Liliputian forests of tall silky flax-trees; of the yellow corn, so delightful to husk at night, with a barn-floor full of girls and boys, waiting joyfully amidst the sweet 'husky' odors for the subsidence of the big 'heap,' that they may partake of the repast of pies and cakes and sweet cider that is spread 'in the house.' All these various labors 'in due season' freight the vessels which you see tending to the vast metropolis; some in the far distance, some huddled close together, some wide apart, but all making for one port; while there, in the great town before you, men and 'prentice-boys in dingy shirt-sleeves, at hours when the farmers, their 'patrons,' are in bed, 'ply their busy tools of trade;'

cabinet-makers are sending off furniture; druggists are arming country practitioners with 'engines of destruction' against the 'great enemy' — or their patients; hardware dealers are sending out pots, kettles, and pans, for 'stewing, baking and brewing' in far western wilds — and so forth; which, in connection with general commerce, as dry-goods, tin-plates and spelter, groceries, hay, cutlery, 'grits' and 'shorts,' sarsaparilla, turpentine-gum, putty, 'ging-shang' root, codfish, hops, brads, bees-wax, soft shell almonds, gun-powder, osnaburgs, fustic, corks, madder, hackled hemp, dried beef, nail-rods, staves and heading, varnish, and Graffenbergh pills, constitute what is most usually supposed to compose the main elements of 'Political Economy!' . . . It was a pleasant thing to read, in a late number of the '*Christian Inquirer*' Unitarian journal, an account of four clergymen, of widely different denominations, meeting weekly at each others' houses, in a New-England village, for religious communion and prayer. The liberal Christian spirit which prompted this act did not exist formerly in that section, nor indeed any section, of the Union; and we hail its appearance with sincere pleasure. '*Other* sheep I have,' said our SAVIOUR, 'which are not of *this* fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' Why should they who profess to lead and point the way to heaven dwell upon mere differences of doctrine which touch neither the heart nor life? Let them rather say, looking up to a common REDEEMER:

'O CRUCIFIED! we share thy cross,
Thy passion too sustain;
We die THY death to live THY life,
And rise with THEE again.'

WE are indebted to an esteemed friend in Boston for the following hitherto unpublished poem by that rare humorist and admirable writer, Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. It will be included in a new edition of his poetical writings, now passing through the press of those judicious and enterprising publishers, Messrs. TICKNOR AND COMPANY:

'NUX POST CŒNATICA.

'I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug;
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many.

'And I thought, like Dr. FAUSTUS, of the emptiness of art,
How we take a fragment for the whole, and call the whole a part,
When I heard a heavy footstep that was loud enough for two,
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming, 'How d' ye do?'

'He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid flesh and bone,
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was twenty stone;
(It 's odd how hats expand their brims as youth begins to fade,
As if, when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade!)

'I lost my focus — dropped my book — the bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded, and commenced experiments on me;
They have a certain heartiness that frequently appals,
These mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls!

''My boy,' he said — (colloquial ways — the vast, broad-hatted man,)
'Come dine with us on Thursday next — you must, you know you can;
We 're going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, etcetera — the JUDGE, and all the boys.'

''Not so,' I said; 'my temporal bones are showing pretty clear,
It 's time to stop — just look and see that hair above this ear;
My golden days are more than spent — and what is very strange,
If these are real silver hairs, I 'm getting lots of change.

"Beside — my prospects — do n't you know that people won't employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root!

"It 's a very fine reflection, when you 're etching out a smile
On a copper-plate of faces that would stretch into a mile,
That what with sneers from enemies, and cheapening shrugs of friends,
It will cost you all the earnings that a month of labor lends!

"It 's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you 're screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year's income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your Helicon may flow!

"No! the joke has been a good one, but I 'm getting fond of quiet,
And I do n't like deviations from my customary diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear the toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and have some pig and peaches.'

'The fat man answered: 'Shut your mouth, and hear the genuine creed;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed;
The force that wheels the planets round delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t' other day was great at shaking props.

"I tell you what, philosopher — if all the longest heads
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretching on their beds
Were round one great mahogany, I 'd beat those fine old folks
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and twenty clever jokes!

"Why, if COLUMBUS should be there, the company would beg
He 'd show that little trick of his of balancing the egg:
MILTON to 'Stilton' would give in, and SOLOMON to salmon,
And ROGER BACON be a bore, and FRANCIS BACON 'gammon!'

"And as for all the 'patronage' of all the clowns and boors
That squint their little narrow eyes at any freak of yours,
Do leave them to your prosier friends — such fellows ought to die,
When rhubarb is so very scarce, and ipecac., so high!'

'And so I come, like LOCHINVAR, to tread a single measure,
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-plum of pleasure;
To enter for the cup of glass that 's run for after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught, then breaks and cuts the winner.

'Ah! that 's the way delusion comes! — a glass of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by JANE or SARAH:
And down go vows and promises, without the slightest question,
If eating words won't compromise the organs of digestion!

'And yet, among my native shades, beside my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend, and every friend a brother,
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing,
The warm, champagny, old particular, brandy-punchy feeling!

'We 're all alike — Vesuvius flings the scoriæ from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain back to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious Alma-Mater,
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear old crater!'

IF they did n't have 'a good time' when this lively, felicitous, and evidently impromptu effusion was read, we shall never dare to venture another guess 'while this body is to us' 'Old KNICK.' . . . RIGHT glad are we to hear that our old friend JOHN WILSON, and the public's especial favorite, is on his way to America, to delight us once more with such music as only himself can give. His musical entertainments, given during the last eight years in England, Scotland and Ireland, have never for a moment lost their popularity; even his very last concert in London was crowded to excess. He comes to us with new subjects for our admiration; but we could gladly

welcome him among us were he to bring nothing but the good old songs which, as rendered by him, always took the public admiration captive. Welcome, again say we, to JOHN WILSON, the prince of vocalists, the gentleman, the 'best of good fellows!' . . . WE were on the point of seizing a fresh slip of 'gossip'-paper, to jot down a few thoughts upon metropolitan musical matters, when there 'comes us up' the following 'prepared report' from a facile scribe, who knows well whereof he speaks. 'Admit him instantly!' He intitules his document '*Pen-and-Ink Fantasia, on a One-Keyed Goose-Quill;*' a 'right fanciefull and pleasaunt conceite:'

'MY DEAR C——: If we are to believe the daily journals, (and I for one do not dream of doubting them,) we have already had some half a dozen 'openings of the musical season,' each accompanied with a particularly grand flourish by some favorite and popular performer. With your permission, however, I will correct one grave error into which the gentle public seems to have fallen. Some think these tremendous *furores* are got up on the piano; some attribute them to the violin; while others lay them all to the enchantment of the human voice. Now all these people are mistaken about the instrument which has produced these wonderful effects. It is neither the thunder of the piano, the wail of the violin, nor the syrenity of the soprano sfogato, but simply the Goose-quill—that plain, single-barrelled, one-keyed implement, upon which I propose to regale you with a brief fantasia, for the purpose of 'opening the musical season' in good earnest. Without this potent little tube, skilfully played in the ears of the public, piano would thunder, violin wail, and voice enchant, in vain.

'Well, then, let us begin; taking of course the opera for our theme. My 'private correspondence' (*videlicit*, the newspapers,) brings me the encouraging intelligence that the Italians have at length found a master in Mr. FRY, who has proved himself the NAPOLEON of *impresarii*, and absolutely possesses the secret of resolving the unprepared discords of jealous *prime donne* and tenacious *tenori* into perfect harmony. It has always been my belief that these chaotic elements of music, these nightingales in embryo, would be all the better for a good *scoring*; and it seems that Mr. FRY is a proficient in this species of counterpoint. But, to modulate from a merry key into more relative matters, I am happy to assure you that the opera horizon this season is more promising of sunshine than any that has preceded it. The new manager has had the sense to make stringent written contracts with his artists, and the nerve to insist that they shall be carried out to the letter. His short and very brilliant season in Philadelphia, just closed, has established beyond doubt both his firmness and his moderation. He has a splendid company, as well vocal as instrumental; and with the exercise of ordinary tact in making the best use of it, he cannot fail to secure a successful campaign. I do not intend to speak specially of the members of his company, as most of them are already favorites with the public; but of M. MARETZEK, the new conductor, and M. and Mme. LABORDE, you must give me room for a word. The lady, with a very pure soprano voice, of good compass, but not remarkable for natural quality, is one of the three or four finished vocalists we have heard in this country. Her school is the modern French; exquisitely polished, graceful and *piquante*, but defective in the eloquence and pathos of the best among the Italians. Her execution is faultless; and her bird-like warblings, gushing without apparent effort from her full throat and saucy mouth, took us by sweet surprise on the night of her *début* at STRAKOSCH's first monster concert. She is a thorough artist, with a perfected and well-modelled style, and is entirely reliable. Her husband had a narrow escape from being a great singer. As it is, he is an artist of first-rate ability, and his style is full of tenderness and taste. His voice is a half-chest tenor, remarkably pure and even, and is managed with consummate tact.

'As to MARETZEK, he is a real treasure. It is indeed a pleasure to listen to the performances of an orchestra and feel at every pulse the presence of its master-spirit. MARETZEK is a young and handsome man; wears a spotless neck-cloth and a pair of poetical eyes, and has already become a favorite with the ladies. He is worthy of this distinction; for a finer artist, a more promising composer, a better conductor, or a more excellent fellow, does n't exist any where this side of APOLLO and sunrise. With such elements as these, added to the attractions of the magnificent TRUFFI, the gracious BENEDETTI, the pretty PATTI, ROSI the robustious, and VALTELLINA the vacillating, with a chorus of fifty voices, and an orchestra as yet unrivalled in America, and above all, with an inflexible manager who knows what he is about, why shall we not have the Italian opera permanently established in New-York?

'But, apropos of opera, did you ever attend the Ethiopian? I have had that honor; and beside, my window in the 'ST. CHARLES' overlooks directly the 'Society Library,' where the veritable 'CAMPBELL's Minstrels' nightly and Saturday-afternoonly hold forth. Such a rush! such a scramble to get in, and such a delicious squeeze to get out! To this great national amusement resort the great body of the Sensible Hundred Thousand, who are not ashamed to like what they understand, and not green enough to pay out their money for the particularly slim chance of being considered fashionable by showing themselves at Astor-Place. With Mr. KIMBERLY and his highly-colored *troupe* there is never any difficulty. The *Prima Donna* is always in excellent condition; the First Bones never demands that his name should be printed in bigger type than the Principal Banjo, and the Joke-Master-General never has a cold. The doors are opened; in rush the eager public, while hundreds are nightly turned away; the affable Mr. KIMBERLY pockets the proceeds—and so on from night to night. I see from the programme that these extraordinary artists are about commencing on their second hundred successive and successful nights! Who shall say that, whether Mr. FRY sink or swim, the *Ethiopian Opera*, by the talented CHRISTYS and CAMPBELLS, is not one of the 'inalienable rights of American citizens?'

'In the way of individual wonderments, we have had as yet only STRAKOSCH and ILKELHEIMER.

STRAKOSCH has created quite as great a sensation with his piano as either of the distinguished *virtuosi* who have preceded him. He is still very young; but already is his style well formed and his playing nervous, equal and compact. In the firmness of his touch, the delicate distinctness of his articulation, the purity of his shake, and the intensity of his *tremolo*, he exhibits the accomplished master, before whom the difficulties of his instrument have long since been vanquished and disappeared; while his immense and incredible grasp of chords, the wonderful power and execution of his left hand, and the completeness of his scales, show that his higher studies have been in the right and rare direction. Of clap-trap he has none; of real and solid excellences there are few that he has not. He has made us acquainted with a higher and more solid style of pianism than we have hitherto been accustomed to; and his concerts, uniformly crowded, have been among the most interesting and improving that have ever been given in this country.

'Of young DESIRE IKELHEIMER I hesitate to say all I really feel, lest I should be suspected of partiality. He is now a few months over fifteen; and with all my aversion to prodigies, I confess that this wild-eyed German boy has completely subdued me by the simplicity and force of his genius. His school is the pure classic, of which VIEUXTEMPS is the acknowledged master, tinged and vitalized with the more subtle, playful and pathetic spirit of the romantic. His execution is of course still somewhat imperfect; but in force and expression, the two great elements of all music, I do not hesitate to pronounce him, young as he is, but little if any inferior to the great artists who have visited us. OLE BULL had more imagination, VIEUXTEMPS more equality, and SIVORI more delicacy; but as for that elastic outpouring of tone, upon whose living undulations the soul is willing to trust herself, like a strong swimmer to the wave, and that intense pathos of expression which stirs the fountains of the heart and makes them run over at the eyes, the boy IKELHEIMER has not been surpassed. When he has mellowed his method and improved his execution by time and experience, he will stand without a superior.

'The lull of the season between STRAKOSCH's first concert and the opening of the opera has been charmingly embellished by the admirable performances of the '*Germania Musical Society*.' This company consists of twenty-four German instrumentalists of the very highest individual excellence, who are crystallized into the most symmetrical and effective of orchestras. They have presented the public with some of the choicest music from the works of BEETHOVEN, WEBER, MOZART, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, ROSSINI, DONIZETTI, AUBER, GUNG'L, LAUNER, etc., and in a style that has certainly never been surpassed in this country. Among the pieces I most pungently remember are BEETHOVEN's '*Symphony in D. Major*,' the overtures to '*Il Flauto Magico*,' '*Der Freyschütz*,' '*Guilliaume Tell*,' '*Midsummer Night's Dream*,' '*Fra Diavolo*,' etc. These performances make our people acquainted with a class of music too little known, except by the few, and do much, very much, toward elevating and refining public taste. The popularity of this company must constantly increase, because every performance extends the taste for music of that character.

'The English opera has not been without its representatives during the past month. At the 'Park' Mme. ANNA BISHOP, doubtless the most exquisitely finished *artiste* now in America, has drawn full houses, for three or four weeks in succession, by merely her musical interludes, in which she has done every thing herself. It is really much to be regretted that so accomplished a singer and so powerful an actress should not be seen and heard in full opera, properly supported. At the 'Broadway,' the SEGUIN troupe have been playing their usual round of English operas, including the '*Bohemian Girl*,' '*Maritana*,' '*The Elixir of Love*,' etc., to which they have added a new and spirited version of '*The Daughter of the Regiment*,' with an English translation of the French words, made expressly for them. The music of 'The Daughter of the Regiment' is admirably suited to the pure method and fine execution of Mrs. SEGUIN, and the Sergeant could find no abler representative than SEGUIN, on any stage. Mr. REEVES, the tenor, has not improved since I heard him in Philadelphia; and of the rest of the company there is nothing particular to be said.

'But I (and your readers) think it high time to bring this rambling performance to a close; and I therefore permit them to wake up from the profound nap into which I presume I must have thrown them.

Yours, in ink-witty,

— 'G. G. FOSTER.'

Is 'MOIRLA' aware that there is not a line nor a thought which is original in '*A Sketch*' from his pen? It is a prose paraphrase, and a very poor one, of a passage in HOOD's thought-teeming verse. It is such a metamorphose as was made of the well-known cockney song, 'If I had a donkey as would n't go,' etc.:

'IF I had an animal averse to speed,
Think you I 'd beat him?—no, indeed!
I would offer him oats, and say, 'Proceed!
Go on, EDWARD!'

But we do n't wish *our* 'EDWARD' to 'proceed.' We had rather he would 'nt. . . . '*A Portrait*,' by 'LINGUARD,' possesses a good deal of executive merit; it has defects, however, which prevent its insertion. We are bound to thank the writer for his kindly complimentary estimate of our humble labors. . . . OUR young-old friend, Mr. JOSEPH BURKE, deservedly a universal favorite, and well-known as a most accomplished violinist and pianist, has taken up his residence in the metropolis, and offers his

services as a teacher of the piano and violin, in which he is unexcelled. Application may be made at the music stores, or to Mr. BURKE at his residence, Number 80 Leonard street. . . . WE rather reluct at giving publicity to the following slightly inelegant observation of a newly-arrived London cockney among us; but it is so characteristic, and involves such a commentary upon English judgments of American 'men and manners,' that we hesitate to withhold it — and do n't. 'Sir,' said he, addressing a friend, 'shawtly awfter me er-rival in Ne'-Yawk, I went into one of yer eating-'ouses — rester-awnts, ye-kno' — for a late breakfast. I took me seat at a table, and sent a colored pa-uhson who was in his sha'uht-sleeves, awfter some sawsages. He paws'd the wōhd along down the stairs, and pa-wesently retuh'ned, and awaked, 'Take 'em in *guts* or *dabs*, Sir?' 'N'ither,' said I, directly, an' I took me 'at and left. It is such language as this that 's given me a disgust, ye-kno', for the state of manners in America. Ye'd live in Len-den *ye-aws*, an' never 'ear a remawk like that!' . . . MESSRS. E. A. AND G. L. DUYCKINCK have purchased, and assumed the editorship of, '*The Literary World*' weekly journal, heretofore under the capable supervision of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esq. The new editors have our best wishes for their success in the field upon which they have entered. It is not likely, we may suppose, that we shall always agree with them in their literary judgments; assuredly not, if the following opinion, which we take from a notice of WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'Sketch-Book,' may be considered an example of their critical acumen: 'Of the *pathos* of the volume we say little. No one can pretend that it is very SHAKSPEARIAN. It is of the sentimental, not the passionate order. It may afford consolation to a certain class of minds, but there is little gun-cotton in it to rend the rocky heart of manhood.' Well, we are so 'sentimental,' even now, that we cannot read 'The Widow and her Son,' albeit perhaps for the fiftieth time, without tears; nor, so irresistibly touching is its pathos, do we envy the man, or '*more* or *less* than man,' who can. . . . IF you have ever visited the renowned village of Communipaw, doubtless its principal street or 'Boulevard' is fresh in your memory. You know it has a large barn at either end, and as a Patlander would say, 'every other house is an open lot,' for there is nothing but cabbage-gardens on each side of the sandy road. Before the revolution a negro, 'LONG PETE' was he hight, was taken up for setting fire to one of these barns. Arson in those days was punishable with death; but there was no evidence against him. On his trial he confessed that he had murdered a child some time before, and admitted that he had been thieving around the village for upward of twenty years, but denied the particular crime he was charged with. He 'allowed de child, but he was no barn-burner; no, no — he was not bad enough for dat.' In spite of his protestations, however, he was sentenced to be hung. When the judge left the bench, one of the jury said to him, 'How come you to tell him to go and be hanged? We did n't t'ink you was goin' to do dat when we bring'd him in kilty.' 'Oh,' said the judge, 'dat Long PETE is a tam dangerous nigger; he p'isoned dat child; dat we all know; and he is a great tief; and den he 's such a tam cunnin' nigger too, dat I t'ought if we did 'nt hung him dis time, we might never get another schance!' It was the same sapient judge who on another occasion tried a man for stealing a hoe, and gave the following charge to the jury: 'You see you must go accordin' to de balance ob de law and de testimony. Here 's two men swears dey seed him steal de hoe, and here 's six men swears dey *did n't* see him steal de hoe. Now you must bring him in not guilty, 'cause de balance ob de testimony is for him; dough I b'lieve de tam rogue would just as leave steal a hoe as any one of de jury!' At another time, a man inquired the way to Bergen. 'Vell

den,' said the Judge, 'you must go straight along dis road, till you comes to where dere 's *two* roads. You must n't take *bot'* roads, but take de left-hand road, and when you go about a mile down de road you 'll see a big dog; take care he do n't bite you, too; he 's a tam ugly fellow, dat dog. Vell, ven you see de dog, den you 'll know dat you 've got on de wrong road, and you must go back and take de odder one!' . . . We do n't know how it may strike others, but it appears to us that there must have been a very impressive exhibition of a certain pleasant phrenological 'probulgence' in the Scotch lassie who declares in the following lines her faithful affection for a lover gone a-soldiering:

'Now JENNY's face was full of grace,
Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
And few or nane in a' the place
Had gowd and gear mair plenty, yet
Though war's alarms and JOHNNIE's charms
Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
She sung wi' glee, 'I hope to be
My JOHNNIE's ain kind dearie yet.

'What though he 's now gaen far awa'
Where guns and cannons rattle, yet,
Unless my JOHNNIE chance to fa'
In some uncanny battle, yet,
Till he return, my breast will burn
Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
For I hope to see, before I dee,
His bairns to him endear me yet!'

We observe that the *Designs for the Washington Monument* have been removed from the Art-Union Gallery to one of the rooms in the Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre-streets, where the public is invited to call and examine their merits, and where contributions will be received. In our last number we remarked upon some of these designs, and frankly expressed a favorable opinion of that submitted by Mr. FRAZEE. We advert again to the subject, as the balloting for the choice of a design from among the whole number is now going on, and we cannot too strongly urge upon our fellow-citizens the importance of coming forward to make their contributions, and qualify themselves to vote, without delay. By a rule of the Monument Association, every contributor to the amount of one dollar is entitled to vote for the selection of a design. Mr. FRAZEE's, as we have said, ranks in our judgment above any other in the collection. Those of our friends who have seen it, and with whom we have conversed upon the subject, coincide fully with us in opinion: all agree that it is a masterly composition; sublime in its leading conceptions, chaste and harmonious in its proportions, pure in its style, enduring in its constructive elements, and, as a whole, constituting a monument of singular beauty, power and grandeur. It is to be hoped that no contributor will permit his judgment to be influenced by ideas of novelty alone, nor give countenance to those far-fetched and heterogeneous notions with which many of the designs presented are made up. With the design of Mr. FRAZEE we feel safe; because it is a composition of classic purity and excellence, and comports beautifully with the chaste and dignified character of the great sage and patriot whose name and whose deeds of glory it is to commemorate. Let these high principles of refinement be regarded, and we shall have a grand and perfect work. The genius and taste of Mr. FRAZEE, both as an architect and a sculptor, are not exceeded in this country. He is skillful in execution, as well as able in design; and he is practically conversant with every process in building, as well as in sculpture. We say, therefore, with entire confidence, let his design be adopted, and let the work advance under his direction, as the architect and sculptor, and our fellow-citizens may feel assured of soon beholding a monument worthy of the great object for which it is to be erected. . . . 'PEARS to us this little specimen of *'Yankee calculation of Rail-Road Speed'* will make the reader 'smile a smile:' Well, it 's curious how we du git over the ground! Why, the trees all look as if they was a dancin' a jig to double-quick-time. I kin recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday, I-cud git in

Filedelphy on the next Saturday, makin' just three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Filedelphy in one day; and I 've been cal'latin' that if the power of steam increases for the *next* ten years as it has been doin' for the *last* ten years, I 'd be in Filedelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting!' . . . It would be a very interesting thing to know the 'associations' which helped to make up the limnings of bards whose pictures we treasure up in the heart or in the memory. The twilight of a murky day in late October is coming down upon the earth like a dream; the wind is sighing without, and infrequent rain-drops plash against the windows of the sanctum. We have been thinking of Burns's lines:

> 'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
> Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
> Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
> I see it driving o'er the plain,' etc.

Do you know the circumstances under which Burns wrote that song? He had been for some time skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, some ill-advised people having unmuzzled the merciless pack of the law at his heels. He had determined to come to America; had taken his last farewell of his few friends; his chest was on the road to Greenock, where he was to embark; he had left a friend's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. The aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky, and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under such circumstances it was that Burns composed 'The Gloomy Night;' the last song, as he then thought, that he should ever measure in Caledonia. Fortunately, interposing events overthrew his schemes, and opened new prospects to his ambition. . . . We have been walking through, and admiring, to-day, *St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square*, near the Third Avenue. This noble edifice, when completed according to the admirable designs of the architects, will form one of the most imposing erections in the entire metropolis. Both the exterior and interior, at large and in detail, combine beauty and grandeur, in a most remarkable degree. We shall watch the progress of this edifice with great interest. As we were walking out of the middle aisle, gazing up at the lofty vaulted roof, we thought how its graceful beauty would have rejoiced the heart of our departed friend Dr. Stearns, a patriarchal pillar of St. George's; and we should have lamented that the new house could not grow to its perfection of grandeur and grace under his eye, had we not reflected that he was now a spiritual tenant of a 'better mansion,' a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' . . . Next to the great pleasure of being at the late *Fair at Pittsfield*, a pleasure which we were most reluctantly compelled to forego, is the gratification of welcoming a brief but comprehensive description of the fête from 'one of the real Berkshire grit:'

> 'My dear C——: Do you know that you were very much missed at the cattle-show and fair at our beautiful Pittsfield, on the fourth and fifth ult.? Notwithstanding a previous severe and protracted storm, cattle from all parts of the country were brought for exhibition, and the 'show' was one of the largest and finest ever witnessed in old Berkshire, and 'of course' a 'leetle ahead' of any thing in any other part of the world. The first day was taken up with the exhibition of agricultural implements, and various articles of mechanical skill; samples of the golden butter and luscious cheese for which the region round about is world-famous; fruits of different kinds, and some elegant specimens of needle-work, both useful and ornamental. In the evening the ladies held a fair, at which sparkling eyes were plentier and a great deal

brighter than the gems in SINBAD's diamond valley. The sales amounted to some three hundred dollars, which are applied to the support of a school in Smyrna. The second day the great excitement of the occasion, the ploughing-match, came off, about a mile east of the village. 'All the world and his wife' were there, and every species of vehicle, horse, mule, and other available locomotive expedient, were put in requisition. After an animated and exciting contest, all parties returned to town, where an eloquent and interesting address was delivered by Professor NORTON, of Yale College, and the premiums awarded to the successful competitors. Altogether the affair was exceedingly pleasant; and to alter the language of JOHN GILPIN,

> ''WHEN next Old Berkshire gives a fair,
> May you be there to see!'
>
> 'Truly yours,
>
> — 'A. F. E.'

WHEN the officers and crew of the 'Empire' steamer on Lake Erie were transferred to another craft, a negro-waiter belonging to the boat was encountered in the street by some one who asked: 'Why, POMP., you have n't left the 'Empire,' have you?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'me and Captain WAGSTAFF 's *bof*' quit!' Was n't that a characteristic reply? . . . A FRIEND, almost writhing at the time with pain of body, threw off the other evening this imaginative and spirited tribute to '*The Yellow Leaf*:' 'The air of the autumn is about us. A yellow leaf, fringed with glowing red, struck us on the cheek, as we wandered forth from our home this morning. The leaf trembled from the tree, as if it feared to fall upon the earth. It is so with us: we shudder to fall upon the bosom of our mother, this good red clay on which we walk. Who harms the yellow leaf, fringed with red, when it drops upon the grassy sod? It rests for a while, until the winds come sighing by, and with a whole angel-armful of others, it is spirited away to places we know not of. Perhaps the breeze bears it to the side of a lake, and the kissing silvery wave floats it gently on its bosom into the great ocean — nature's eternity. It is so with us. Fear not to fall! Like the leaf of yellow, fringed with red, we shall be borne away to the lapsing tides of streams which shall bear us onward to eternity. No harm will happen to us; but upon some golden-sanded shore we shall be wafted, and the exotic will again revive, and be a something 'that we dream not of.'

—

> 'MID wrecks that once have beauties been,
> I see thee left to thy decay,
> To weep in every summer scene
> The memory of thy vanished May.'

We thought of these lines the other day, while reading a communication (strangely mislaid until now) of our old and esteemed correspondent 'JULIAN,' from whom we can never hear too often. It is the lament of a belle, late lingering at Saratoga:

> 'THE wind has gone round to the east,
> The summer has gone to the south, [ceased,
> And waltzing and bathing and flirting have
> And left us all down in the mouth.
>
> 'I've rún through all phases but 'honey,'
> Of moons, from the new to the full;
> Blushing at Yankees with money,
> And blazing in full at JOHN BULL.
>
> 'Have sigh'd from the 'ah!' to the 'oh!'
> The 'ah!' of surprise to the 'oh!' of assu-
> Have always avoided the 'no,' [rance;
> To the very last point of endurance.
>
> 'Have blushed at a whisper; have prated,
> Flirted, laughed, galloped and romped,
> Looked down-like an angel denuded,
> And vaulted like Madam LECOMPTE.
>
> 'At Newport, the bath — Saratoga, the water,
> 'Done' to each bachelor's whim;
> Have shown nothing free-er of faults,
> And none that are rounder of limb.
>
> 'But the wind has gone round to the east,
> The summer has gone to the south, [ceased
> And when bathing and riding and flirting have
> Who can help being down in the mouth?'

—

MISS S. M. CONGDON, a young lady of great moral worth, and a most accomplished teacher of dancing, has opened her *Dancing Academy at Number 639 Broadway*,

near Bleecker-street. We can bear abundant testimony to the faithfulness and excellence of her instructions, in the instance of certain little people whom we wot of; and indeed kindred praise is rendered by all parents whom we have heard make mention of her school. Her terms are moderate, and her references of the highest order. . . . A FRIEND writing from Reading, (Penn.,) mentions as 'one of the drollest sights he ever saw in his life' a man with a large amount of 'bricks' and other 'building' materials in his hat, sitting in a tavern bar-room with a small pocket thermometer thrust into the breast of his waistcoat, 'waiting,' as he said, in mandlin accents, 'to see how '*high*' he could get without breaking!' . . . '*The Progress of Luxury in America*' does not seem to include all 'the merits' of the subject. It exaggerates the evil, but leaves out of sight the good — a course of argument, as it strikes us, not altogether logical. We believe, for example, that Messrs. TIFFANY AND YOUNG, in their constant introduction into this city of the rarest and most exquisite specimens of European skill, have not only contributed largely to the spread of good taste among us, but have stimulated American artists to emulate their ingenious and tasteful contemporaries in the various countries on the other side of the 'big herring-pond.' . . . WE invite especial attention to '*A connected Series of Designs of the Antediluvian World*,' by the great artist JOHN MARTIN, the renowned illustrator of primitive Nature and the sublime conceptions of MILTON, now exhibiting at the Apollo Rooms. They are six in number, executed in Rome by Mr. CHARLES MARTIN, assisted by the best Italian artists. The exhibition is full of interest, and cannot fail to elicit the patronage of the public. We shall notice the designs more in detail hereafter. . . . WE had the pleasure, in a recent visit to the fine old manor-house of PIERRE VAN KORTLAND, Esq., some three or four miles north of Sing-Sing, to see ELLIOTT'S admirable picture of his little son suspended upon walls which it seems actually to invest with light and beauty. The likeness, as we had occasion to see, by comparison with the original, is *perfect*. The large, tender hazel-eyes, the soft, glossy ringlets, of light golden brown, imparting a charming femininess to the lovely face, are exquisitely rendered by Mr. ELLIOTT; who has, in this single picture, sufficiently established the fact that, admirably as he paints old and stern heads, he has equal power and skill in transferring to canvass the lineaments of feminine loveliness. . . . Do you know, reader, that the skin of the black cat is in great demand for muffs, and other furry 'utensils' of comfort? It is even so; to such a degree, indeed, that a distinguished proprietor in Maryland, the honorable supporter and dispenser of an honorable name and a princely estate, has established a colony of black cats on a small island of his in the Chesapeake Bay, where they feed at small cost upon the always-abundant fish of the enclosing waters. In less than a twelve-month there will be five thousand black cats on the island, under the charge of a single 'Professor,' who will have an 'interest' in them, 'which will not cease with their lives.' He 'll have a pleasant time of it at night, won't he? What dulcet strains will be heard of a still moonlight evening, stealing 'cat-like' from that enchanted island! And in *dark* nights, how will those five thousand burning eyes light up the surrounding gloom! It would be pleasant to approach the island at such a time, and hear the occupants CARROLLing in praise of the forecaste and enterprise of the proprietor. . . . WE had an opportunity, in a recent visit to the fine estate known as 'Longwood,' in Westchester, some two miles from Hærlem Bridge, to remark what a fine prevailing taste in a rich and liberal proprietor can do in aid of the beauties of nature. In rich, varied and picturesquely-disposed ornamental trees; in soft-green glades and verdant slopes; in

near and distant views, through well-chosen vistas, of sleeping islands and sunny reaches of 'still waters;' in beautiful gardens stocked with rare fruits and rarer flowers; in a mansion, no front of which presents an architectural blemish, and which is as comfortable as it is beautiful; in all these particulars, we know of no country-seat in the vicinity of New-York that will favorably compare with 'Longwood,' which is an honor alike to the good taste of its hospitable proprietor and to the charming region in which it is situated. . . . We have received from Sig. De Begnis, the eminent musical artist, a beautifully-printed aria, entitled '*Oh, Return, Love,*' (*Idol Mio in Tale Istante,*) the words and music by Donizetta; expressly composed for Madame Ronzi De Begnis; from a manuscript in possession of Sig. De Begnis; the pianoforte arrangements by Donizetta; the English version by W. J. Wetmore, Esq. It is a charming piece of music. It is a rare thing, let us add, for an American publisher to be able to issue an original production of such an artist as Donizetta. Messrs. Firth and Hall are the publishers. . . . An amusing scene 'met our eye' a few evenings since, as we took boat at the Fulton-ferry for the city. Three Frenchmen were returning from the chase; Gallic sportsmen, 'en blouse' and in liquor. It was curious to hear them, in their maudlin and bad French, discuss the pleasures of the field; how each had shot at a bird, and how they had drank beer, and then gone out 'to shoot again,' along the road-side; and all the time there looked up into their beer-besprinkled beards a sulky, time-'serving,' mongrel *bull-whelp*—the pioneer, whose pointer-services they had engaged for the day! . . . Launitz, the distinguished sculptor, has published two views of monuments now in process of erection by him; the first, ordered by a vote of the Kentucky legislature to commemorate the bravery of her gallant sons fallen in battle, and the other to perpetuate the memory of the noble firemen of this city who have perished in the exercise of their duty. Both of these monuments, and their statuary designs, are worthy of Mr. Launitz's high reputation. We shall revert again to them when they shall have been completed. . . . Are the editors of the '*Literary World*' aware that the lines '*Bacchus and Ariadne, from Ovid's Ars Amatoria,*' published without credit in a late number of their journal, were written for these pages by our friend and correspondent 'Carl Benson?'

> 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
> Nor customary suit of solemn black.'

'Jake,' said a rather seedyish-looking colored biped, whose legs like knobbed bamboos, vitalized a pair of shiny bombazine trowsers, 'Jake, hev you got a black weskit to spare for a few days?' 'What for, Abe?' 'Oh! I lost my aunt Betsy a few days ago, and I want to take a short mourn!' . . . We are conscious of doing a good service to our readers in different quarters of the country by announcing, that Messrs. J. and J. W. Meeks, at their manufactory of *Superb and Fashionable Cabinet Furniture and Upholstery*, Number Fourteen Vesey-street, adjoining the Astor-House, have just completed their full assortment of furniture, made in the most ancient and modern Parisian and other styles, consisting in part of Egyptian, Elizabethan, Gothic, Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, etc., all of which is of their own manufacture, 'got up' under their personal superintendence, and *warranted* to equal any made in this city or Europe. In regard to quality and price, we can bear witness, that the vast establishment of the Messrs. Meeks presents advantages not elsewhere to be availed of in New-York, nor doubtless in any city of America. . . . '*I have found Thee,*' is the title of a beautiful ballad, written by Charles Swain, Esq., the music by Stephen

C. MASSETT, the author of 'The Pilgrim Harper,' 'The Moon on the Lake is Beaming,' and several other popular songs. It is dedicated to Miss JULIA AUGUSTA HUBBARD, of this city, an accomplished singer, who will render full justice to the charming music. . . . WE have room but to say, *Go and see Paul Delaroche's grand Picture of Napoleon Crossing the Alps.* There is NAPOLEON himself, 'accoutred *as he was*,' and not as DAVID has represented him. *What* a face it is — looking into coming centuries! *Go and see it* at once, at the National Academy Rooms, corner of Leonard-street and Broadway. . . . WILL our readers, who have been accustomed to receive with trust and favor our brief literary judgments, hastily expressed in this department, do us the kindness to consider, that the following works, the characteristics of which, at the late hour at which we receive them, we have neither time nor space more particularly to indicate, are most worthy of their regard, as we shall hope particularly to demonstrate in our next number? — beginning with '*The Odd-Fellows' Offering, for* 1849,' with twelve superb engravings, edited by PASCAL DONALDSON, and published by Br. EDWARD WALKER, Fulton-street; and going on with '*Frank Forrester's Field-Sports*,' from the press of STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, a most superb book, heretofore briefly commended in these pages; '*The Book of Pearls*,' from the APPLETONS, splendidly illustrated, with good literary matériel; a rare and exceedingly valuable work, from Messrs. GREELEY AND M'ELRATH, '*Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics*,' profusely illustrated; '*Shandy M'Guire, or Tricks upon Travellers*,' from the well-established press of EDWARD DUNIGAN AND BROTHER; '*The Lady's Annual*' and '*Juvenile Scrap-Book*,' both charmingly pictorial; '*Fables for Critics*,' *Coleridge's Poems*; '*The Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine*;' LEE'S '*Hydropathy and Homœopathy*,' etc., etc. . . . SIX pages of 'Gossip,' including notices relating to art, schools of art, the 'Cypress Cemetery,' etc., with certain 'Things at the Fair,' although in type, are *unavoidably* omitted until our next number.

DEFERRED NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS. — We cordially commend to our readers the perusal of a volume from the press of Messrs. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, entitled '*Romance of the History of Louisiana*,' comprising a series of very able lectures delivered at New-Orleans by CHARLES GAYARRE. In a pleasant gossiping preface the writer sets forth the causes which prompted him to engage in their composition; an act for which he certainly need plead no 'excuse,' unless it should be deemed inexcusable to do a 'good thing.' We at least have to thank him for four hours of agreeable and instructive reading; a pleasure which we would fain share with our readers. . . . To those who pass through life unmindful of the goodness of their CREATOR; who pass their days in murmuring and grumbling; with whom indeed discontent may be said to be their habitual frame of mind; to such may well be commended a little book recently from the press of the Brothers HARPER, entitled '*Thankfulness, a Narrative; comprising Passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple*;' by the author of 'Records of a Good Man's Life,' 'MARGARET, or the Pearl,' etc. It is written in a pleasing natural style, the incidents are interesting, and the lesson inculcated truly admirable. . . . MESSRS. DEWITT AND DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings, have published the first volume of a very excellent and comprehensive work, in '*An Universal History, in a Series of Letters*.' It will when finished compose a complete and impartial narrative of the most remarkable events of all nations, from the earliest period to the present time; and form, in fact, a *Complete History of the World*. G. C. HEBBE, LL.D., is the author, who conceived the idea of the work more than twenty years ago, and has been engaged upward of ten years in carrying it into execution. He has not hesitated to censure the prejudices and superstitions of mankind, nor to treat with due severity the artifices and pretensions of princes, priests and aristocrats. The present volume, which is well executed externally, is devoted to the first division, Ancient History. . . . THE public have good reason to thank Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, at Clinton-Hall, for publishing, in a cheap and portable form, '*Hogarth's Life and Works*.' One can now have, for almost a mere song, engravings of all HOGARTH'S great pictures, with extremely well-written and comprehensive illustrations.

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THE Thirty-second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE commenced on the first of July, 1848. The work has been so long before the public, that it is not deemed necessary to enlarge upon its claims to general favor. The annexed List of Contributors to the Magazine, and a few notices of the work, (up to and including the last number) will sufficiently attest its character and its popularity:

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'THE first number of the *Twenty-Seventh Volume* of this venerable and widely-popular periodical appears upon entirely new and beautiful type, in all its departments; and in its rich and diversified contents, continues to vindicate its reputation as the most agreeable and entertaining Magazine published in the United States. When we first started the old 'New-Yorker,' our friend CLARK had preceded us as Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER about a twelvemonth; it has now reached an age greatly beyond that of any American Monthly; a fact which literally 'speaks volumes' in praise of the manner in which the work has been conducted. No number of the K. has ever been issued under CLARK'S supervision that did not bear indubitable evidence of editorial care, and anxious thought and well-directed labor enstamped upon its pages. We have known no monthly, of this country or Europe, so thoroughly *edited*, in the strictest sense of the term. With a corps of contributors embracing the most eminent writers of the country, with not a few from the other side of the water, it has been able to present articles of a high order of merit, and in rich variety; while, as if emulous of the contributed portions, the editorial department has regularly increased in variety and abundance.'— *New-York Daily Tribune.*

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☞ *See third page of Cover.*

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BUTLER'S HORÆ JURIDICÆ.

BY FRANKLIN J. DICKMAN.

THIS title designates a connected series of notes respecting the geography, chronology and literary history of the principal codes and original documents of the Grecian, Roman, Feudal and Canon law. The name of the author, CHARLES BUTLER, is alike familiar to the lawyer and to the man of letters; happily blending as he did a profound legal erudition with a taste for refined and elegant studies. Strictly speaking, he was a liberal scholar. The law became with him a universal science; confined not to the subtle interpretation of statutes and of customs, but embracing as auxiliary all those branches which tend, by a uniform development of the mind, to give a clearer perception of the various relations of men. He fully appreciated that sentiment of Sir Henry Finch, that 'in the ashes of the law lie hid the sparks of all the sciences.' A change of study constituted his principal relaxation. From the strife of the forum he passed to the annotation of Coke and of Fearne, and in turn sought relief in the cultivation of the lighter graces of literature. The Horæ Juridicæ, the biographies of Grotius and D'Aguesseau, with other works of a similar character, furnish a striking illustration of the many literary hours that he was enabled to find, amid the most arduous professional duties, by a systematic division of time, accompanied with industry and abstinence from idle diversions.

To men of a single idea, whose thoughts never run out of the channel of their daily avocations, there may be suggested a want of accordance in such a variety of intellectual pursuits. And not only this, it may also be urged as an immediate consequence, that the mind is enfeebled by having its energies frittered away upon so many and so dissimilar subjects. Upon reflection, it will be observed that these objections, if at all, can only be partially true. It must be readily assented to, with Cicero, that all those arts which pertain to

humanity — terms very comprehensive — are as it were chained together by the ties of relationship, and derive from each other mutual assistance. So far too from weakening the understanding, there is nothing perhaps which tends more to strengthen and give it due balance than the harmonious expansion of its various powers. When one faculty is cultivated at the expense of all the rest, the mind is liable to be warped and prejudiced, and thus unfitted for that calm and impartial investigation so necessary to the discovery of truth. Indeed, if we glance at the list of those who have adorned the legal profession, we shall find that a very large number, instead of being exclusively lawyers, have been likewise distinguished as men of literary tastes. Sir William Jones, rich in the spoils of oriental learning, Mr. Justice Coleridge, penning his admirable paraphrases of the Greek tragedians, and Lord Denman giving to the world of letters his beautiful translation of the Song of Harmodius, are eloquent advocates of those who turn occasionally from the entangled phraseology of the Old Reporters to admire the inimitable beauties of the ancient and modern classics.

The study and practice of the law without doubt are calculated somewhat to sharpen and invigorate the mind; but it may with reason be inquired whether they have an equal tendency to enlarge and liberalize it. A constant dealing in legal forms and fictions may make an accurate conveyancer or a shrewd special-pleader, but can never give one remarkable expansion or grasp of intellect. Those who are tied down all their lives to formula and detail, very rarely possess great powers of generalization; he therefore who would counteract this narrowing influence of the law, must break in now and then upon the routine of professional life; must extend the sphere of his thoughts, by directing his attention to other and more literal studies. The effect of such a course will be not only to render our views more comprehensive, but to exalt the moral part of our being. Our tastes will be purified, our feelings elevated, and our hearts softened. In drawing the lines of duty, our discrimination will be made more acute. Accustomed to the contemplation of what is beautiful and true, we will learn at length to admire and embrace the angel-form of virtue, and to loathe the execrable shape of vice; and the members of the legal profession, thus gradually yielding to the impulse of high moral principle, will impart a new dignity to the bar, and thereby silence those who unjustly regard courts of law as the schools of wrangling and artifice, and not as sacred places of refuge, where stern and unyielding justice is administered.

Such an enlarged and liberal state of mind is moreover peculiarly needful to lawyers as a class, seeing that so large a number of them are called upon to assume the responsible duties of legislation. To those who have made jurisprudence their study and practice, in all countries and at all times, have been open the most important offices in the state. We learn that the venerable system of the civil law was gradually matured on the banks of the Tiber by the successive wisdom of Roman *statesmen, magistrates* and *sages;* and in England, the master-spirits who direct the public policy are and must neces-

sarily be well versed in the laws of their country. The propriety and expediency, then, of selecting lawyers and jurists to legislate for us in our national councils, cannot for a moment be called into question. In enacting a new law, there should not be ignorance of the old, and in the interpretation of laws one should not be a stranger to the text upon which he comments. But, as before remarked, to the statesman mere skill in the law does not suffice; he requires something that will open the mind as well as quicken the understanding. 'Est senatori necessarium nosse rempublicam; idque late patet:—genus hoc omne scientiæ diligentiæ memoriæ est; sine quo paratus esse senator nullo pacto potest.'* English history is not mute as to those who might have been first-rate figures in Westminster Hall, though they made splendid failures in the career of the premiership. What were the prominent features in the administration of Sir George Grenville? Instead of a broad philosophic policy, we behold a high overweening national pride, a mean and unworthy selfishness, and a vulgarity of thinking on political subjects of the utmost moment; and yet Sir George Grenville was an expert in the law. As an attorney-general his name might have been enviable; as a chancellor he might have adorned the woolsack; but the habits to which he had been trained in his profession were not alone sufficient to insure him success as a statesman. He had been accustomed to rely too much upon the forms and precedents of office and too little upon reasonings drawn from philosophic principles. His contemporaries Burke and Chatham had also lived their terms at the inns of the court; but they had beside profoundly studied the lessons of history; had scrutinized the motives of human action; so that when the dawn was overcast and the dismemberment of England threatened, instead of seconding the harsh measures of the Grenville cabinet, they arose from their seats in the House of Commons, and

——'With words cloth'd in reason's garb,'

urged the adoption of a mild and liberal policy.

In view then of what has been said, it seems there cannot be a doubt but that an exclusive devotion to the law exerts a narrowing influence; that it checks that expansion and universality of mind so indispensable to the successful management of state affairs.

We have thus noticed the importance to lawyers of pursuing studies collateral to and independent of those that are purely professional. Our random remarks, suggested by an admiration of Mr. Charles Butler, we fear have been a tedious episode. Without therefore extending them farther, we proceed to a more direct consideration of the subject before us. The work of Mr. Charles Butler, entitled 'Horæ Juridicæ,' does not purport to be a complete treatise on the different codes of laws which governed the Greeks, Romans and barbarians, but is designed merely to point out the sources from which the curious inquirer may obtain ample information as to their

* Cic. De Leg. 3. 18.

character. Its general plan and execution impress us with a sense not only of the learning and industry of the author, but of the incalculable benefit conferred on those who desire to trace legal principles to their remotest origin. The system of the common law, which holds over the greater part of our country, is, as is well known, highly artificial. Many of the reasons and fictions upon which it is founded belong to another age. Some even of the legal *maxims*, which have at a very recent date served as guides to courts of justice in their decisions, could never have sprung from the wants and exigencies of the present state of society, but must have had their rise in times of feudal manners and customs. Thus the feudal rule that the right of inheritance never lineally ascends, which remained an invariable maxim in English jurisprudence until repealed under William the Fourth, could never originate under the enlightened humanity of our own day. The reason for it must be sought in an age of wardships and liveries, of reliefs and primer-seisins, of castles and armed knights, of barons and vassals. But in going back to this early stage of feudal society, we want the assistance of proper guides; without them we will grope in thick darkness. Such assistance, however, as before observed, we have in the curt and comprehensive notes of Mr. Butler on the codes and institutions of the barbarians. It is not our design here to enter into a critical or even general examination of the Grecian law, as matured by the counsels of the Spartan and Athenian law-givers, nor of that monument of human wisdom, the Roman law, as digested into a regular system by Tribonian and those associated with him, nor of the canon-law, as composed of texts from the scriptures, passages from the writings of the fathers, the canons of general and particular councils, and the decrees and rescripts of popes. Any attempt of the kind on our part, considering the magnitude of the subject, might justly be regarded as a work of rashness. We therefore propose nothing more than to briefly notice a portion of the 'Horæ Juridicæ;' to point out some of the most prominent characteristics of the codes of the barbarians.

The result of that memorable conflict between the youthful vigor of the northern nations and the decaying civilization of the Roman empire was the almost total subversion of old institutions and the establishment of a political organization entirely new. Causes had been followed by their natural effects, and the destiny of Rome decided. Her ancient military spirit, which had always been nursed by a sense of national honor, had now passed away. In the lament of Longinus, who at the court of a Syrian queen preserved the spirit of ancient Athens, the sentiments of the Roman people had been debased, their courage enervated and their talents depressed. Not so with the rude and brawny inhabitants of the North. Nature and education had conspired to make them wholly unlike the degenerate race of the South:

> 'Theirs was the science of a martial race,
> To shape the lance, or decorate the shield.'

That the issue should have been what it was is not at all strange.

It is always expected, in appeals to force, that the ardor and energy of youth will prevail over the decrepitude of age. In the final occupation of those countries which had been subject to the rule of the imperial city, the barbarians introduced laws and institutions congenial with their peculiar ideas and habits of life. The civil law, though there is no system in which principles are investigated with more good sense, or declared and enforced with more accurate and impartial justice, was almost entirely superseded by the barbaric codes. Of these codes, the most ancient and famous are the Salic Law and the Law of the Burgundians. The Salic Law, which governed the Franks after they had left the forests of their ancestors, is thought to derive its appellation from the Salians, who inhabited the country from the Leser to the Carbornarian wood, on the confines of Brabant and Hainault. The Law of the Burgundians is supposed to have been promulgated about the beginning of the fifth century. That nation occupied the country which extends itself from Alsace to the Mediterranean, between the Rhone and the Alps; the most flourishing of the Gallic provinces invaded by the Germans. There are several other codes noticed by writers on the feudal law, such as those of the Ripuarians, Angliones, Werini and Lombards; but the two to which we have just referred may be regarded the most important which the northern nations established in the countries in which they formed their respective settlements.

Among the general characteristics of the laws of the barbarians, we observe a remarkable simplicity, and a spirit which was weakened by no change or corruption of manners. As the texture of society was very simple, and artificial wants fewer than at the present day, there seemed to be no need of that constant innovation in laws and customs, which is necessary in an age of rapidly advancing civilization. These codes too, apart from their civil nature, clearly indicate that the religious principle entered largely into the composition of the barbaric mind. Churches were regarded with pious awe, and within their precincts felons were sure to find an asylum. Bishops at the court of the King, had an immense authority; and it has been supposed that all the maxims, principles and views of the Spanish Inquisition were owing to laws formerly enacted in the royal council of the Visigoths. For the truth of the latter part of this, our vouchers are few; but, that men of a holy order, warm with the enthusiasm of a strong devotional feeling, should acquire an extended influence, seems not at all improbable.

Among the common features in the laws of the barbarians, there is another, which was also peculiar to the institutions of our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors. We refer to the system of pecuniary composition for crimes, by which a murderer, for instance was allowed to go free on the condition of paying a mulct to the relations of him whom he had killed. That such a law must have been wholly inadequate to justice, will at once be evident. It placed the poor in the hands of the rich, by giving an indirect power over life and limb. By imposing so slight a check upon the impulses of passion and prejudice, it weakened the foundation of social order and happiness. Why then its

adoption at any time, or by any people, among whom there was the least semblance of government? As to the northern nations, a reason must be sought in the genius of their institutions. The character of the barbarian as exemplified in the forests of the north was essentially nomadic. Pitching his rude tent now here and now there, he enjoyed the luxury of individual liberty — and learned to yield a willing obedience to none save his superiors in strength and valor. Settled finally as a conquerer, in the countries made fair by the touch of Roman civilization, his nature though modified was not radically changed. He still retained his love of freedom. Every thing that tended to restrain his personal liberty, was carefully excluded from the laws which he sanctioned. Imprisonment and corporal punishment were penalties too degrading for a freeman. By amercements proportioned to the crime, the demands of justice it was thought, were fully satisfied. And indeed, taking into consideration the state of the times, when neither capital nor the precious metals could have existed in any abundance, a heavy fine must often have proved a very serious punishment.

In adjusting these pecuniary penalties, there was a capital difference between the law of the Burgundians and the Salic law. The former was impartial; but the latter established between the Franks and the Romans, the most grievous distinctions. Thus where a barbarian or one living under the Salic law, happened to be killed, a composition of two hundred solidi was to be paid to his relations: while if a Roman was killed, the payment of only one hundred was required. The composition for the murder of one of the King's vassals, if a Frank, was six hundred solidi; if a Roman, though the King's guest, only three hundred. If a number of people assembled to assault a Frank in his house, and were thereby the means of his death, the Salic law ordained a composition of six hundred solidi; but if a Roman was assaulted in like manner, only half that sum was exacted. According to the same law, if a Roman put a Frank in irons he forfeited thirty solidi; but if a Frank extended the same treatment to a Roman, he could compound with a fine of only fifteen solidi. A Frank stripped by a Roman was entitled to a composition of sixty solidi, while a Roman stripped by a Frank received only thirty. We see therefore that under the Salic law, the condition of the Roman was very abject His life was valued at only one-half that of the barbarian. And yet a celebrated author, the Abbe du Bois, has formed a system of the establishment of the Franks in Gaul, on the supposition that the most amicable relations existed between them and the Romans. This may be so, yet according to Montesquieu, it does not seem reasonable that the Franks should have been very friendly to those, who after subduing them by their arms, had oppressed them in cold blood by their laws.

It may be proper here to notice a striking fact as to the laws of the barbarians, that they were not confined to a certain district, or in other words were all of a personal character. By personal laws, we mean those which have for their principal object the regulation of the capacity, state and condition of persons, such as their majority or mi-

nority, emancipation, lunacy, legitimacy and illegitimacy, excommunication, civil death, infamy, nobility, naturalization, and various other status of the individual. The doctrine as laid down by foreign jurists is, that a personal statute not only exerts its authority in the place of the domicil of the party; but its provisions follow the party and accompany his person in every place where he goes to contract; and extends over all his property under whatever customs it may be situated. For example, according to Pothier, if by the law of her original domicil a married woman cannot dispose of her property except with the consent of her husband, she is equally prohibited from disposing of the same, though situated in another place where no such consent is required. So also it is maintained by the same jurist, that a person who has attained the age of majority by the law of his native domicil, is to be deemed every where the same. of age; and on the other hand, that a person who is in his minority by the law of his native domicil, is to be deemed every where in the same state or condition. To what extent these doctrines would be received in American courts, we do not stop to inquire. That the codes of the barbarians, however, acknowledge this distinction between personal and territorial laws is well established. The Frank was tried by the law of the Franks, the Alleman by the law of the Allemans, the Burgundian by the law of the Burgundians, and the Roman by the Roman law.

An interesting question may here arise, concerning the original of this system of personal rights and laws, as it prevailed among the different Germanic tribes. It has been customary to explain its origin, by that love of freedom which was so peculiar to the German races. These nations, it is said, before they set out from their homes, had been separated by marshes, lakes and forests. Living thus apart, they were free and independent, and when a dread of the Romans brought about their union, they still retained their independency, and of course the right of being tried by their own established customs. Notwithstanding this, it is difficult to perceive how such an institution could arise merely from regard to liberty. One may readily conceive, that such an attachment might create a desire in the barbarian to preserve unimpaired his own laws and customs; but the question is, how came it to pass that the same privilege was allowed the vanquished Roman. We may find an apparent cause in the benevolent and hospitable disposition of the victorious. But even here we must hesitate, for it is well known, that the element of humanity toward foreigners, was not very deeply seated in the character of the old Germans. Probably the most reasonable account is, that this personality of laws sprung from the wants of the people, which required such an institution after trade had increased, and the different nations had been blended together in considerable masses. Suppose only a single Goth had lived in the Burgundian empire, as none of his countrymen could be found to administer the Gothic law, and the Burgundians themselves might be entirely ignorant of it, he must in that case have submitted to the law of his actual domicil, that is, the Burgundian law. But if the Goths had lived in large numbers among the Burgundians, and had

formed among themselves a kind of mercantile community, then there would have been seen and felt perhaps, the need and practicability of being regulated by their own laws and customs. So that we may conclude, that the institution of personal laws among the barbarians, was brought about neither by a mere love of freedom, nor by mere benevolence, but had its rise in the growing wants and necessities of the times.

But if such an immunity from the law of the conqueror was granted to the conquered, how happened it, some inquire, that the Roman law did not, by the force of its own merits, more rapidly supersede that of the barbarian? As the inefficiency of the latter to meet the ends of even handed justice, must in a large majority of cases have been severely felt by those who had submitted to its jurisdiction, why did not the wisdom and experience embodied in the former, its admirable regulations as to private rights and personal contracts, at once secure to it a universal reception? The probable reason is, that the Roman law in its general provisions to secure the *absolute rights* of persons, observed no difference between rich or poor, native or foreign; whereas the law of the barbarian in many instances, by its unjust system of compositions, drew the most mortifying distinctions. As long as the value of his life and liberty was rated at twice that of the Romans, the Frank certainly would not desire to live under any other than the Salic law. He might admire the thought, reflection, experience and labor, comprised in the civil code; but it was not human nature for him to adopt its wise provisions as long as his own law so enhanced his private and political importance.

Thus far have been noticed some of the most prominent characteristics of the laws of the northern nations. In a second and concluding paper another branch of our subject will be cursorily glanced at; namely, the mode of procedure established in the courts of the barbarians, for the granting of remedies to, and the redressing the wrongs of, the injured.

GENIUS.

A GREAT soul never yet was turned aside
From its true purpose: hatred and mistrust —
The portion of the meek one crucified —
Are in Faith's golden balance but as dust.
Contempt and scorn are to the wise and just
But arrows shot into the woundless air.
Genius finds safety in its own disgust
At all earth's vileness; happy but to share
The scanty raiment, and the coarse hard fare,
With which the vain world clothes and feeds its great;
And from its eagle-eyrie on the bare
Bleak rock, high up above the storms of fate,
It mounts in the pure air, and takes its way
Right onward to the golden gates of day.

R. S. CHILTON.

October, 1848.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY LILY GRAHAM.

How beautiful are the autumn woods, when the early frosts have come,
Hushing the shrill cicada's mirth and the wild bee's drowsy hum;
Mantling the oaks in a regal robe, with a golden lustre crowned,
Spangling the bright moss at their feet, with the red leaves strown around;
Shedding a glory on bough and leaf, like the glow of the sunset skies,
Till their very shade, o'er the pathway thrown, grows radiant where it lies.

Now have the beeches a rainbow gleam that they boasted not before,
And the lindens tower in purple pride, like the royal ones of yore;
The chestnut hath doffed its Lincoln green, and hath donned a golden crown,
And the hazel sighs in its gay attire for its simple russet brown;
While the wind with a life-like motion thrills through the colored leaves at rest,
Till we think that the red-breast hath come again to its long deserted nest.

O'ercanopied by the gorgeous boughs, the fount of the woodland lies,
With its silvery waters faintly heaved to the pure unclouded skies,
While the reddening leaves to its surface blown, in the long grass nestle down,
Like the strange bright birds of orient climes, or gems from a royal crown;
And the sumac stands like a sentinel, with its plume of crimson sheen,
And the sombre pine looks boldly up, in its robe of changeless green.

The brook that was bowered with green so late, now dances in colored shade,
And sparkles and foams in the crimson glow, by the frosted maples made;
While the golden-rod and the aster tall that bend o'er its flashing way,
Seem sceptres fit for the woodland kings, decked out in their bright array:
A pageant of splendor unknown of old, the pomp of the autumn frost;
Are they mourning now in their gorgeous robes for their summer beauty lost?

No voice of grief for the glory gone is heard through the whispering shade,
Save the plaintive wail of the moaning wind, as it sighs where flowers are laid;
Or lashed into fury by stormy skies it sweeps through the boughs in wrath,
With the bright leaves strown upon its way, like wreaths in a conqueror's path,
Hurled from their home on the swaying spray, at the breath of the fitful gust,
Rising and falling in golden clouds, a shower of radiant dust.

The heaven looks lovelier than its wont, through the forest's fretted rift,
With the foliage piled against its depths, in many a gorgeous drift;
Even the sunlight hath caught a glow, through the colored branches sent,
Like the rays from a high stained casement shed, with orange and crimson blent;
While the distant mountains, all wreathed in mist, have an added glory flung,
By the world of rainbows, the fairy realm on every hill-side flung!

How radiant is that bright domain, when the tempest's rage is past,
And the equinox o'er the stately trees hath its robe of beauty cast;
So hushed and still are the rainbow glades, that we half unconscious tread,
With a lighter step, as though we moved 'mid the tombs of the mighty dead;
And we watch in vain through the bright arcades, for the angels' white-winged forms,
For the glory of heaven seems passed to earth through the portals of its storms!

Albany, October, 1848.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

> 'The camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless 'larum,
> The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
> The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
> Words of command, and exercise of arms—
> There 's nothing here, there 's nothing in all this
> To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!'
>
> THE PICCOLOMINI.

THIN veins of smoke toiled upward in the lazy atmosphere from numerous camp-fires in the distance, as a motley cavalcade crossed the Rio Guanipo, at the close of an October afternoon. The sun, bared of his beams, glowed with an intensity of light, as if he were drawing within his narrow disk the heat which lay upon the open plains during the day, while a broad effulgence spread over the expanse like the glare from a burning ship on the surface of a calm and silent sea. Myriads of insects glittered like sparks of fire; birds with burnished wings rocked upon the green sedges that margined the stream; scores of tropical kiss-flowers (our humming-birds) hung over the bells of parasitic plants, as if listening to vespers that 'tolled a perfume on the passing air;' and flowers, already wet with the early dews, stood up like sentinels in buff, red and blue, beside the banks of the Guanipo.

'*Viva!*' said the horsemen, as they gained the opposite bank, and rising up in their stirrups looked toward the distant camp: '*El campo de Ribas!*'

The three who brought up the rear were different in appearance from the common peons who preceded them. In the centre, upon a powerful black horse, larger than the ordinary mustangs of the party, sat a man clad in a suit of simple grey, without any distinguishing mark except the red sash around his waist, and a sword-belt and silver buckle, from which depended a large and heavy sabre. A wide-brimmed, brown felt hat, was pressed down over his brows, beneath which clustered a profusion of dark curling hair; a heavy beard and moustache covered the lower part of a face which was decidedly handsome, while the close-fitting habit which he wore, set-off a figure at once graceful and athletic. Beside him, on his right, rode a personage whose broad black hat, looped up at the sides, denoted a padre, or Catholic priest. His huge spurs and stirrups were mounted with silver, little bits of which fringed the caparisons of his horse:

> 'AND when he rode, men might his bridle hear,
> Gingling in a whistling wind as clear
> And eke as loud, as doth the chapel bell.'

Padre Pacheco, for so was he called, had a face that betokened good-living and good-nature. Two little merry eyes rolled in their sockets, under a fine pair of brows that could be knit in a knot of de-

termination if necessary, and beneath the beautiful poncho which he wore as a protection against the heavy dew, were concealed his cassock, a pair of excellent pistols, a keen machete, and an indomitable heart.

'You have neen like a me,' he said to his companion in a peculiarly sweet English, tempered with both a Spanish and Milesian accent, for his mother was from the green island of Ire. 'You have neen like a me in your country, I think a; for I send a soul of enemie to other world, and save e soul of my own people at same time.'

Ayucha, the other horsemen, was one of the Children of the Plain. A shield of plaited cane covered with hide, a long shaft of bamboo headed with a sharp lance, the never-failing machete and a bow and quiver of arrows, completed his weapons. He wore the usual *ruana* of the country, a circular piece of dark-blue cloth fringed with red, which reaches to the saddle, having a slit in the centre through which the head is thrust, a tiger-skin cap with a tuft of flamingo feathers and a pair of sandals made of wolf-skin, otherwise his muscular legs and arms were bare, and rigid as the bronze whose color they emulated. A quantity of pure white horse-hair attached to the back of his high-peaked saddle, served by way of horse-cloth and flowed nearly to the crupper of his steed, while his ample stirrups were of massive silver. A settled melancholy rested upon the fine features of him who rode in the centre. Calm and reserved, so different was he from the garrulous Creoles that he was surnamed *El Callado*, or the silent.

'A bitter disappointment this will be to our young general,' he said to the Padre as they approached the camp.

'I told him so. I told him Paez could never get 'e Llaneros to leave 'e plains. E will fight for home, but never leave e.'

'Do they call these home?' said El Callado, pointing to the measureless steppes which were only skirted by the sky.

'Si, señor; home to 'e Llanero; to-day 'e is here, to-morrow far away; but while 'e is on 'e plain his feet are free, and 'e has GOD'S sky for roof for him.'

They had now nearly reached the camp and putting spurs to their horses rode on without further converse. A thousand *vivas!* welcomed them from the wild population. A wide irregular assemblage of wildly-scattered tents, for most of the men slept upon the bare ground, with here and there a few booths covered with skins, blankets, or merely slender poles held together by thongs of hide, and interlaced with sedges and the broad leaves of tropical plants, and around the central marquee a little town of canvass formed the camp. It was pitched between the two branches of the Guanipo, which came together in this place in the shape of an acute angle. A ditch cut across the base and a breastwork formed of piles driven into the ground, filled in with branches and loose earth, served to protect the little army from their foes. Around the camp-fires, soldiers were busy preparing the evening meal of fish, farhina, fried plantains, etc. Some dressed in coarse white pantaloons, some with scarcely any; here a blue coat, there the remains of a red one; short breeches and shoeless feet, ponchos, ruanas, sandals, sashes, bayonets without scabbards, and scabbards without swords, rusty muskets, naked Indians, Negroes,

Creoles of every shade; curled hair, straight hair, moustachios, peons, mules, horses, dogs, sombreros, oaths, laughter, singing, the clinking of guitars and every imaginable sight, sound and smell, saluted the little band as they rode over the rude bridge and entered the encampment.

Accompanied by the Padre, El Callado sought the central marquee. A number of officers stood around the door as they entered. Seated at a small table covered with letters, weapons, epaulets, etc., was the young major-general, Joseph Felix Ribas, second in command of the liberating army of South America. Although small in stature there was something manly and dignified in his appearance. A pure olive complexion was finely set off by his coal-black eyes and military moustache, while his face expressed ingenuousness and affability, as well as firmness and unflinching courage.

'I heard of your arrival,' he said in French, 'and now what news from the Llanos? (plains.)

'The worst possible news, the Llaneros will not leave the plains. Let those who live in cities fight for cities, they say. The children of the Llanos can keep themselves free without assistance.'

'Now may the curse of slavery rest upon them and their race forever! — wretches! thieves! apostates! and this from Paez, too?'

'This from the chiefs. Paez will be here with a few followers tomorrow.'

'There is some consolation in that.' 'Ah!' continued Ribas. 'He who would achieve great actions must feed his heart upon the bitter food of disappointment until it is venom-proof. I have seen liberty hovering over my country. I have watched her until I thought she would alight and gather us beneath the shadow of her mighty wings; but at the very moment when the hope seemed realized, she soared upward, upward into the free air as if the earth were too gross, too human, for an abiding place. You are from the free North and understand me. You see this multitude which surrounds me — what do they think of liberty? Freedom from toil, privation and anxiety? Freedom from the arrogance of wealth and the oppression of unwholesome laws? You know, and I (who have been in free and merry England,) know this is not to be hoped for. Would to God that it were so. Custom, prejudice, fashion, the love of display and the meanness of opulence, fetter the people as surely as rigid governments and despotic princes. But there are some independent spirits who are above even these, free in mind, as well as in person, of whom it will be said at some future day, these men only have realized that liberty for which the world has groaned, and wept, and bled for thousands of years: *these* are the true freemen of a republic. Yet for the sake of the poor beings, my countrymen, I would fain strive against their oppressors. We must first strike the manacles from their hands, and then in time we may unfetter their minds. But I forget; you are weary with your long ride; take this,' he added, 'and peruse it at your leisure; it is a commission of *Gefe de Brigada*, and now you are colonel; not major, in the republican army.'

The Padre, who was as conversant with the French language as a

Choctaw; listened to all this in silence, but when he heard the words 'Gefe de Brigada,' and saw the commission, he turned, congratulated the newly made colonel, and said in Spanish:

'What for me, Excelencia! I too wish to be promoted.'

'You, Padre?' replied Ribas, smiling, 'well then, raise a corps of little Pachecos and I will make you corporal. You shall march at their head and the soldiers shall salute you with 'Viva, corporal Padre Pacheco! commander of the valiant Pachejitos!'

This home-thrust appeared to delight the little padre amazingly; his eyes twinkled as he replied: 'It shall be as you say, Excelencia. Viva, los Pachejitos!'

When El Callado reached his tent, he found Ayucha waiting for him. The stalwart child of the plain stood upright beside the door, with his long spear resting in the hollow of his naked arm. 'I am here to warn you,' he said. 'To-morrow Paez comes, and with him Calpang the half-breed. I foresee that you will have much to do with these wars. Beware of the half-breed!'

El Callado, who understood enough Spanish to comprehend him, answered:

'Why do you warn me? Is he not to be trusted?'

'Trusted? Yes, I would trust him while my bow was bent and the arrow notched in the string — no farther!'

'Then why is he free? Why not arrest him?'

'Because he is useful. When that dart is blown we break the reed. Adios!' So saying, he strode away, and was soon lost amid the tents and the twilight.

The young officer stood at the canvass door meditating. One by one the stars burned in the pure ether of the tropics; constellation after constellation, unknown in his native valleys, glittered in the firmament, and reminded him of his utter loneliness in a strange land. Not only did he feel that he was exiled from the free hills, the broad forests and the peerless river of his boyhood; not only was he estranged from friends, home, and the language he had learnt at his mother's knee, but an alien to the very stars he had watched from infancy to manhood, it seemed, as he gazed into the deeps of that foreign sky, as if Heaven itself had deserted him.

Mean time the good padre, who never suffered an idle hour to wing away without plucking a few feathers of enjoyment, directed his steps toward a large tent of canvass illuminated with many lights. A circular excavation in the centre, about two feet deep, served for the cock-pit of the camp, around which clustered an audience of officers, peons and soldiers, all watching the mimic duel with intense anxiety, and gambling to the utmost limit of their means, whether for a rial or a dozen doubloons. The padre, holding a canvass-bag in one hand, edged his way through the crowd, without even so much as a 'by your leave,' scrambled down into the pit at the conclusion of the pending contest, and holding up one finger, said: 'Who bets against the black cock?'

There was no response. The padre's cock was too well known.

'Who bets one doubloon to two?'

tain-general of the Spanish forces. Various conflicts took place; provinces revolted from side to side, and the treaty of Vittoria, in July, 1812, again deprived Venezuela of her liberties. Millares was exiled, and died in a Spanish prison. The conquerors committed the most frightful atrocities upon the defenceless people. Gray-headed age and the cherub sleeping upon its mother's bosom, young girls in the dawn of womanhood and matrons who had listened to the prattle of a third generation, were wantonly massacred by the pitiless mercenaries of a foreign power. Colonel Bolivar, who had just returned from an unsuccessful mission to procure aid from England, fled to the twin republic, raised an army, and marched to rescue his country from its oppressors. San Iago Marinno, a student in the province of Cumana, raised the standard of revolt, and defeated General Monteverde, then commander of the royal armies, in a pitched battle at Maturin. Soon after, the patriots, led by Bolivar and Ribas, beat the Spaniards under General Tiscar in several battles, and finally took possession of Caraccas.

Venezuela, now separated in three divisions, was a prey to the most cruel wars. Iago Marinno assumed the title of Dictator of the Eastern Provinces of Barcelona and Cumana; Bolivar took that of Dictator of the West, comprising Caraccas, Margarita and Barinas; while Monteverde held Maracaybo, Coro and Guayana. At this time, like two contending waves, arose the Infernal Legions of Boves, and the Llaneros under Paez. The former, composed of black and mulatto criminals and miscreants of the worst description, rapidly increased, and spread horror and desolation over Venezuela. The Llaneros, the wild population of the plains, principally Indians and half-breeds, equally merciless, although contending for liberty, returned injury for injury, and repaid atrocity with atrocity. Wo unto the Spaniard who fell into their hands! — they spared no prisoners, old or young. Mean time the royalists were gaining ground; for want of a sufficient marine the patriots could not prevent the landing of reinforcements from Spain; Boves and his myrmidons hung around Caraccas, and the war was prolonged with varied success on either side. At last the two dictators joined their forces to crush the power of Boves, whose legions were augmenting with the hours. The battle of La Puerta, in the month of June, 1814, followed, and the patriots were beaten, the remnants of their army tracked from place to place, and all prisoners shot. Caraccas again fell into the possession of the enemy; Bolivar and Marinno escaped on board of a small vessel; the 'Bianchi,' and sailed to Carthagena; while the brave Ribas, who refused to desert the broken and dispirited remains of the army, joined issue with their fate, and fell back upon the city of Maturin. About three months after the battle of La Puerta the incidents took place which are related in the last chapter. Ribas, with part of his army, had endeavored to effect a junction with Paez at the forks of the Guanipo, and then with the united forces march to attack Caraccas. What success he met with the reader already knows; and now, 'Viva!' Let us proceed with the narrative.

While the jolly padre and his associates were pursuing the sports

of the ring, preparations were in progress outside the camp for a contest of severer character. Tent after tent disappeared as the lights were extinguished; repose stretched its hundred arms throughout the camp, and the stillness was only broken by the '*Alerto!*' of the distant sentries.

The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard approaching.

'*Quien va?*' said the sentinel.

'*Amigo!*' was the response; the pass-word was given, and the scout entered the palisado and proceeded to the marquée of the commandant.

'A large body, you say?'

'A thousand or more, Excelencia. They halted, but I think only to determine the plan of attack.'

'It is not Paez?—you are sure of that?'

'*Cierto*, Excelencia; these are from the North.'

'About a league off?'

'Si, Señor.'

The alarm was given, and as suddenly hushed; noiselessly the officers went from tent to tent; men and arms clustered under the starlight; the bridge was removed, the single piece of ordnance loaded, the sentries withdrawn, and a silent host gazed upon the misty plains of Barcelona, awaiting the approach of the enemy. When we anticipate an event, whether it be good or evil, time moves slowly. Hour after hour elapsed, and the soldiers exhausted their patience and 'maldicions' upon the tardy advance of those whose coming was doom. At last they were gratified. They saw a vast body, like a cloud, on the plains; they could even hear a faint clash of arms as the men dismounted and prepared to advance on foot. Here and there a single figure crept to the brink of the stream to reconnoitre, and then stole off to report. Anon the whole dark battalia moved up and crossed a shallow part of the river, above the camp. 'Here they come!' The dense crowd of miscreants approach, near, nearer; and now a few rods only are between them and the breastworks.

'They did not expect to find that ditch,' said Ribas in a whisper to El Callado. 'Do you see the black pennons relieved against the sky? It is the infernal troop of Machado, the runaway slave.'

Nearer, nearer, near ——

'Fire!' shouted Ribas; and the flash of a thousand guns broke from the dark parapet.

With the yell of fiends the assailants returned the fire and rushed to the attack; hundreds threw themselves into the water; living and dying sank under the press, and over a bridge of bodies crossed the terrible legion, and swarmed like bees upon the works. Hand to hand — lance against lance; the musket was abandoned for the keen, broad-bladed machete; sabres, axes, every conceivable weapon added to the carnage, while the single piece of artillery swept down hosts with every discharge. It was in the centre, where the entrance was blocked up with logs, that the blood flowed thickest. A broad platform of earth afforded a foot-hold, and here Machado, a

gigantic black, with a crowd of negroes and mulattoes, tried to cut his way into the fort. The patriots fought with desperation; dead and wounded lay under their feet; they stood upon the bloody bodies, and repelled the assault with the energy of despair. At last they wavered, and the terrible cutlass of Machado was striking down the paralyzed men, when a warrior nearly naked sprung upon the parapet. It was Ayucha. One vigorous thrust of his spear, and the black chief fell back, with the keen steel driven through his breast. The blow is decisive. 'Viva la patria!' breaks from an hundred lips; the cry is echoed by the whole line, and the republicans surge like a resistless billow over the barriers, and drive the panic-struck legion before them. 'Viva la patria! viva los republicanos!' Defeat has changed into a rout; the black bands fly, and the soldiers of Ribas are masters of the field.

Morning was breaking in the East as El Callado returned from the pursuit. Hundreds of the dead lay upon the ground, but wounded there were none. As he entered the fort, he saw a group of about fifty wretches tied together with thongs of hide. In front of them a file of soldiers with loaded guns was awaiting the command of an officer. He turned from the cruel sight, and in a moment the discharge of musketry and screams of the prisoners told the story.

Such was the sanguinary character of the civil war in Venezuela. The victors on either side spared neither wounded nor prisoners; all were massacred.

CHAPTER TENTH.

'Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play——' 'As You Like It.'

Padre Pacheco had not been idle during the fray. With his cassock tucked up in his belt, a red handkerchief knotted about his head which was as round as a thirty-two pound shot, and a short straight sword in his right hand, he trotted gaily into the camp, almost the last one from the pursuit.

Preparations were now made for departure; tents were struck, arms put in readiness, the single cannon limbered, and rude palanquins made of canvass and tent-poles to transport the wounded. Mean time the sun rose in the East, and the spears of Paez glittered in the West. 'Here they come!' was the cry, as the long line of horsemen rapidly approached.

'About an hundred and fifty,' said Ribas, shutting up the glass; 'and here lie more than twice that number of the Infernal Legion ready to receive them. How surprised they will be! 'Let those who live in cities fight for cities!' We can keep the plain, too, if necessary; eh, Padre? Evidence of that lying all around. Hark!'

A shout from the advancing horsemen was joyfully answered by the 'vivas!' of the victors. The wild Llaneros, shaking their long lances, galloped into the camp, and the generals were locked in each other's arms.

A more picturesque troop of cavalry could scarcely be imagined. Mounted upon the wild horses of the plain, and armed with pistols, carbines, sabres, or long spears; their heads covered with caps of skin or hats of felt, and decorated with feathers of every hue; some wearing loose trousers that reached to the knee, fringed with leather and bits of iron or silver, that jingled as they rode, others with their legs and arms entirely bare, except that a rude sandal of hide covered the foot, which, garnished with a cruel spur, was thrust into a huge stirrup of wood or iron; their bridles of rope, hide, or twisted horse-hair, with or without bits, nearly all wearing the ruana, or a coarse, short blanket, while each savage face was rendered still more warlike by a short, fierce moustache — such was the appearance of the formidable Llaneros, the Arabs of the South-American plains. Here and there a parti-colored uniform told its own story of a successful foray against the Spaniards, or at times a naked Achilles galloped along, wearing a brass helmet which, in true Homeric style, he had taken from some dead enemy.

A council of war was immediately held in the marquée, and it was decided that Paez and his Llaneros, with the addition of such horsemen as could be spared from the camp, should proceed at once after the fugitives.

'My men have only ridden ten miles this morning,' said Paez; 'and if it were forty, they would not rest until they had seen the backs of those devil-birds.' So saying, he rose to give orders for the pursuit.

The preparations were now completed; mules and horses stood waiting, laden with camp-furniture; the soldiers filed over the bridge, Paez with his troop of cavalry waved their 'adios' and galloped off, and the little army of Ribas took up its line of march toward Maturin, while a large pile of such articles as could not be transported sent up a waving column of fire and smoke from the centre of the deserted camp. Such, too, is the fate of populous cities; the busy crowds, the hurrying foot-steps, the careless laugh and the mingling of friends, are to-day; but Desolation sits like Marius brooding over the silent ruins, on the morrow.

El Callado and Ayucha rode side by side over the grassy plains. 'You promised me the story of your life,' said the former; 'perhaps I may never have another opportunity to hear it.'

The swart warrior compressed his lips, as if smitten with a sudden pain. 'You shall hear,' he replied; 'listen to the story of Ayucha, and learn why the shadow rests forever upon his soul:

'I was born upon the banks of the Amazon, which we call in our tongue '*Pará-na-tinga*,' or King of Rivers. My fathers were the Zurinas, a free tribe, which the Portuguese never conquered; if they took any of them prisoners, the captives died by their own hands. At last the Jesuits came; they were without arms; they brought words of peace. The Zurinas are cruel to their enemies, but the Jesuits walked among them without fear. They taught us that CHRIST, who was GOD'S child, came to save all, even the Zurinas who live beside the Amazon in the wilderness. These were Span-

ish Jesuits, not Portuguese; if they had been Portuguese, perhaps I should not be here now. At last the time arrived when some of them must return. I loved them even better than I did my father and mother; for they told me of the CHRIST who died for all the world; so I left my home beside the Amazon and followed their footsteps. They went to Bogotá, then down the Magdalena, and sailed for Spain; but me they left with an old man, a Spaniard, one Juan Rosana. With him I lived many years. His wife was dead, and he had an only daughter. Her name,' said Ayucha, with a profound sigh, 'was Antonia. She was a child when I came to Bogotá, but we grew up together, and when I was nineteen she was fourteen. I could not help loving her, and she loved me; her father even said jestingly that I should have her for my little wife, if I was good. I knew that it was a jest. When did the Spaniard ever give his daughter to a Zurina? But still a hope put forth its fragile leaves in my breast, and that idle word was its sunshine. The Jesuits had given me a silver crucifix; I gave it to Rosano, and told him to wear it. The crucifix was my all, yet I parted with it for that word. Some time after this, a party of sailors came over to Bogotá; they told me of Spain, and many things which I wanted to hear of; then they offered me wine to drink. I did not know the danger, and drank until I was crazy. When I went home my master was standing waiting for me, with a heavy thong. As I entered he struck me a violent blow, then another, before 'Tonia could arrest his arm. He was very passionate, yet he had never before done this. It sobered me, but I was stupified; I looked around for a weapon, and finding none, walked through the house as if nothing had happened, though my heart was on fire. That night, after he had gone to sleep, I crept into his chamber with a knife in my hand. The moon, shining through the casement, made the room so light that I could have counted every hair on his white head. I clutched the knife, and took a strange pleasure in standing over him watching his breast rise and fall as he slept; I even held the point so close as almost to touch him, and thought, 'With one blow I can still that motion forever! by my will he lives or dies!' His arm rested upon his left breast; I waited for him to move it that I might strike there. At last he stirred; his arm fell by his side—I raised the knife; he turned a little, and the crucifix, which he always wore by a chain around his neck, slid across his bosom and lay directly upon his heart. I drew back my hand, for it seemed as if the CRUCIFIED had stretched forth HIS arms to protect him. I could not kill him with that cross on his breast! At the end of the chamber was a half-open door, and I knew that 'Tonia slept there. I stepped softly over the mats, went in, and awakened her. I told her that I was going to leave Bogotá that night. She threw her arms around me; she pressed me to her bosom. I implored her to fly with me; I even threatened to destroy myself if she did not. She loved me—me, the wild Zurina—even better than her old father! and we left the chamber together. The old man had given me a mule a short time before. I placed the panniers across his back; in one of them was a store of food for the

journey, in the other the poor weeping 'Tonia. Morning found us far on our way over the mountains. I took unfrequented paths, and in a few days we gained the plains. If they pursued us we never heard of it.

'I joined the Llaneros, and before many years owned many herds, lived in a large hacienda of my own, and my wife became the mother of two little boys. Then I felt a longing to see my father and mother and my people, the Zurinas, on the banks of the Amazon. I went. My father was an old man, who scarcely knew me; my mother was dead. Before I returned the war broke out, and the Llaneros joined the patriots. The accursed Boves raised his Infernal Division, and while our lances were gathering on the frontier, he penetrated to the villages where our wives and children reposed in happy security. Mean time I cast aside the dress I had worn for many years; it seemed as if I could not breathe the free air in it; for I was still a wild Zurina at heart. I even parted with my weapons, and once more carried the bow and quiver of my fathers; and then I was free—I exulted—I was a man!

'Many months passed before I returned. Day after day, as I rode over the plains, they told me of the massacres and burnings. I hastened toward my home. It lay in a little green hollow, with a brook at the bottom; in front of the ranche was a huge cocoa-tree, whose top rose above the level of the plain, and could be seen from a great distance, although the village was hidden in the bosom of the valley. It was night when I reached that part of the plain where I knew I could see the tree. Moonlight, and still as the dead!—*but no tree was there!* I rode with the speed of wind; my tired horse stumbled and fell; I left him, and ran alone to the top of the hillock. Merciful Mother of Heaven! my house was gone!—a white waste of ashes lay in its place! There was no house; no 'Tonia; not even my sweet babes left—they had all perished!' And Ayucha clasped his hands wildly together, and burst into tears. 'But, accursed Boves!' said he, 'there is yet a day for us! My wife, my little ones, are in heaven; but when that day comes, you shall howl in hell!'

'Ayucha!' said his companion, 'You are not the only one who has suffered—I too am alone in the world. Let us be brothers.'

And the swart Southern grasped the offered hand of the wanderer; for sympathy, the all-powerful, had linked their souls together.

'Ah! good Señores,' cried the little padre, riding up to them, 'You have been telling your exploits of last night, I suppose? Eh! eh! but did you hear of my fight this morning? You see I could not run after them like you, my children, so the old padre had to saddle his horse. Well, well, you know I was not far behind them. There was one big black picaro, who ran along the south branch of the river—I after him. I gained upon him, when he stopped! Before I could pull up he was on my bridle hand with a long knife. I could not strike him with my sword, for my left arm was in my way, so I kept wheeling around and around, and he with me; at last I made a sudden turn and got him directly in front of my horse's head, he ran at me on the

right, for the river was on the left. I drove my spurs into the horse; he dashed forward, and as the black thief raised his knife, I struck him with my sword under the arm-pit!'

'Well, Padre?'

'Well, his arm flew into the air about ten feet I should think, with a piece of the breast and a good part of his head. But do you know the dead hand still kept hold of the knife? so I took it away and here it is;' so saying, the good Padre drew a long keen knife from under the saddle-flap and twisted it curiously around before Ayucha and his companion.

A fourth horseman now joined them. It was a man about thirty years of age, dressed in a faded velvet jacket and loose mamaluke trousers open from the ankle to the knee, with a row of silver buttons down the sides. A pair of conspicuous pistols projected from his red sash, a long sabre hung by his side and a little musquetoon was strapped across his shoulders. Under his slouched felt-hat was a diminutive yet handsome face with a keen pair of eyes, as hard and bright as steel and quite as cold. There was a something too in the expression of the thin lips not calculated to win at first sight. It was a face to mistrust, yet upon acquaintance that impression wore away. There was something fearless too in the management of his handsome little black mustang that told. Take him all in all, you felt that he was a man you would make up your mind to avoid, and yet there was something about him which arrested your attention in spite of yourself.

Ayucha drew down his black brows as the man joined them and said to El Callado in a whisper:

'Calpang the half-breed!'

'Good day, Señores, good day!' said the spy, with an easy confidence. Now although many men possess this manner in perfection they sometimes fail to infuse the feeling in others. Such was the case in the present instance. El Callado and Ayucha relapsed into silence; even Padre Pacheco lost his accustomed garrulity, and a constrained civility seemed to dictate the answers to numberless questions that Calpang asked concerning the events of the preceding night. At last the clear sparkle of a distant stream was seen amid a cluster of foliage, and in a short time the tired army reached its banks. Here and there a canvass tent rose amid the dense multitude, camp-fires were reflected in the water, and dark figures flitted around preparing the evening meal. Slowly the sun sank in the sea-like bosom of the plain, the stars peeped out and looked down upon the sunless hemisphere, the weary soldiers covered themselves with their blankets and slumbered, and again nothing was heard throughout the drowsy camp but the plaintive '*alerto!*' of the watchful sentries.

For several days the men of Ribas pursued their way without an event. Now encamping beside some tributary of the Guanipo, now on the borders of a sylvan lake or near a wood of wild orange trees; now sleeping under the clear starlight of the tropics, anon moving in long irregular lines over grassy plains or barren strips of sand that stretched across their path; or occasionally passing a silent village whose

ruined walls told how flame and steel had conspired against helpless women and children: with all the buoyancy of southern temperament, with dark recollections of the past and bright hopes of the future, the scanty remnants of the patriot army marched onward toward Maturin.

'This is 'e last days march,' said the Padre one morning to El Callado, 'and to-night 'e shall see Maturin and me my wife.'

'Your wife?'

'*Cierto*, my wife; but ees no married, no priest can marry. You shall see when 'e come home but what is 'e matter? You look not well; your eye look dull; you ——'

'I do not know, Padre; all night I have had severe pain; my head throbs and now I can scarcely see.'

'Poor boy! let me take your sword and 'e pistols; so, ees too heavy; what is this?' continued the Padre, drawing the long heavy sabre and reading the motto on the side of the blade:

'No me saques sin razon,
No me embaines sin honor.'

'Eh! eh! old Spanish, 'Draw me no without reason, sheath me no without honor,' and who belongs this name on 'e hilt — Eric Herrman?'

'My father's!' replied Harold, faintly; as he said so, he swayed from side to side with the motion of his steed and then fell from the saddle heavily upon the plain.

'Poor boy! it is the fever,' said the good Padre, dismounting; 'help here!' They lifted him up, one of the palanquins used in transporting the wounded was speedily brought, and the sufferer, happy in his insensibility, placed in it. For the rest of the day a violent fever flamed in his veins, and when the army saw at last the domes and spires of Maturin defined against the clear evening sky, the joyous shout which broke from the multitude was unheard by him. The palanquin seemed rather to bear the dead than the living.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

'Severe alas is man! and for his glory,
(For so he calls his pride) but little recketh
If rudely stepping, he should trample down
A faithful heart.' FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

There was a little widowed heart in Greysburgh. The snow drove against the window-panes; the roads, the fences, the trees, the roofs of cottages, and the icy floor of the river lay beneath its dreary whiteness; yet within the large house all was apparent comfort. Edla was seated in her own chamber looking at the cheerful fire, while Aunt Patty sat quietly knitting beside a small table. The flame cast a cheery glow throughout the apartment, lighting up the polished legs of the chairs and blushing warmly amid the folded hangings of the toilette and the white curtains and counterpane of the little bed, which stood snugly in a recess at the side of the room.

'I declare,' said the old lady, taking off her spectacles, and rubbing

them with the foot of the half-finished stocking, until the glasses shone again. 'I would like to know where he is to-night.'

'Who, Auntie?'

'Why Harold Herrman! perhaps, who knows? he may be wandering around in the snow, poor boy!'

Edla did not reply; she too had been thinking of him and the answer died away upon her lips.

'Well,' continued the Aunt, 'I wish him well wherever he is; a better soul never did —— but it's time to put up my —— it's getting late; good bye, dear,' and bestowing a kiss upon Edla's sweet lips, she departed.

The door closed; and falling upon her knees, beside the bed, with all the fervor of a loving and devotional heart, Edla poured forth a prayer for his safety.

There is something exquisitely touching in the loneliness of a young heart, withering in the solitude of its own love. The matron who feels the pang of bereavement has been in a manner prepared for it. The cares and anxieties of life, the change which took place when she crossed the threshold of her new existence, the progressive knowledge of sorrow that time has taught her, the consciousness of having been beloved by the departed, and the hope of meeting again in another world, must in some degree strengthen and console her heart. But the young affections unfold their timid leaves without this hardy nurture, and when the hope by which they are upheld is withdrawn, they cling to the shattered remnant of a life, like flowers that lie tangled over the tomb, drawing sustenance from decay and thriving amid ruin and desolation.

THE DEATH-HOUR.

In that dread hour could earthly love avail thee,
Or aid thy spirit in its parting strife?
Alas! we stood with anguish to bewail thee,
Yet vainly strove to win thee back to life!

But, thanks to God! a better friend was near thee,
Before whose brow of light Death's terrors fled;
His words of love came in that hour to cheer thee,
His faithful arms sustain'd thy drooping head.

And peacefully the breath of life departed;
The gentle spirit fled, to grieve no more,
And left us sad, yet oh! not broken-hearted;
We knew, we felt, thy cares and pains were o'er.

Thou 'rt sleeping now; the cold, damp tomb-stone o'er thee,
The dim-green sod above thy peaceful breast;
And though with tears we ever must deplore thee,
We would not call thee from 'The Land of Rest.'

S.

HYMN TO JESUS.

TAUGHT BY A PASTOR TO THE CHILDREN OF HIS CONGREGATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARGARET.'

O Son of God! thy children we,
Train us in holiness;
As Thou the Father's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.

O Bread of God! our natures crave
The lost beatitude;
The Father gave Thee meat unknown,
Give us Thy flesh and blood.

O Vine of God! Thy voice we hear,
And hail the truth divine;
To Thy commandments, broad and pure,
Our hearts and ways incline.

O Love of God! we seek to dwell
In love, and God, and Thee:
The end of wo, the end of sin,
Shall Love's perfection be.

Light of the World! our path illume,
The shadowy fear disperse;
Shine on these realms of wo and sin,
Undo the heavy curse.

Water of Life! our life's sweet spring,
In us thy stream renew;
On lowly grace Thy grace distil,
Kindly as Hermon's dew.

O Shepherd! guard thy little flock —
Keep us from strife and guile;
Serene our life; be our life's close
Calm as a summer isle.

O Crucified! we share thy cross,
Thy passion too sustain;
We die thy death to live thy life,
And rise with thee again.

O Glorified! thy glory breaks,
Our new-born spirits sing:
Salvation cometh with the morn,
Hope spreads an heavenward wing.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

BY F. PARKMAN, JR.

THE BUFFALO CAMP.

'In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game.' BRYANT.

No one in the camp was more active than Jim Gurney, and no one half so lazy as Ellis. Between these two there was a great antipathy. Ellis never stirred in the morning until he was compelled to, but Jim was always on his feet before day-break; and this morning as usual the sound of his voice awakened the party.

'Get up, you booby! up with you now, you 're fit for nothing but eating and sleeping. Stop your grumbling and come out of that buffalo-robe or I 'll pull it off for you.'

Jim's words were interspersed with numerous expletives, which gave them great additional effect. Ellis drawled out something in a nasal tone from among the folds of his buffalo-robe; then slowly disengaged himself, rose into a sitting posture, stretched his long powerful arms, yawned hideously and finally raising his tall person erect, stood staring round him to all the four quarters of the horizon. Delorier's fire was soon blazing, and the horses and mules loosened from their pickets, were feeding on the neighboring meadow. When we sat down to breakfast the prairie was still in the dusky light of morning; and as the sun rose we were mounted and on our way again.

'A white buffalo!' exclaimed Munroe.

'I 'll have that fellow,' said Shaw, 'if I run my horse to death after him.'

He threw the cover of his gun to Delorier and galloped out upon the prairie.

'Stop, Mr. Shaw, stop!' called out Henry Chatillon, 'you 'll run down your horse for nothing; it 's only a white ox.'

But Shaw was already out of hearing. The ox who had no doubt strayed away from some of the government wagon trains, was standing beneath some low hills which bounded the plain in the distance. Not far from him a band of veritable buffalo bulls were grazing; and startled at Shaw's approach, they all broke into a run and went scrambling up the hill-sides to gain the high prairie above. One of them in his haste and terror involved himself in a fatal catastrophe. Along the foot of the hills was a narrow strip of deep marshy soil, into which the bull plunged and hopelessly entangled himself. We all rode up to the spot. The huge carcass was half sunk in the mud which flowed to his very chin and his shaggy mane was outspread upon the surface. As we came near the bull began to struggle with convul-

sive strength; he writhed to and fro and in the energy of his fright and desperation would lift himself for a moment half out of the slough, while the reluctant mire returned a sucking sound as he strained to drag his limbs from its tenacious depths. We stimulated his exertions by getting behind him and twisting his tail; nothing would do. There was clearly no hope for him. After every effort his heaving sides were more deeply imbedded and the mire almost overflowed his nostrils; he lay still at length, and looking round at us with a furious eye seemed to resign himself to his fate. Ellis slowly dismounted from his horse and deliberately levelling his boasted yager, shot the old bull through the heart; then he lazily climbed back again to his seat, pluming himself no doubt on having actually killed a buffalo. That day the invincible yager drew blood for the first and last time during the whole journey.

The morning was a bright and gay one, and the air so clear that on the farthest horizon the outline of the pale blue prairie was sharply drawn against the sky. Shaw felt in the mood for hunting; he rode in advance of the party, and before long we saw a file of bulls galloping at full speed upon a vast green swell of the prairie at some distance in front. Shaw came scouring along behind them arrayed in his red shirt which looked very well in the distance; he gained fast on the fugitives, and as the foremost bull was disappearing behind the summit of the swell we saw him in the act of assaulting the hindmost; a smoke sprang from the muzzle of his gun and floated away before the wind like a little white cloud; the bull turned upon him, and just then the rising ground concealed them both from view.

We were moving forward until about noon, when we stopped by the side of the Arkansas. At that moment Shaw appeared riding slowly down the side of a distant hill; his horse was tired and jaded and when he threw his saddle upon the ground I observed that the tails of two bulls were dangling behind it. No sooner were the horses turned loose to feed than Henry asking Munroe to go with him, took his rifle and walked quietly away. Shaw, Tête Rouge and I, sat down by the side of the cart to discuss the dinner which Delorier placed before us; we had scarcely finished when we saw Munroe walking toward us along the river bank. Henry, he said, had killed four fat cows and had sent him back for horses to bring in the meat. Shaw took a horse for himself and another for Henry, and he and Munroe left the camp together. After a short absence all three of them came back, their horses loaded with the choicest parts of the meat; we kept two of the cows for ourselves and gave the others to Munroe and his companions. Delorier seated himself on the grass before the pile of meat and worked industriously for some time to cut it into thin, broad sheets for drying. This is no easy matter, but Delorier had all the skill of an Indian squaw. Long before night, cords of raw hide were stretched around the camp and the meat was hung upon them to dry in the sunshine and pure air of the prairie. Our California companions were less successful at the work; but they accomplished it after their own fashion, and their side of the camp was soon garnished in the same manner as our own.

We meant to remain at this place long enough to prepare provisions for our journey to the frontier, which as we supposed might occupy about a month. Had the distance been twice as great and the party ten times as large, the unerring rifle of Henry Chatillon would have supplied meat enough for the whole within two days; we were obliged to remain, however, until it should be dry enough for transportation; so we erected our tent and made the other arrangements for a permanent camp. The California men who had no such shelter, contented themselves with arranging their packs on the grass around their fire. In the meantime we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. Our tent was within a rod of the river, if the broad sand-beds with a scanty stream of water coursing here and there along their surface, deserve to be dignified with the name of river. The vast flat plains on either side were almost on a level with the sand-beds, and they were bounded in the distance by low, monotonous hills, parallel to the course of the Arkansas. All was one vast expanse of grass; there was no wood in view except some trees and stunted bushes upon two islands which rose from amid the wet sands of the river. Yet far from being dull and tame this boundless scene was often a wild and animated one; for twice a day, at sunrise and at noon, the buffalo came issuing from the hills, slowly advancing in their grave processions to drink at the river. All our amusements were to be at their expense. It may be that after the fashion of the day, some one of our New-England reformers may incline to denounce such sport as repugnant to his notions of humanity. I need only beg him, if he knows how to ride and use a gun, to mount a good horse and place himself within sight of a band of buffalo. If he has red blood in his veins he will inevitably forget his principles and attack them no less eagerly than if they were human antagonists who had opposed his measures or called in question the truth of his theories; and when he has slain his shaggy enemy and has leisure to contemplate him, he will take credit to himself for having rid the earth of a hideous and brutish monster. Except an elephant, I have seen no animal that can surpass a buffalo bull in size and strength, and the world may be searched in vain to find any thing of a more ugly and ferocious aspect. At first sight of him every feeling of sympathy vanishes; no man who has not experienced it, can understand with what keen relish one inflicts his death wound, with what profound contentment of mind he beholds the gigantic savage fall. The cows are much smaller and of a gentler appearance, as becomes their sex. While in this camp we forbore to attack them, leaving to Henry Chatillon, who could better judge their fatness and good quality, the task of killing such as we wanted for use; but against the bulls we waged an unrelenting war. Thousands of them might be slaughtered without causing any detriment to the species, for their numbers greatly exceed those of the cows; it is the hides of the latter alone which are used for the purpose of commerce and for making the lodges of the Indians; and the destruction among them is therefore altogether disproportioned.

Our horses were tired, and we now usually hunted on foot by the

method called 'approaching.' The chase on horseback which goes by the name of 'running' is the more violent and dashing mode of the two. Indeed, of all American wild sports this is the wildest. Once among the buffalo, the hunter, unless long use has made him familiar with the situation, dashes forward in utter recklessness and self-abandonment. He thinks of nothing, cares for nothing but the game; his mind is stimulated to the highest pitch yet intensely concentrated on one object. In the midst of the flying herd where the uproar and the dust are thickest it never wavers for a moment; he drops the rein and abandons his horse to his furious career; he levels his gun, the report sounds faint amid the thunder of the buffalo; and when his wounded enemy leaps in vain fury upon him, his heart thrills with a feeling like the fierce delight of the battle-field. A practised and skilful hunter well mounted, will sometimes kill five or six cows in a single chase, loading his gun again and again as his horse rushes through the tumult. An exploit like this is quite beyond the capacities of a novice. In attacking a small band of buffalo, or in separating a single animal from the herd and assailing it apart from the rest there is less excitement and less danger. With a bold and well-trained horse the hunter may ride so close to the buffalo that as they gallop side by side he may reach over and touch him with his hand; nor is there much danger in this as long as the buffalo's strength and breath continue unabated; but when he becomes tired and can no longer run with ease, when his tongue lolls out and the foam flies from his jaws, then the hunter had better keep a more respectful distance; the distressed brute may turn upon him at any instant; and at the moment when he fires his gun he will often be attacked in a similar manner; the wounded buffalo springs at his enemy; the horse leaps violently aside; and then the hunter has need of a tenacious seat in the saddle, for if he is thrown to the ground there is no hope for him. When he sees his attack defeated the buffalo resumes his flight, but if the shot be well directed he soon stops; for a few moments he stands still, then totters and falls heavily upon the prairie.

The chief difficulty in running buffalo, as it seems to me, is that of loading the gun or pistol at full gallop. Many hunters for convenience' sake carry three or four bullets in the mouth; the powder is poured down the muzzle of the piece, the bullet dropped in after it, the stock struck hard upon the pommel of the saddle and the work is done. The danger of this method is obvious, should the blow on the pommel fail to send the bullet home, or should the latter in the act of aiming, start from its place and roll toward the muzzle, the gun would probably burst in discharging. Many a shattered hand and worse casualties beside have been the result of such an accident. To obviate it, some hunters make use of a ramrod, usually hung by a string from the neck, but this materially increases the difficulty of loading. The bows and arrows which the Indians use in running buffalo have many advantages over fire-arms, and even white men occasionally employ them.

The danger of the chase arises not so much from the onset of the wounded animal as from the nature of the ground which the hunter

must ride over. The prairie does not always present a smooth, level and uniform surface; very often it is broken with hills and hollows, intersected by ravines, and in the remoter parts studded by the stiff wild sage bushes. The most formidable obstructions, however, are the burrows of wild animals, wolves, badgers and particularly prairie-dogs; the ground for a very great extent is frequently honey-combed with the holes of the latter. In the blindness of the chase the hunter rushes over it unconscious of danger; his horse at full career, thrusts his leg deep into one of the burrows; the bone snaps like a pipe-stem, the rider is hurled forward to the ground and probably killed. Yet accidents in buffalo running happen less frequently than one would suppose; in the recklessness of the chase, the hunter enjoys all the impunity of a drunken man, and may ride in safety over gullies and declivities, where, should he attempt to pass in his sober senses he would infallibly break his neck.

The method of 'approaching' has many advantages over that of 'running;' in the former, one neither breaks down his horse nor endangers his own life; instead of yielding to excitement he must be cool, collected and watchful; he must understand the buffalo, observe the features of the country and the course of the wind, and be well skilled moreover in using the rifle. The buffalo are strange animals; sometimes they are so stupid and infatuated that a man may walk up to them in full sight on the open prairie, and even shoot several of their number before the rest will think it necessary to retreat. Again at another moment they will be so shy and wary, that in order to approach them the utmost skill, experience and judgment are necessary. Kit Carson, I believe, stands preëminent in running buffalo; in approaching, no man living can bear away the palm from Henry Chatillon.

The wide, flat sand-beds of the Arkansas, as the reader will remember, lay close by the side of our camp. While we were lying on the grass after dinner, smoking, conversing, or laughing at Tête Rouge, one of us would look up and observe, far out on the plains beyond the river, certain black objects slowly approaching. He would inhale a parting whiff from the pipe, then rising lazily, take his rifle, which leaned against the cart, throw over his shoulder the strap of his pouch and powder-horn, and with his mocoasins in his hand, walk quietly across the sand toward the opposite side of the river. This was very easy; for though the sands were about a quarter of a mile wide, the water was nowhere more than two feet deep. The farther bank was about four or five feet high, and quite perpendicular, being cut away by the water in spring; tall grass grew along its edge. Putting it aside with his hand, and cautiously looking through it, the hunter can discern the huge shaggy back of the buffalo slowly swaying to and fro, as with his clumsy swinging gait he advances towards the water. The buffalo have regular paths by which they come down to drink. Seeing at a glance along which of these his intended victim is moving, the hunter crouches under the bank to within fifteen or twenty yards, it may be, of the point where the path enters the river. Here he sits down quietly on the

sand. Listening intently, he hears the heavy, monotonous tread of the approaching bull. He sets the hair-trigger of his rifle. The moment after, he sees a motion among the long weeds and grass just at the spot where the path is channelled through the bank. A huge black head is thrust out, the horns just visible amid the mass of shaggy and tangled mane. Half sliding, half plunging, down comes the buffalo upon the river-bed below. He steps out in full sight upon the sands. Just before him a runnel of water is gliding, and he bends his head to drink. You may hear the water as it gurgles with hollow sound down his capacious throat. He raises his head, and the drops trickle from his wet beard. He stands with an air of stupid abstraction, unconscious of the lurking danger. Noiselessly the hunter cocks his rifle. As he sits upon the sand, his knee is raised, and his elbow rests upon it, that he may level his heavy weapon with a steadier aim. The stock is at his shoulder; his eye ranges along the barrel. Still he is in no haste to fire. Now the bull, with slow deliberation, begins his march over the sands to the other side. He advances his fore-leg, and as he does so he exposes to view a small spot, denuded of hair, just behind the point of his shoulder; upon this the hunter brings the sights of his rifle to bear; lightly and delicately his finger presses the hair-trigger. Quick as thought the spiteful crack of the rifle responds to his slight touch, and instantly in the middle of the bare spot appears a small red dot. The buffalo shivers; death has overtaken him, he cannot tell from whence; still he does not fall, but walks heavily forward, as if nothing had happened. Yet before he has advanced half a dozen rods out upon the sand, you see him stop; he totters; his knees bend under him, and his head sinks forward to the ground. Scarcely has he done so, when his whole vast bulk sways to one side; he rolls over on the sand, and with a scarcely perceptible struggle yields up his life. The hunter steps forward and looks upon the inanimate pile of flesh and bones, hides, tendons and matted hair. At the slightest touch of his fore-finger those gigantic limbs were paralyzed, that mountain of flesh reeled and fell prostrate.

Waylaying the buffalo in this manner, and shooting them as they come to water, is the easiest and laziest method of hunting them. They may also be approached by crawling up ravines or behind hills, or even over the open prairie. This is often surprisingly easy; but at other times, and under other circumstances, it requires the utmost skill of the most experienced hunter. Henry Chatillon was a man of extraordinary strength and hardihood; but I have seen him return to camp quite exhausted with his efforts, his limbs scratched and wounded, and his buck-skin dress stuck full of the thorns of the prickly-pear, among which he had been crawling. Sometimes he would lay flat upon his face, and drag himself along in this position for many rods together.

On the second day of our stay at this place, Henry went out for an afternoon hunt. Shaw and I remained in camp, until, observing some bulls approaching the water upon the other side of the river, we crossed over to attack them. They were so near, however, that

before we could get under cover of the bank our appearance as we walked over the sands alarmed them. Turning round before coming within gun-shot, they began to move off to the right in a direction parallel to the river. I climbed up the bank and ran after them. They were walking swiftly, and before I could come within gun-shot distance they slowly wheeled about and faced toward me. Before they had turned far enough to see me I had fallen flat on my face. For a moment they stood and stared at the strange object upon the grass; then turning away, again they walked on as before; and I rising immediately, ran once more in pursuit. Again they wheeled about, and again I fell prostrate. Repeating this three or four times, I came at length within a hundred yards of the fugitives, and as I saw them turning again, I sat down and levelled my rifle. The one in the centre was the largest I had ever seen. I shot him behind the shoulder. His two companions ran off. He attempted to follow, but soon came to a stand, and at length lay down as quietly as an ox chewing the cud. Cautiously approaching him, I saw by his dull and jelly-like eye that he was dead.

When I began the chase, the prairie was almost tenantless; but a great multitude of buffalo had suddenly thronged upon it, and looking up, I saw within fifty rods a heavy, dark column stretching to the right and left as far as I could see. I walked toward them. My approach did not alarm them in the least. The column itself consisted almost entirely of cows and calves, but a great many old bulls were ranging about the prairie on its flank, and as I drew near they faced toward me with such a shaggy and ferocious look that I thought it best to proceed no farther. Indeed I was already within close rifle-shot of the column, and I sat down on the ground to watch their movements. Sometimes the whole would stand still, their heads all facing one way; then they would trot forward, as if by a common impulse, their hoofs and horns clattering together as they moved. I soon began to hear at a distance on the left the sharp reports of a rifle, again and again repeated; and not long after, dull and heavy sounds succeeded, which I recognised as the familiar voice of Shaw's double-barreled gun. When Henry's rifle was at work there was always meat to be brought in. I went back across the river for a horse, and returning, I reached the spot where the hunters were standing. A dark mass of buffalo were visible on the distant prairie. The living had retreated from the ground, but about a dozen carcases were scattered in various directions. Henry, knife in hand, was stooping over a dead cow, cutting away the best and fattest of the meat.

When Shaw left me he had walked down for some distance under the river-bank to find another bull. At length he saw the plains covered with a host of buffalo, and soon after he heard the crack of Henry's rifle. Ascending the bank, he crawled through the grass, which for a rod or two from the river was very high and rank. He had not crawled far before to his astonishment he saw Henry standing erect upon the prairie, almost surrounded by the buffalo. Henry was in his appropriate element. Nelson on the deck of the 'Victory,'

Bonaparte at the head of his army, hardly felt a prouder sense of mastery than he. Quite unconscious that any one was looking at him, he stood at the full height of his tall, strong figure, one hand resting upon his side, and the other arm leaning carelessly on the muzzle of his rifle. His eye was ranging over the singular assemblage around him. Now and then he would select such a cow as suited him, level his rifle, and shoot her dead; then quietly reloading his piece, he would resume his former position. The buffalo seemed no more to regard his presence than if he were one of themselves; the bulls were bellowing and butting at each other, or else rolling about in the dust. A dozen buffalo would gather about the carcass of a dead cow, snuffing at her wounds; and sometimes they would come behind those that had not yet fallen, and endeavor to push them from the spot. Now and then some old bull would face toward Henry with an air of stupid amazement, but none seemed inclined to attack or fly from him. For some time Shaw lay among the grass, looking in surprise at this extraordinary sight; at length he crawled cautiously forward, and spoke in a low voice to Henry, who told him to rise and come on. Still the buffalo showed no sign of fear; they remained gathered about their dead companions. Henry had already killed as many cows as we wanted for use, and Shaw, kneeling behind one of the carcasses, shot five bulls before the rest thought it necessary to disperse.

The frequent stupidity and infatuation of the buffalo seems the more remarkable from the contrast it offers to their wildness and wariness at other times. Henry knew all their peculiarities; he had studied them as a scholar studies his books, and he derived quite as much pleasure from the occupation. The buffalo were a kind of companions to him, and, as he said, he never felt alone when they were about him. He took great pride in his skill in hunting. Henry was one of the most modest men living; yet in the manly simplicity and frankness of his character it was quite clear that he looked upon his preëminence in this respect as a thing too palpable and well-established ever to be disputed; whatever may have been his estimate of his own skill, it was rather below than above that which others placed upon it. The only time that I ever saw a shade of scorn darken his open countenance was when two volunteer soldiers, who had just killed a buffalo for the first time, undertook to instruct him as to the best method of 'approaching.' To borrow an illustration from an opposite side of life, an Eton-boy might as well have sought to enlighten Porson on the formation of a Greek verb, or a Fleet-street shop-keeper to instruct Beau Brummel concerning a point of etiquette. Henry always seemed to think that he had a sort of prescriptive right to the buffalo and to look upon them as something belonging peculiarly to himself. Nothing excited his indignation so much as any wanton destruction committed among the cows, and in his view shooting a calf was a cardinal sin.

Henry Chatillon and Tête Rouge were of the same age; that is, about thirty. Henry was twice as large and fully six times as strong as Tête Rouge. Henry's face was roughened by winds and storms;

Tête Rouge's was bloated by sherry-cobblers and brandy-toddy. Henry talked of Indians and buffalo; Tête Rouge of theatres and oyster-cellars. Henry had led a life of hardship and privation; Tête Rouge never had a whim which he would not gratify at the first moment he was able. Henry moreover was the most disinterested man I ever saw; while Tête Rouge, though equally good-natured in his way, cared for nobody but himself. Yet we would not have lost him on any account; he admirably served the purpose of a jester in a feudal castle; our camp would have been lifeless without him. For the past week he had fattened in a most amazing manner; and, indeed, this was not at all surprising, since his appetite was most inordinate. He was eating from morning till night; half the time he would be at work cooking some private repast for himself, and he paid a visit to the coffee-pot eight or ten times a day. His rueful and disconsolate face became jovial and rubicund, his eyes stood out like a lobster's, and his spirits, which before were sunk to the depths of despondency, were now elated in proportion; all day he was singing, whistling, laughing and telling stories. Being mortally afraid of Jim Gurney, he kept close in the neighborhood of our tent. As he had seen an abundance of low dissipated life, and had a considerable fund of humor, his anecdotes were extremely amusing, especially since he never hesitated to place himself in a ludicrous point of view, provided he could raise a laugh by doing so. Tête Rouge, however, was sometimes rather troublesome; he had an inveterate habit of pilfering provisions at all times of the day. He set ridicule at utter defiance; and being without a particle of self-respect, he would never have given over his tricks, even if they had drawn upon him the scorn of the whole party. Now and then, indeed, something worse than laughter fell to his share; on these occasions he would exhibit much contrition, but half an hour after we would generally observe him stealing round to the box at the back of the cart and slyly making off with the provisions which Delorier had laid by for supper. He was very fond of smoking; but having no tobacco of his own, we used to provide him with as much as he wanted, a small piece at a time. At first we gave him half a pound together; but this experiment proved an entire failure, for he invariably lost not only the tobacco, but the knife entrusted to him for cutting it, and a few minutes after he would come to us with many apologies and beg for more.

We had been two days at this camp, and some of the meat was nearly fit for transportation, when a tremendous storm came suddenly upon us. About sunset the whole sky grew as black as ink, and the long grass at the river's edge bent and rose mournfully with the first gusts of the approaching hurricane. Munroe and his two companions brought their guns and placed them under cover of our tent. Having no shelter for themselves, they built a fire of drift-wood that might have defied a cataract, and wrapped in their buffalo-robes, sat down on the ground around it to bide the fury of the storm. Delorier ensconced himself under the cover of the cart. Shaw and I, together with Henry and Tête Rouge, crowded into

the little tent; but first of all the dried meat was piled together and well protected by buffalo-robes pinned firmly to the ground. About nine o'clock the storm broke, amid absolute darkness; it blew a gale, and torrents of rain roared over the boundless expanse of open prairie. Our tent was filled with mist and spray, beating through the canvass and saturating every thing within. We could only distinguish each other at short intervals by the dazzling flash of lightning which displayed the whole wild waste around us with its momentary glare. We had our fears for the tent; but for an hour or two it stood fast, until at length the cap gave way before a furious blast; the pole tore through the top, and in an instant we were half suffocated by the cold and dripping folds of the canvass, which fell down upon us. Seizing upon our guns, we placed them erect, in order to lift the saturated cloth above our heads. In this agreeable situation, involved among wet blankets and buffalo-robes, we spent many hours of the night, during which the storm would not abate for a moment, but pelted down above our heads with merciless fury. Before long the ground beneath us became saturated with moisture, and the water gathered there in a pool two or three inches deep; so that for a considerable part of the night we were partially immersed in a cold bath. In spite of all this, Tête Rouge's flow of spirits did not desert him for an instant; he laughed, whistled and sung in defiance of the storm, and that night he paid off the long arrears of laughter which he owed us. While we lay in silence, enduring the infliction with what philosophy we could muster, Tête Rouge, who was intoxicated with animal spirits, was cracking jokes at our expense by the hour together. At about three o'clock in the morning, 'preferring the tyranny of the open night' to such a wretched shelter, we crawled out from beneath the fallen canvass. The wind had abated, but the rain fell steadily. The fire of the California men still blazed amid the darkness, and we joined them as they sat around it. We made ready some hot coffee by way of refreshment; but when some of the party sought to replenish their cups, it was found that Tête Rouge, having disposed of his own share, had privately abstracted the coffee-pot and drank up the rest of the contents out of the spout.

In the morning to our great joy, an unclouded sun rose upon the prairie. We presented a rather laughable appearance, for the cold and clammy buckskin saturated with water, clung fast to every man's limbs; the light wind and the warm sunshine soon dried them again, and then we were all encased in armor of intolerable rigidity. Roaming all day over the prairie and shooting two or three bulls were scarcely enough to restore the stiffened leather to its usual pliancy.

Beside Henry Chatillon, Shaw and I were the only hunters in the party; Munroe this morning made an attempt to run a buffalo, but his horse could not come up to the game; Shaw went out with him, and being better mounted soon found himself in the midst of the herd. Seeing nothing but cows and calves around him, he checked his horse; an old bull came galloping on the open prairie at some distance behind, and turning his horse, Shaw rode across his path in front of him, levelling his gun as he passed and shooting him through

the shoulder into the heart. The heavy bullets of Shaw's double barrelled gun made wild work wherever they struck.

A great flock of buzzards were usually soaring about a few trees that stood on the island just below our camp. Throughout the whole of yesterday we had noticed an eagle among them, to-day he was still there; and Tête Rouge declaring that he would kill the bird of America, borrowed Delorier's gun and set out on his unpatriotic mission. As might have been expected the eagle suffered no great harm at his hands; he soon returned, saying that he could not find him, but had shot a buzzard instead. Being required to produce the bird in proof of his assertion, he said he believed that he was not quite dead, but he must be hurt from the swiftness with which he flew off.

'If you want,' said Tête Rouge, 'I 'll go and get one of his feathers, I knocked off plenty of them when I shot him.'

Just opposite our camp, was another island covered with bushes, and behind it was a deep pool of water while two or three considerable streams coursed over the sand not far off. I was bathing at this place in the afternoon when a white wolf, larger than the largest Newfoundland dog, ran out from behind the point of the island and galloped leisurely over the sand not half a stone's throw distant. I could plainly see his red eyes and the bristles about his snout; he was an ugly scoundrel with a bushy tail, large head and a most repulsive countenance. Having neither rifle to shoot nor stone to pelt him with, I was looking eagerly after some missile for his benefit, when the report of a gun came from the camp and the ball threw up the sand just beyond him; at this he gave a slight jump and stretched away so swiftly that he soon dwindled into a mere speck on the distant sand-beds. The number of carcasses that by this time were lying about the prairie all round us, summoned the wolves from every quarter; the spot where Shaw and Henry had hunted together soon became their favorite resort, for here about a dozen dead buffalo were fermenting under the hot sun. I used often to go over the river and watch them at their meal; by lying under the bank it was easy to get a full view of them. Three different kinds were present; there were the white wolves and the grey wolves, both extremely large, and beside these the small prairie wolves, not much bigger than spaniels. They would howl and fight a dozen at a time around a single carcass, yet they were so watchful, and their senses so acute, that I never was able to crawl within a fair shooting distance; whenever I attempted it, they would all scatter at once and glide silently away through the tall grass. The air above this spot was always full of buzzards or black vultures; whenever the wolves left a carcass they would descend upon it and cover it so densely that a rifle bullet shot at random among the gormandizing crowd would generally strike down two or three of them. These birds would now be sailing by scores just above our camp, their broad black wings seeming half transparent as they expanded them against the bright sky. The wolves and the buzzards thickened about us with every hour, and two or three eagles also came in to the feast. I killed a bull within rifle-shot of the camp; that night the wolves made a fearful howling close at

hand, and in the morning the carcass was completely hollowed out by these voracious feeders.

After we had remained four days at this camp we prepared to leave it. We had for our own part about five hundred pounds of dried meat, and the California men had prepared some three hundred more; this consisted of the fattest and choicest parts of eight or nine cows, a very small quantity only being taken from each and the rest abandoned to the wolves. The pack animals were laden, the horses were saddled and the mules harnessed to the cart. Even Tête Rouge was ready at last, and slowly moving from the ground, we resumed our journey eastward. When we had advanced about a mile Shaw missed a valuable hunting-knife and turned back in search of it, thinking that he had left it at the camp. He approached the place cautiously, fearful that Indians might be lurking about, for a deserted camp is dangerous to return to. He saw no enemy, but the scene was a wild and dreary one; the prairie was overshadowed by dull, leaden clouds, for the day was dark and lowering. The ashes of the fires were still smoking by the river side; the grass around them was trampled down by men and horses, and strewn with bones, pieces of meat, fragments of hide and all the litter of a camp. Our departure had been a gathering signal to the birds and beasts of prey; Shaw assured me that literally dozens of wolves were prowling about the smouldering fires while multitudes more were roaming over the prairie around; they all fled as he approached, some running over the sand-beds and some over the grassy plains. The vultures in great clouds were soaring overhead and the dead bull near the camp was completely blackened by the flock that had alighted upon it; they flapped their broad wings and stretched upward their crested heads and long skinny necks, fearing to remain, yet reluctant to leave their disgusting feast. As he searched about the fires he saw the wolves seated on the distant hills waiting for his departure. Having looked in vain for his knife, he mounted again and left the wolves and the vultures to banquet freely upon the carrion of the hunting-camp.

SONNET: TO A LADY.

O we may gather riches, cull content
Within the pleasant garden of the heart,
If 'neath its blooming shades no monument,
Sacred to all the forms of worldly art,
Claims the first offerings of the opening year,
Its summer fulness and its autumn wealth.
If, when the gay and fragrant flowers appear
In glad profusion, bringing joy and health,
No careless hand shall pluck them to adorn
The shrine where Pleasure's heartless votary kneels;
No thoughtless footstep crush them in the morn
Ere glowing day their every charm reveals.
Then culture well this garden; it will bloom
To light your pathway to the silent tomb.

C. E. C.

STANZAS: BEAUTY.

UPON SEEING AN EXQUISITE PICTURE OF DIAN AND ENDYMION, PAINTED BY COLE OF PORTLAND.

Oh, I have dreamed of Beauty!
When soft sleep
Hath thrown its magic mantle o'er my soul,
Bright forms, like white clouds, o'er my vision steal,
Lovely as Fancy pictures angel-throngs,
That glide through Heaven.

Yes, I have dreamed of Beauty;
But all in vain my pencil hath been grasped,
To give those spirit-visions graphic life;
And like a sorrowing child, I turn and weep,
That I have not an artist's Heaven-taught hand,
That I may trace the trembling lines of light,
Or fling the mellow-shadowing of dreams
O'er the weak copy, whose original is hung,
In my heart's gallery.
A pen of gold
Waits near me; but when it would define
Those beauties that my pencil fails to trace,
It only giveth to the eager eye,
An outline dim — leaving to Fancy's hand,
The finer touches and the softer tints,
With the more glorious sunlight.

Yet have I still dreamed on!
Day and night, I have seen glorious eyes,
Whose lightning pierced into my very soul,
Or in the calmer moods of sleeping thought,
Have bowed beneath the gentler glance of love,
Until my heart was drunken as with wine;
I have seen lips whose beauty could compare,
So strange their charm, with nothing but themselves;
And cheeks, which even Sleep would blush
To liken to the leaves of the June rose:
I have seen brows whose whiteness would compare
With virgin marble, but there was a warmth,
The very stone would envy had it heart;
And I have dreamed of clustering hair that stole
Light from the sun, to fling amid its silk,
Until the sun grew dim.

All this — all this;
Yet in the wildest visions sleep hath brought,
Have I not seen such loveliness as now.
Endymion! Ideal of all ages!
Nature in forming thee so beautiful,
So like a god, expended all her powers.
Flinging o'er thee a Heaven of dazzling charms,
Which by division might have clothed a world,
And fashioned beings fair as sunset smiles!
Thus didst thou sleep on Latmos; thus thy lips,
That mock comparison, half oped in smiles:

And thus thy brow, as marble would become
If warmed by love, lay hidden half beneath
That clustering hair, that robbed the golden sun
To clothe itself.

What were thy visions, sleeper?
Did the green trees that whispered to the winds,
Speak to thy soul of mysteries wild and strange?
Or did the lake, whose heart throbbed 'neath the moon,
As a fair girl's beneath her lover's glance,
Lull thee with music like thine own heart's voice?
Or the wild flowers, whose perfume wooed the breeze
To bear it onward in its mighty arms,
Over the mossy rocks and o'er the lake.
And through those wild old woods, bring to thee dreams
Of fragrant sunlight in Italia's clime,
Where the rich grape is pressed for maddening wine,
And birds know not of silence?

Oh no! within that heart,
Beating beneath an humble shepherd's garb,
There is a fire that burneth ever more,
As if the great APOLLO, had looked down
With noonday glance, into its very depths,
Kindling, while he revealed, the slumbering hopes,
And mystic thoughts, that fed wild Passion there.
He was no longer man! feeling the god within,
His mighty will o'erleaped the human thought,
Until he was allied to the DIVINE;
Lifting himself above himself, toward Heaven,
And sinking earth beneath him!

The moon was o'er him,
Flooding the atmosphere with silver rain;
While her charioteer, Latona's daughter,
Who had repelled each shaft from Cupid's bow,
Defied and mocked the god-like power of love;
And scorned the gentle passion in her nymphs,
The cold DIAN, before invincible,
Thus saw ENDYMION; and seeing, loved him!
She clasped with her own hand the golden chain,
That made her evermore a slave to love.
Beauty triumphant! conqueror of hearts!
The mighty JOVE had never power like thine!
She left the glorious chariot of night,
And with a silver crescent on her brow,
She stood beside him, human in her form,
A goddess in her nature and her love.
She bent above him; and the breathing lips,
Never by mortal or immortal kissed,
She laid upon ENDYMION'S in that hour.
Latmos was hollowed thus!

Thou Artist! thank thy GOD
That thou dost worship Beauty DIAN like!
That he has placed within thy breast a heart,
Which buildeth for itself its own fair world,
And Genius that can give thy visions birth,
Revealing things by other eyes unseen.
Thank HIM that thou dost worship Beauty thus!

Its principle, unchanging as the heavens,
Ever and every where remains the same;
And he who hath conceived the beautiful
Within the spirit-chambers of his breast,
Hath imaged there an ever-quenchless ray,
Of God's divinity!

C. R. D. M.

Portland, October, 1848.

THE COMMENTATORS OF SHAKSPERE.

An edition of Shakspere translated into French by La Tourneur in 1766, and praised by Johnson as being a very creditable performance, seems to have altogether escaped the observation or remark of the numerous latter-day Shaksperian annotators, although many a useful hint might have been taken from the foreigner's comments, some of which are exceedingly clever, evincing a critical sagacity far beyond that of a mere translator.

For instance, in the scene immediately after Hamlet's famous soliloquy, when Ophelia returns his presents, 'Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind,' he exclaims: 'Ha, ha! are you honest?'

Now, as his preceding language toward her had been tender and respectful, these words, and the remainder of the scene, betoken some extraordinary disturbance in his mind, not satisfactorily accounted for by previous commentators. It will be remembered that Polonius and the King, and, 'pity 't is, 't is true,' Ophelia, have been plotting against Hamlet to discover if his distemper proceed from love: she remains in the room, with a book in her hand, pretendedly engaged in reading, while they withdraw for the purpose of listening. Hamlet enters, finishes his soliloquy without noticing Ophelia, and then, when aware of her presence, addresses her, as I before remarked, with gentleness, and is evidently prepared to act as would become a polished prince in such company; when (according to La Tourneur,) he discovers her father and the King on the watch. 'Ha, ha!' is his exclamation; then he abruptly puts to her the question, 'Are *you* honest?' Now read the remainder of the scene, and mark the difference of language and manner: hear him ask, 'Where 's your father?' and to her false reply 'At home, my lord,' hear him talk *at* Polonius, 'Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house.'

It is almost a literal version, consequently the translator is occasionally led into funny expressions. In Henry IV. Falstaff always addresses Prince Hal as 'Petit Henri.' The greatest stumbling block to the Frenchman, however, is the well-known 'that from a shelf the precious diadem stole and put it in his pocket' of Hamlet, which he does not dare to give literally, but renders it 'Qui a surpris lachement le precieux diadême dans la cassette où il était renfermé, et l'a caché sous son manteau.' The last words mystified him, as well they might. In Macbeth, 'Out, out, brief candle!' is translated into 'Finis, finis, court flambeau!' But these literal 'renderings' are perhaps less objectionable than the text as displayed under the hands of some of

their free translators. Some years ago I attended a representation of the play of Hamlet by a French company. It was what is called a 'liberal' translation. I cannot now recollect whether it was Ducis' or the work of another translator since his time; but this I do remember, that Hamlet continually carried about with him a small urn containing his father's ashes, and on entering, his first exclamation was, 'Mon respectable père!'

But we need not go to France for Shaksperian blunders. Pope betrayed a want of both sagacity and honesty in his note to the beautiful description of Falstaff's death, by Hostess Quickly, in the second act of Henry V. 'Nay sure, he 's not in hell; he 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.'

In the first folio it reads 'and a table of green fields.' Pope remarks that these words are not in the old quartos; that 'this nonsense got into the first folio by a pleasant mistake of the stage-editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and the direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the Property-man at that time, who furnished implements. etc. for the actors!' Luckily for the text, Theobald, doubting Pope's infallibility as a commentator, as well as the existence of Mr. Greenfield the property-man, cleverly hit upon the admirable reading as it now stands.

In Henry IV., Act IV., Scene III., we find Prince Hal and Falstaff on the field of battle at Shrewsbury, conversing thus:

'FALS. I have paid Percy; I have made him sure.
'PRINCE. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee. I prithee lend me thy sword.
'FALS. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.
'PRINCE. Give it me: what, is it in the case?
'FALS. Ay, Hal, 't is hot; there's what will sack a city.
(*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*)
'PRINCE. What, i'st a time to jest and dally now?
(*Throws it at him, and exit.*)
'FALS. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.'

Thus read the modern editions and the first folio. The quartos have it, 'If Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him if he do come in my way, so:'

Mr. Knight, although pledged to the folio, deserts it in this instance, and observes the punctuation of the quartos, solely that he may adopt the monstrous suggestion of Dr. Johnson and Zachary Jackson; all three of them supposing that the word 'so' relates to some action or by-play of Falstaff with his bottle of sack, such as thrusting the point of his sword into the cork! And Dyce, in remarking upon the absurdity of Knight's reading, takes it for granted that the punctuation of the folio and the modern editions is correct, and that when Falstaff

says: 'If he do come in my way, so:' he means by 'so,' *so be it*, and refers Mr. Knight to the latter part of the soliloquy, where the word 'so' is used in that or a similar sense. But from La Tourneur we get the proper punctuation, and the true reading:

'Si Percy est en vie, je le percerai* —— Oui, s'il se trouve dans mon chemin. —— Car, si je me trouve dans le sien, de mon bon gré, je consens qu'il fasse de moi un hachis.'

Now carry out his idea in the words of the text, which is done by this punctuation:

'If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him —— if he do come in my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath; give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there 's an end.'

Macbeth has been a great sufferer under the commentators. Even the witches come in for their share — viz:

'First Witch. Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.
'Second Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
'Third Witch. Hark! her cries! 'T is time, 't is time.'

They are no doubt waiting for the three corresponding whines of the hedge-pig, who, according to the second witch, has favored them only once, when the last witch announces the second and third demonstrations, by 'Hark her cries! 'T is time, 't is time.'

Nearly all the editions read 'Harper' or 'Harpier cries,' and the different commentators take their pleasure in explaining who Harper is or was. One says it means, and should be written, 'Harpy.' Another, that Harper was the name of a familiar spirit. Upton declares that it is a dog's name; that one of Acteon's hounds was named Harpalus, and that Shakspere showed his great knowledge in antiquity, in making the dog give signal; and cites Theocritus, Apollonius, Ovid and Virgil in explanation. Zachary Jackson, with the observation that the copyist who wrote from the recitation of another person might easily have mistaken 'Harper cries' for 'Hark her cries,' gives the reading as above quoted.

Again, Macbeth says to the ghost of Banquo:

'And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,
Protest me the baby of a girl.'

What can be more Shaksperian than the passage thus quoted from the first folio. 'If I, cowardlike, keep within doors, when you dare me to open combat.' And yet almost every commentator has had 'a shy' at it, forgetting that Shakspere, who was allowed to have *some* Latin, knew that *habere* is 'to keep' as well as 'to have' — in se habere, to keep oneself within. Pope says it should be 'inhibit then;' Stevens, 'inhibit thee.' Johnson thinks 'inhabit' quite as good as 'inhibit,' but rather than not suggest something, proposes 'evade

* Falstaff dit ceci tout haut et par bravade, tandis que le Prince l'entend; ensuite il baisse le ton.

it;' and another would have it, 'if trembling I exhibit.' At all events, the absurd 'emendations' have been productive of considerable good to the reader of Shakspere undefiled; for Horne Tooke, in allusion to the liberties taken with the word 'inhabit,' said: 'These dwarfish commentators are always cutting Shakspere down to their own size;' and recommended a verbatim reprint of the first folio, which accordingly made its appearance in 1808, to the great delight of those who had neither money to obtain, nor opportunity to inspect the original of 1623.

In a cursory glance at the same tragedy, edited by Mr. Verplanck, the only original note I find, is on the line:

'Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff.'

After saying that he agrees with Mr. Collier in allowing the text to remain, though the repetition of 'stuffed' and 'stuff' is disagreeable to the ear, he adds: 'The error, if any, lies in the last word of the line, which perhaps the printer mistook, having composed 'stuffed' just before. If a conjectural emendation is required, I should substitute 'perilous *load*.'

Had the annotator consulted Jackson, he would have met with a very ingenious, and in all probability the true reading:

'Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous *tuft*,
Which weighs upon the heart.'

The hissing sound of the *s* in the word *perilous* before *t*, in the word *tuft*, deceived the transcriber, who wrote as another person recited, and having so lately written *stuffed*, his ear with greater facility received the impression.

In Hamlet, there is another original note, by the same Editor, to the following passage:

—'Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.'

The annotator proceeds: 'Bitter business.' Thus the folio. Nine out of ten of the modern Editors, with Malone, follow the quartos, and read 'bitter day.' The epithet 'bitter' has no clear significance here, as applied to *day;* and unless the folio-reading is adopted, as I think it should be, I would prefer an ingenious emendation proposed by Mr. E. Forrest — the *better* day — i. e. *better*, as contrasted with night.'

Mr. Verplanck might have found high-church authority for the 'ingenious emendation of Mr. E. Forrest,' Bishop Warburton having suggested it in his own edition, three-quarters of a century ago.

But let us take a turn from the 'last of the ebb' to the 'first of the flood,' and look after some of those who had the earliest handling of the mighty poet: it will be amusing to learn from their own pens what each one thought of the other. We shall let Johnson loose upon Theobald, as a beginning; of him the Doctor says: 'The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultation over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have

in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of *some* notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the *rest.*

'Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for an enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favor against those who command reverence, and so easily is he praised whom no man can envy.'

Of two other 'expounders,' Edwards and Heath, he remarks: 'The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammation and gangrene behind him.' Then he adds: 'They (the several commentators) have all been treated by me with candor(!), which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed: there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.'

Theobald speculates upon his friend Pope thus: 'He has attacked Shakspeare like an unhandy slaughterman, and not lopped off the errors, but the poet. It is not with any secret pleasure that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critic; but there are provocations which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with so much inveteracy, that not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *Christian*, they leave it a question whether they *could* come from a *man*. It is certain that I am indebted to him for some flagrant civilities; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavor of quitting scores: with this exception, however, that I will not return those civilities in his *peculiar* strain, but confine myself at least to the limits of *common decency*.'

Bishop Warburton favors us with a 'combat of three.' Hear him speak of 'the two attempts made by Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer to restore the text, in which they succeeded so very ill, that they left their author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. But as it was my ill-fortune to have some accidental connections with these two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

'The one was recommended to me as a poor man, the other as a poor critic; and to each of them at different times I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him, for his own advantage; and he allowed himself the liberty of taking one part for his own, and sequestering another for the benefit, as I supposed, of some future edition. But as to the Oxford editor, who wanted nothing but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge. Where he trusts to his own sagacity, his conjectures

are generally absurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticism. Though in this rage for correcting he was not absolutely destitute of all *art;* for having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he saw fit to work upon, and by changing them to something he thought synonymous or similar, he made them his own, and so became a critic at a cheap expense. To conclude with them in a word, they separately possessed those two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criticism into disrepute—*dulness of apprehension* and *extravagance of conjecture.*'

Now comes Warburton's turn. Heath says: 'Mr. Warburton's pretensions are pompous and solemn, calculated to raise the highest expectations in the reader, which were never surely before so miserably defeated by the execution. In the course of my reading I have never had the fortune to meet with a critical writer so peculiarly unhappy. The licentiousness of his criticism overleaps all bounds or restraint, while the slightest glitter of a heated imagination is sufficient to lead him into the most improbable conjectures, which are at the same time enforced by the authoritative and frequently almost oracular manner in which they are delivered.'

As to Malone, let his acts speak for him. In the year 1623 a monumental life-sized bust of Shakspere was erected in Stratford Church, immediately over his grave. Mr. Britton, in his 'Remarks' on this bust, states that it is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazle, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet, or coat, was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons, caused it to be repaired, and the original colors preserved, in the year 1748, from the profits of the representation of Othello. This was a generous and apparently judicious act, and therefore very unlike the next alteration it was subjected to in 1793. In that year Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, and thus at once destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face. In reference to this atrocious act the following stanzas were written in the album at Stratford Church by one of the visitors to the tomb:

> 'STRANGER, to whom this monument is shown,
> Invoke the poet's curses on MALONE;
> Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
> And daubs his tomb-stone, as he marr'd his plays.'

Charles Lamb did not forget or forgive this desecration: 'The wretched Malone could not do worse when he bribed the sexton of Stratford Church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakspere, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very

dress he used to wear; the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint! If I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling, sacrilegious varlets. I think I see them at their work, these sapient trouble-tombs!'

Boswell told D'Israeli that Stevens used frequently to amuse himself by writing notes on Shakspere, under an assumed name, for the 'St. James Chronicle,' purposely to mislead or entrap Malone, and obtain for himself an easy triumph in the next edition; that he even risked his reputation as a poetical critic, by rejecting from his edition the poems of Shakspere, remarking for the reason that 'the strongest act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service;' and all this was said and done merely to spite Malone, who had taken extraordinary pains in their elucidation.

Of these sonnets, Schlegel says, sufficient use has not been made, as important materials for Shakspere's biography. Let us see what that might lead to. In Sonnet XXXVII. he writes:

> 'As a decrepit father takes delight
> To see his active child do deeds of youth,
> So I, *made lame by fortune's dearest spite*,
> Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.'

And again, in Sonnet LXXXIX.:

> 'Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
> And I will comment upon that offence:
> Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt,
> Against thy reasons making no defence.'

Was Shakspere lame? 'A question to be asked;' and there is nothing in the inquiry repugnant to poetic justice, for he has made Julius Cæsar deaf in his left ear. Where did he get his authority?

> 'Look here upon this picture, and on this.'

Dr. Armstrong thus comments on the stage action which accompanies this passage: 'There is a tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet producing the two miniatures of his father and uncle out of his pocket. It seems more natural to suppose that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes upon their pictures as they hang up in the apartment where the conference passes with the Queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance and dignity, in supposing it thus, but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action, and is of consequence likelier to be as Shakspere's imagination had conceived it.'

Now it is not true that Hamlet produces two miniatures: his attention is drawn to the likeness of his uncle suspended from the neck of the Queen, and seizing it, he exclaims, 'Look here upon this picture;' then, taking his father's miniature from his pocket, he adds, 'and on this.' *Par parenthèse*, this brings to my recollection a remark I once heard respecting the extraordinary words in the same scene which

have puzzled all commentators, as well as the French translator with whom I commenced. It was suggested that the words 'and put it in his pocket' were originally the stage direction in the margin ('*put it in his pocket*') for the actor who played Hamlet to dispose of his father's miniature, which he had been showing the Queen, the ghost being about to enter; nor is it an unreasonable suggestion. The plays published in Shakspere's time are crowded with directions of a like nature, not only for the purpose of marking the exits and entrances, but actually as instructions for by-play to the actor in rendering the stage business more effective. A play called 'The History of King Leir and his Three Daughters,' printed in 1605, will serve as an instance. King Leir and his old friend Perillus are attacked by a ruffian messenger despatched by one of Leir's daughters to waylay and murder them; they supposing him to be a robber merely, offer money:

'LEIR. If that I have will do thee any good
I give it thee, sun with a right good will.
take it
PERILLUS. Here, take mine too, and wish with all my heart
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.
take his and weygh them both in his hands.
MESS. Ile none of them, they are too light for me.
puts them in his pocket.
LEIR. Why then farewell,' etc.

These stage directions are not enclosed in brackets, as is customary in modern editions of plays, but are italicised merely; so that in the manuscripts there could have been no distinction between the text and directions, excepting that the latter may have been underscored; and we frequently find them at the end of the text-line, so closely connected, without stop, dash or comma between, or even a capital initial letter for distinctive mark, that it is not a little surprising that so few blunders have been made by the transcribers. We have an instance of the kind in 'Macbeth,' Act 2, Scene 3:

'MACDUFF. Ring the alarum-bell: murther and treason!
BANQUO and DONALBAIN! MALCOLM! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image. MALCOLM! BANQUO!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*
Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY M. What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak! speak!'

Thus the text of the folios, and of those editors who preceded Theobald. The latter, properly excluding the words 'Ring the bell,' comments as follows: 'I have ventured to throw out these last words as no part of the text. Macduff had said at the beginning of his speech, 'Ring the alarum-bell;' but if the bell had rung out immediately, not a word of what he says could have been distinguished. '*Ring the bell*,' I say, was a marginal direction in the prompter's book for him to order the bell to be rung the minute that Macduff ceases speaking. In proof of this, we may observe, that hemistich

ending Macduff's speech, and that beginning Lady Macbeth's, make up a complete verse. Now if '*Ring the bell*' had been part of the text, can we imagine the poet would have begun the lady's speech with a broken line? It should read thus:

'MACDUFF. MALCOLM! BANQUO!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Ring the bell.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

LADY M. What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley,' etc.

No doubt the compositor overlooked the under-scoring of the direction in the prompter's manuscript from which he printed, and '*Ring the bell*' having a seeming congruity with the text, was introduced, with the same propriety and from the same cause as 'put it in his pocket,' the latter garnished with an additional 'and' by way of dove-tail. Now let us return to Hamlet, and see how the text will stand the proposed restoration, preserving the orthography of the first quarto, that the stage direction may be in keeping:

'HAMLET. A murtherer and a villaine
A slave that is not twentith part the tyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule
That from a shelfe the precious diadem stole!
put it in his pocket.
GERTRUDE. No more!

Enter Ghost.

HAMLET. A king of shreds and patches—
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gratious figure?'

Let us bear in mind, that while Hamlet is venting his contemptuous indignation upon his uncle, he has the miniature of his father in his hand, which should be disengaged on the entrance of the ghost. And let it not be objected that even had it been the proper by-play, no such direction would have been considered necessary; for, as has been before remarked, the old plays have frequent marginal instructions to the actor, with far less claim than the one in question; instructions which were not intended for the world to see, but merely as useful in the 'business' of the stage. And that is the reason why there are certain traditionary stage-tricks adopted by all the actors from the days of Garrick, and perhaps of Burbage, down to the present time; such as the flourishing of the handkerchief at the words 'so runs the world away' of Hamlet; and the kicking over the chair in the scene with his mother when the ghost enters, etc., etc.; hints or memoranda for which, were no doubt written on the margin of the prompter's copy, and of course, for years serving as a guide for the several actors who might at different times appear in the character, but which were to a great extent, omitted when the play came to be printed. In all probability there was a direction for Hamlet to display his father's miniature, at the words 'Look upon this picture and on this,' which was rejected for the reason suggested; a fate which would have also befallen the instruction for putting it away, had not the language in

which it was couched a petit larceny bearing, in consequence of its close proximity to the word 'stole,' not to mention again the possibility of its not having been underscored, the transcriber for the press forgetting that although the 'cut purse of the empire and the rule' came by the crown feloniously, yet he did not secrete it, but put it on his head as king of Denmark. And it is worthy of note, that for the purpose of making room for the interpolation, they have been obliged in the later editions to change the order of the text, cutting it up piecemeal, thus:

'HAMLET. That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.
'GERTRUDE. No more!
'HAMLET. A king
Of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings, etc.' '

Mr. Knight, in commenting on Dr. Armstrong's criticism, says: 'It is remarkable that this stage practice which involved the improbability that Hamlet should have carried his uncle's portrait about with him, should have been a modern innovation. In a print prefixed to Rowe's Shakspere, 1709, we see Hamlet pointing to the large pictures on the arras.'

It has been already shown that Hamlet does not carry with him his uncle's picture, but that of his father, only. In the print referred to by Mr. Knight, there are two pictures on the arras, one of a male figure, (representing either the father or the uncle,) the other being so concealed by the drapery of the scene that it is impossible to say whether it be male or female; in all probability, it is the 'Queen's own.' Hamlet is not represented as pointing at either of them, but with upraised hands, is standing in an attitude of amazement at the appearance of the ghost, on whose entrance he has evidently started from his chair which had been drawn close to the seat occupied by his mother; her back is toward the pictures, so that by no possibility could she get a glimpse of them without leaving her high backed chair:

'Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge;'

and around her neck *hangs a miniature*, although that important feature is wanting in the copy with which Mr. Knight in his pictorial edition has furnished his readers, and which, with that *sole exception*, is a facsimile of the print in Rowe's play; a very convenient omission in aid of his criticism.

It just now strikes me that I am making a commentator of myself, and 'in that thought yield me;' yet with a hope that the indulgent reader may not see any thing preposterous in an effort to remove what must be an eye-sore to all true lovers of Shakspere; and that he will not turn me over to study the application of those lines, said to have been written on the fly-leaf of an old first folio:

'Goode frende for Shakespeare's sake forbeare
To marre one jotte that's written here;
Blessd'd be those that rightlie conne him,
And curséd they, who comment on him.'

FROST-WORK.

What proof is there that Autumn, with its sheaves,
Is such a sad and melancholy season?
Though bilious poets mope among the leaves,
That 's no good reason!

Admit that leaves are yellow — so is gold,
And so are pumpkin-pies, than which what 's sweeter?
So were the curls with which Burns made so bold —
So 's my 'repeater!'

Say you the gusty winds forlornly sigh,
And fill the ear with lamentable wailing?
Well, so do lovers when their hearts beat high —
Yet they 're not ailing.

The gipsy squirrels make the pleasant wood
To echo with their freaks and merry gambols;
For they delight, as all good fellows should,
In Autumn rambles.

The burly bees, those wanderers far and free,
Are waxing lazy, now that summer 's over;
For even bees do n't always want to be
Living in clover.

See from yon creaking press the fragrant must
Foams in the vats, in circles wide and wider,
Till mouths will water and frail mortals lust
After new cider!

Then strew the way with idyls and bucolics;
Hail to nut-gatherings and Thanksgiving musters!
Welcome, ye 'apple-bees' and husking frolics,
Where beauty clusters!

Behold, the man who toiled all Summer long
Now takes his corn, his turnips and his honey,
And wending city-wise, amid the throng
Swaps them for money!

Then goes he forth to many a shop and stall,
With her, his joy, his bright-eyed buxom daughter,
Whose bosom lifts the enviable shawl
His love has brought her.

Her cheeks have blossomed in the frosty air,
Her eyes have caught the brilliancy above her;
Brown as a chestnut is her waving hair —
And so 's her lover.

Lo! where he stands, beside his patient team,
His cart heaped up brimful of yellow pumpkins;
A proper youth to fill a maiden's dream —
The prince of bumpkins!

.

Adorned with gorgeous leaves — O, say not sere! —
The forest leans against the mountain hoary;
Of all the glorious scenes that crowd the year
The crowning glory!

Give me my strolls in Autumn's brown arcades,
My moonlight loiterings in dismantled arbors,
And sighs may burden antiquated maids
And pensive barbers:

Or ease the Miss who pens a new 'romaunt,'
And melts in tears o'er her poetic riches,
But whose cerulean hose betray a want
Of friendly stitches!

J. H.

A BOOK-AUCTION IN GOTHAM.

BY HARRY FANE.

The evening of a cold and misty October day has closed in with a drizzling rain. The mingled throng which is ever hurrying through the great artery of this Babel moves with quickened pace; some in the unceasing pursuit of gain, some to their amusements, some to the embraces of idolized loved ones around cheerful fire-sides, and some to cheerless abodes of poverty and want. Now and then one steps aside from the crowd, and darts up a flight of stairs, to the great sales-room, where every night are knocked down to the highest bidder are the rarest as well as crudest and most worthless works of genius and art. Let us follow their steps.

Nowhere within the limits of this huge metropolis shall we find a collection of such illustrious names as are here to-night. Here indeed is right royal company; not of kings and princes by descent, but by the diviner right of genius. The ancient worthies of English, Scottish, Saxon and Scandinavian literature are all here; some from princely mansions, some from quiet country cottages, and some, perchance the noblest, from bleak garrets and solitary abodes of want.

We enter, and stand in 'the presence.' These, then, are the choice spirits of four and five centuries ago! These are the Poets who first consecrated our Fatherland by their divine song; these the Philosophers who first disclosed the secrets of the Book of Nature, as they were read by their great yet childlike souls; these the Priests who first kindled the sacred fires of a purer religion than

has existed since the apostolic age; the Historians who have recounted the heroic deeds of warriors in the field and statesmen in the cabinet; these are those earliest ballad-singers, whose names have been lost in the 'numerous rush of years,' but whose remembrance is still green in the hearts of all who love the simple and touching minstrelsy of Nature. Here too are those primeval bards, Chapman, Chaucer, Spenser, Beaumont and Fletcher—and Shakspeare—a galaxy of resplendent stars, whose brightness has never been dimmed by the rising of any greater light; and all of whom deserve to rank with those

> 'Olympian bards who sung
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young,
> And always keep us so.'

All these are here, and beside them, those curious old treatises of our ancestors on the spiritual world, as well as natural, with singular cognomens. We have first an 'Essay on the Nature and Actions of the Subterranean (and for the most part) Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Faunes and Fairies, or the lyke;' 'The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized; applicable and edifying to every merry and jocund matter, and right profitable to the Governaunce of Man;' 'The Horoscope of the Patriarkes;' 'Lazamous Brut,' and many other the like rare and quaint tomes. All here, in as different state and style, after so many ages, as when their authors walked this earth. Not all relatively the same, however; for some who then pined in garrets, scantily clothed and fed, are now sumptuously arrayed in Hayday's most princely fashion; while others who once rolled in their coach-and-four, now shiver in coarsest 'sheep' or 'boards,' with 'none so poor to do them reverence;' but inwardly still the same, with their quaint sayings, strange expressions, original conceits and primitive spelling; which latter, by the by, it were hard to say whether modern innovation has improved.

But while we speculate the audience has assembled, and an unusual assembly it is for such an occasion. Pale students with threadbare coats, antiquated book-worms from dingy, sunless chambers, amateurs of rare and curious works, and the millionare, who comes to purchase only the elegant work of the binder. All in anxious suspense and inaudible whispers (as if awed by the great spirits before them) await the auctioneer, who now commences his work.

This functionary is himself a bibliopole, and bibliographer too, we may add, of no little note; and, like Yorick, 'a fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy.' No book so rare that he cannot tell you something of its contents; no audience so dull that he cannot tickle its fancy and provoke broad grins by timely strokes of humor. But even *his* features have to-night settled into a staid and demure expression, and his Attic wit and ready repartees are reserved for another occasion, when more needed to rally his audience.

The first twenty numbers on our catalogue are from the Private Lee Priory press of Sir Egerton Brydges. These works are curious

and rare, and several of uncommon interest. Sir Egerton was himself an author of some note, though he seems to have been a favorite of fortune rather than of the Muses, whose society he often wooed. The Nine are chary of their favors, and will not accept a divided heart. Think of a true votary of Parnassus owning a private press and striking off only a few elegant copies of his works, on large paper, for private distribution among friends! The very idea is absurd. If such a genius were possible, humanity should disown it. Far better that the immortal 'Paradise Lost' should be given to the world for ten pounds than to the few for ten thousand.

Among that miscellaneous list next in order are many books noteworthy. There are the 'Gods of the North,' 'Lays of the Minnesingers,' and 'Frithiof's Saga,' in which noble deeds and great thoughts are recorded in sweet and flowing measure. Those Northern gods were stern and terrible as the icy climate of their abode, as the heroic souls of their worshippers imagined them. They were the ideal creations of great hearts, to which fear was a stranger; superstitious, but a superstition which begat heroes, not cravens.

Here come some fifty volumes upon the works of Shakspeare, under the titles of 'Commentaries, Dissertations, Inquiries, Essays, Illustrations, Lectures,' etc.; a motley swarm, who would fain purchase a short-lived immortality by attaching themselves to an undying name. It is curious to observe how many pens that one great spirit has called into action — itself still alone, unapproachable, far above the feeble praise or blame of all contemporaries or successors. We can hardly read with patience the remarks even of great critics on this poet. It seems almost like sacrilege, and genius loses its greatness in their own little views; as if one should light a candle to show us how glorious the sun is. But here is a little book of the number, of unpretending exterior, yet more quaint and rare than any of the others; it is 'Tales and Quicke Answeres, very mery and pleasaunt to rede.' This book, there is reason to suppose, was written even before the time of Shakspeare. In his 'Much Ado about Nothing' he says: 'That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of *The Hundred Mery Tales*. Well, this was Signor Benedick that said so.' Spirited bidding, this, upon a little book in boards, of scarce an hundred pages, with leaves missing, tattered and stained: 'Two dollars, gentlemen, I am bid — two dollars! — two and a half! two seventy-five! — three dollars! — just a-going for three dollars — and a half! — three and a half, ha'f, 'af, 'af — gone to — four dollars in time! To Mr. P., for four dollars.'

Here are some hundred volumes of Anglo-Saxon works, early English literature, Scottish history, ballads and poetry, evidently collected by the most refined taste, without regard to expense. The titles of every one furnish food for hours of thought, and excite the appetite to know more of the rich contents. 'De Oryginale Cronykil of Scotland, Be Androwe of Wyntown,' falls under the hammer at the handsome sum of eleven dollars, and 'Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a Manuscript of the Reign of James the First,' at twelve. Who can tell but this last is the same that first stirred the poetic fire

in the heart of BURNS, spoken of by Curry? — or perhaps the volume, so eagerly desired, but of which the bard deprived himself, to dry the widow's tears and cause the heart of the orphan to leap for joy? The circumstance to which I allude is not generally known; I give it as related by an early friend of the poet, who still lives among us, his head white with the snows of more than four-score winters, but his mind as young and vigorous as it was half a century ago.

'On one occasion,' says Mr. K——, our informant, 'Burns had been in the habit, for some weeks, of laying aside a few pence weekly from his slender earnings to purchase a book entitled 'Scottish Melodies,' which he had read and was very anxious to own. By the most rigid economy he at length acquired a sum sufficient to obtain the greatly-desiderated work, and was on his way to procure the volume, when, passing by a wretched cottage, he heard the cry of children for bread. Prompted by the generous feelings of his heart, he entered to learn the condition of the family, and found a weak, emaciated mother, engaged with her needle, sewing together some rags to cover her half-naked children. They were shivering around her, without food or fire, exposed to the inclemencies of a cold November wind, which found its way through many an open crevice into their miserable tenement.

The woman informed him that her husband had left them several weeks before in a drunken frolic, since which time they had not heard from him. and that they had that morning eaten their last meal of potatoes. This was the only kind of food they had tasted for several days, nor did they know from what source they were to obtain more. Burns could hear no more, but placing before them the few shillings he had suffered such self-denial to procure, without waiting for the thanks of the grateful family, except as they were expressed by tears of joy, retraced his steps homeward. Often, says Mr. K——, have I heard him say, he experienced more pleasure from that act than he should from the possession of the best library in the kingdom.

Was there ever before published so magnificent a copy of Boswell's Johnson as this? Four volumes, each as large as a quarto family bible, literally crowded with exquisite portraits of all the eminent men of his age, historical scenes and landscapes. Such sumptuous binding too was never surpassed by Hayday himself, and the gold on the edges looks rich and massive. It would shock us to see some authors 'done up' in such royal state. The sweet melodies of Cowper, Chapman, Akenside or Burns, would not delight us half so much in gold and Turkey morocco, as in plain sheep and clear paper. But nothing could be more appropriate to the pompous grandiloquent style of the leviathan of literature than this princely array. How his ghost would inwardly chuckle could he peep in and see himself displayed in such resplendent pomp! He who once lodged in a garret and gnawed a bone for his dinner, can now maintain a royal state. And strange as it may seem, the same honor that belongs to the intellectual giant, also pertains to the dwarf who chronicled his words; not as illustrious, but as lasting. Boswell is probably the first toady

ever so highly honored; but then he was one of no common order. He was the prince of toadies, and his name towers above his species as that of Lucifer among the damned. The book is soon disposed of; two bids only are made, and Mr. J —— is the fortunate owner, at twenty dollars and a quarter per volume! Grey's Elegy follows; only some thirty or forty pages, but a magnificent copy, illustrated with exquisite engravings for the handsome sum of eighteen dollars. It is pleasant to know that there are still those who value genius higher than dross.

But the great attraction of the evening is now at hand; the sale of eighteen volumes from the library of Charles Lamb. These then are the very volumes that have rested on his shelves; have been pored over by the purest and most gentle, the most enduring yet most benevolent genius of English literature. These were a part of the very books, the loss of which caused him to pen that touching sentence:

'And you, my midnight darlings, my folios, must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embrace; must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?'

Lamb felt as ardent a passion for his books, as a lover for his mistress: they indeed were the sole mistress of his affections, after the loss of her who was his 'soul's idol,' and of whom we catch some shadowy glimpses in the writings of the poet. These perhaps are some of the very volumes which Leigh Hunt says he saw him kiss; and surely if such a passion could be proper for any books, most of all for these. Here are no superficial ephemeral works, no stupid folios, no dry metaphysical cogitations, or old wives' stories. Here are the patriarchs of English literature, the fountains whence his genius furnished to the world those incomparable essays which will ever be the delight of all lovers of innocent humor and touching pathos. In just such binding and condition too, as we would wish to see the books of such an one as we imagine Elia; all bearing the marks of constant use, and crowded with instructive notes; here a leaf in fragments, there a cover gone, or hanging by a single thread; and all indicating a 'handsome contempt for appearance.' It has been truly said, that 'His library looked like what it was, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls; now a Chaucer at nine-and-tenpence; now a Montaigne or Sir Thomas Brown at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor, a Spinoza, an old English dramatist, Prior and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books were 'neat as imported.' The very perusal of the backs is a discipline for humanity. Among these precious volumes I noticed a black-letter Chaucer, Drayton's Poly-Olbion (a library in itself,) Hudibras, Hymen's Precludia, several volumes of old Plays, and also of Poetical Tracts. Every volume is enriched to treble its ordinary value, by the 'clerkly penmanship of Elia.'

But while we tarry the books are going at far higher prices doubtless than they ever cost the Essayist. Do you observe that young man in plain dress, thread-bare almost, on the outer circle of bidders, whose restless eyes flash from beneath the heavy brows which overhang his intellectual countenance? I have often seen him poring

over antiquated musty volumes at book-stalls, and the shelves of bibliomaniacs. A poor student and lover of books evidently; and almost any evening you may see him at the little window of his loft in a back street, busy with his pen till midnight or long after. He looks like the one spoken of by the bard whom he is eager to own, who would rather have,

> ——'At his bedde's head,
> A twenty bookes clothed in black and red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophy
> Than robes rich or fiddle or psalterie.'

He has watched the sale with eager interest, noting down the names of purchasers and prices. But when that ragged, though still complete black-letter copy of Lamb's Chaucer is offered, his dark eye flashes with excitement. The prize must be his. He leans forward with parted lips, 'auribus arrectis,' to catch the first bid, fearful to begin himself lest he should start it too low, but still more afraid that it may go beyond his means.

'How much, gentlemen, am I bid for this fine old copy of Chaucer? how much? The ghost of Elia would forever haunt me if I should start it at less than ten — twelve I am bid: go on, gentlemen — thirteen! — fourteen! — fifteen dollars only? Seventeen I hear — eighteen, eigh' — *twenty* dollars! Thank you, Sir — twenty-two! just a g-o-i' — three, twenty-three! — twenty-four! — going for — twenty-five — *gone* for twenty-five dollars;' but not to the poor student. Fast the color came and went in his cheek, as one bid after another rose above his own, until at twenty he gives up the contest in despair. One more trial he makes on Drayton's Poly-Olbion, with no better success. Again he bids to twenty dollars — his last penny doubtless; for twenty-eight he sees a more favorite child of Fortune carry off the prize. He dashes a starting tear from his eye, and glides unobserved from the room, to his labor in the lonely garret.

LOVE: A PASSAGE FROM 'PHILO.'

> 'Love is my food, my bed
> And roof. Love is my wing, my impulse love,
> And soul, and circumstance — my joy, and prayer.
> In love I dwell in God and God in me:
> No otherwise is seen the Great Unseen;
> And the high host of us, in love all dwell
> Together — brother, sister, cherubim.
> Heaven, stars, time, place, and their inhabitants,
> Subsist in love, as love itself in God;
> Wherethrough these maples leaf, and those thick clouds
> Their lustre draw. In love are visitors,
> Attendance, ministry and fellowship;
> Sphere answering to sphere, and heart to heart,
> Within the soul of all concentrical;
> To seraph, seraph speaking musical
> And glad; inaudible to Sin alone.'

AN AERIAL VOYAGE.

WHILE watching an aeronaut the other day melting into the blue empyrean above the metropolis, we bethought us of a passage in the 'Evangeliad' of the gifted author of 'Margaret,' which we have ventured to transcribe from the writer's manuscript. It is scarcely necessary to premise, that PHILO is conveyed by GABRIEL on an aerial voyage over various kingdoms of the world.—ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

STEER we not high, but rather slantingly;
Let me not lose the sight of earth: I would
Just brush it with my hand, as swallows skim
The water: let me tear a sprig of leaves
From this tall pine — they 're pleasant to the taste,
And *home* will keep in mind where'er I go.
I would not be immersed in blaze of orbs
That shall eclipse the light of that I call
My own. I love the earth; is that
A sin? O did not HE who died for it?
I cannot see it heaved as draff away,
As refuse copper, sold for some new cast.
Would that my arms were large enough to fold
It round about, or strong enough to lift
It into bed, where it might rest awhile,
And after its long troubles, get some sleep!

.

'Not quite so fast, good GABRIEL; lower still!
Each bee-wooed flower, each trout-brook, every child
That tottles its first steps, all youthful loves,
The girls that stitch for widowed motherhood,
The musical sea-cliff, and the lobster-catcher,
As well as hemispheres and nations, show
To me.

GABRIEL.

LO! the Magellan clouds; and there
The Southern Cross!

PHILO.

The Cross, all-beautiful!
Would it might drop to earth; its saving gleam
Beclip the universal race! The North,
And realms of the Ice-King before us lie:
Wild geese asleep in shadow of the Pole —
Ladies of Greenland taking tea together.

GABRIEL.

The tropics — isle of Borneo behold!

PHILO.

I see a tawny man up to a temple
Leading his child. Before an idol casts
The child its offering of flowers, and kneels
In prayer. Render me that heathenism.

GABRIEL.

Great God! make me wise, just and beautiful!

PHILO.

Fair Italy! 'T is said her radiant sky
More soft and clear makes instruments of music.
O when shall Love be the Italian sky,
Of all the world? We cross the Turkish plains,
Where boys and girls are picking blackberries.
Napoleon! weeping o'er the couch of Lannes,
St. Patrick driving out the snakes from Ireland,
The bell that rang the ancient Truce of God,
A colonel melting at the feet of Oberlin,
The brook where hostile armies met and drank,
The youthful Theseus on his way to Crete ——

GABRIEL.

These pictures leaving, turn to facts. There lies
All Europe; London, Paris and Vienna:
Which will you visit? The English chancellor
From cabinet goes to his library;
Will you pursue, and list his thoughts? — or walk
An hour with yonder poet 'mong the Lakes?
Or tap at gate-way of th' Escurial?

PHILO.

I am no sphinx: that problem European
Out-puzzles me. Please harness me to Snowdon,
And bid me hale it o'er to Anglesey,
All beautiful as Lake of Uri now:
I look again, the lake is dry. So brim
My thoughts and hopes, and Fate's dark crags around
Are glorious — and then they all run out.
Ah, hopeful France! Knows she her destiny —
What she could do — what God by her would do?
Spirits of Brissot, Danton, Vergniaud!
Ye do rejoice, for ye loved liberty.
'Brothers!' I hear those martyrs say, 'withhold
Yourselves from blood! That is inviolable:
Once spilled, unto the uttermost it will
Avenge itself. In fires ourselves set on,
We fell, and were consumed with all our hopes.'
And brothers mine, your armies disallow;
Do good to them that hate you, if your haters
Be seven empires fenced in three-ply steel;
And ye shall be God's children, who will clothe
Your non-resisting front with lightning-blast,
And to your naked virtue give your foes
As driven stubble. Revolutionize
In love, and re-construct in love; so shall
Ye savéd be, and save, amid the raging storm.

Take me back to my motherland — most good,
Most bad America! Atlantic coast —
It is a noble one! What bays and ports,
And embouchures of streams! How grand a sight
The ships of all the globe converging here,
Departing! On the sunny waters gleam

Their sails like doves' wings; they, e'en like the doves,
Are visiting each other's nests.

.

The foam
Of Hatteras! I hear the sea-green sisters
That keep perpetual wail o'er many a friend
By whose bleak grave no other mourner sits.'

.

The Mississippi's trifold mouth, where pours
The wealth of half the continent. [*Hiatus valde de flendus.*

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

HEGEWISCH continued silent for several minutes, apparently nerving himself for the recital; then his countenance grew excited, his black eyes gleamed with a strange fire, and he exclaimed in a bitter tone:

—'NESSUN maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

'The Florentine was in the right when he wrote those lines. No, there is no greater anguish; but there is a point beyond that — ha! ha! ha! — where no anguish, nor sorrow, nor torment cometh; because there is nothing within by which to *feel* anguish and sorrow and torment, where all is dead — dead — dead! What more horrible conception! what so dreadful a reality! Vitality, but no life; mind, thought, memory, but no hope, no apprehension, no joy, no pang! Why did not the Ghibelline put *that* into his 'Divina Commedia?'

'LIFE! — shall I tell you what it is? Ha! would it were what so many make it: a pumping of air in and out of the lungs; a covering of the nakedness, to the prevention of shame; eating lest the body starve, and so fall away; sleeping o' nights, from wearisomeness of the flesh: then were man indeed somewhat better than a beast. But, hark you, to have pining wants which gnaw the *soul*, and for which no provision has been made; to love, and feel that love lasts only so long as life; to labor, and know that the grave closes upon all results of human toil; to enjoy, and be conscious that time withers up the sources of our bliss; to be miserable, and feel that death may not release us; to undergo all the mad pleasures of earth, and all the remorse which their indulgence brings; to feel in prosperity that nothing can secure against change, and to recognize in adversity no hope — ho! ho! that is life; joyous life, merry life, gladsome life! What a precious boon to that poor praying

beggar, MAN! But in me the god of this world and the GOD of the other world are both baffled, for I am dead, *dead*, DEAD!'

Hegewisch paused, leaned back in his chair, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud. Thus far he had run on with a frantic rapidity which showed that his reason was unsettled.

I had thought it best not to interrupt him, although he grew every moment more wildly excited. But now was the reäction; exhaustion had done its work, and with exhaustion came reason and calmness, and a profound melancholy.

'St. Leger,' he exclaimed, in a subdued tone, 'heed not my ravings. Look you upon me, and behold a *desolated ruin!* My spirit and my body are truly fit companions. Oh! when shall the end be? I will go on with my story; I will rehearse it to you truthfully, word for word. Perhaps you will discover where I have erred; wherein I have sinned. Would to GOD you could, for it would be a relief to feel that I had deserved my doom! The fiend who is dragging me to everlasting perdition could then no longer tempt me to blaspheme the HOLY GHOST!'

The student shuddered as he uttered these words, and I feared that he was again becoming excited; but he preserved his composure, and presently went on as follows:

'After several days I left the chateau to return home. My parting with Meta was one of the happiest moments of my life. We had not spoken one word of our feelings for each other during my stay — positively, not one word; but we had talked of almost every thing in the wide world; we had exchanged thoughts and sympathies, and strange to say, our thoughts and sympathies were in exact harmony. Oh! the endless, boundless world of the imaginative and the imaginable! Pleasant is it when we find in another the echo of what we ourselves feel and are; but how much higher the enjoyment when we can appreciate in such an one the feelings which we ourselves do not possess, and thus enter, soul with soul, into the sweet exchange of spiritual *harmonies!* By not reducing our feelings to the point of mere self-enjoyment, we experience a growing happiness, the reverse of what those lovers feel who allow the flame to die by what it feeds upon, and who in this way are exposed to the curse of a double selfishness. To sustain the life of the affections, we require a companion, not a counterpart; and blessed are they who mistake not one for the other!

'I said that my parting with Meta was one of the happiest moments of my life; for, like the miser, I wanted time and opportunity to tell over my treasures and hug the remembrance of all that I had gained closer to my bosom. Beside, it seemed to me that our intercourse during a separation would be kept up with all the charm of a refined spirituality; and then should we enjoy that mysterious influence which those who love *do* have over one another when absent, and which is more precious to the soul than all the delights of a closer, sensible union. So I took leave of the Baroness, and bade Meta adieu, and went on my way. A halo of bliss surrounded me; I dwelt in a world of unspeakable ecstasy. Oh, what a sweet separation! what happy hours of exquisite memories!

'*How opposite all this to the stern, unyielding, practical, which forever unremittingly does labor, laboring, or to the iron necessity that fills the stomachs of the starving by robbery or theft, or to the condition of the sick one, languishing and ready to die, or to that of the bold blasphemer of Almighty God!*'

Again the student shuddered, and again he proceeded:

'When I reached my own home I found Caspar already there. According to my resolution, I passed him without notice. Believing, however, that he had not practised upon the Baron, my father, I scorned to repeat to him what had occurred.

'I had but just got to my own apartment, on the first day of my return home, when Caspar opened the door and came in.

''Wolfgang,' said he, with an ingenuous air, 'you are a more sensible fellow than I ever gave you credit for being. You have outwitted two shrewd heads, and how the deuce you found us out I can't imagine! You are reserved, eh? and regard me with an air of offended dignity? Nay, don't frown, don't draw back. Listen to me. I fell in love with Meta. You look indignant. Well, then, I will 'speak the truth and shame the devil.' I fell in love with the Castle of Richstein and its feudal dependencies and its old baronies and tenures. Now strategy is commendable in the race for a fair maiden. I attempted it with you, and I have been foiled; had I succeeded, you would have been foiled. Now here is my hand; for once I am frank with you. I bear you no malice for the savage words you hurled at me the other day. Be as good a Christian as I am: forget and forgive.'

'It was with difficulty that I could preserve my self-possession during this insulting harangue. When it was concluded, I waved my hand to Caspar and bade him begone.

''Have you nothing to say to my offer of peace and amity,' he inquired

''Nothing except that I believe you are as treacherous in the offer as you were in the fraud you attempted to practice. For the sake of our parents I am content to pass you as I would pass a stranger. Expect nothing more. Come not near me or mine; cross not my path; practise on me no more, or by the blood that is now boiling within me, I will crush you as I would a reptile beneath my heel!'

''Fool!' exclaimed Caspar, with bitterness. 'I was prepared to yield what fate had wrested from me, but you defy and threaten me. Look to yourself. You have roused a demon within me which I was willing enough should slumber. Look to yourself I say, for the evil day cometh to you and yours. Then remember the word I now utter — *revenge!*'

'Caspar went forth in a towering passion and departed from the castle; it was a month before I saw him again; then he had resumed his usual manner, only he was more quiet and more taciturn. We met as strangers, having no intercourse whatever. It thus became necessary that the Baron should understand what had passed between Caspar and myself. I therefore gave him an account of the whole affair. He was almost prostrated at the recital; the forgery touched

him to the quick. For a time my father was in the deepest agony; his feelings no one can portray. His first intention was to banish Caspar forever from his roof; but I interposed. My mother, my kind and gentle mother, also interceded, and it was settled that he might remain. Caspar, however, could not but observe the change which had taken place in the castle. Every eye was averted as he passed, and every look told strongly of dislike and scorn.

'This seemed not to affect him; he preserved the same uniform habit of careless and hardened indifference. And so we lived away another year.

'Remorseless, the wheel of time sweeps around. Now heavily creaking, it moves more tardy than the snail's dull pace. Again it hastens with a fearful thunder-speed, majestically rolling. While anon the wheel flies rapidly round and round with impress as light as the foot-print of the swift Camilla. But remorseless always, for it is driven by Destiny!

'Speak I not an illusion? Moves the hand upon the dial, slow or fast as I suffer or am happy? *Does* the sun stand still upon Gibeon while I groan under the torture of the rack, or *hastens* it down behind the groves of Vallombrosa as I hang in ecstasy upon the lips of my beloved? Yet thus it is, our feelings give character to the world around us; to time and to eternity. And thus it is that I can understand an '*Eternal Hell!*'

Hegewisch continued to moralize, like a man desiring to gain time before submitting to some painful operation. I did not interrupt him, and at length he came back to his story.

'Well, another year was gone. I had passed it profitably; I had become a man. During the period, Meta and I had *spoken* to each other of our love. It did not make me the less happy, for although my heaven of bliss faded mysteriously away, it left a terrestrial paradise in its place, more natural, and therefore I should say happier in man's earthly state. For it yields to him a more desirable existence in a world where joy and sorrow are to be shared by trusting and trustful hearts.

'What therefore nature ordains who should gainsay? Ah! I had no wish to gainsay it, when I could pour out my whole soul in impassioned accents, and receive in return the rich treasures of *her* heart.

'How we talked and hoped and planned! What rich contributions were levied upon the future! With what images of bliss did we view all coming time, and how in eager expectancy did we paint the golden hours when closely united, never to be separated in life, earth would become to us one blest Elysium!

'All that I had ever hoped for or imagined, all that poets had ever painted, or minstrels sung, I found in the soul of my betrothed.

'Gladly would I linger here and depict the joys of that happy year. A life-time of love was crowded into that brief twelvemonth.

'I was now a man, and began to feel stirring within me that leaven of unrest which after a certain period, for some strange purpose, works in the human breast unceasingly, urging to action and to toil. This

did not disturb my soul's passion — my love for Meta; it rather gave it force and manliness. But I felt that there was something to be seen and known beyond the petty boundary of my own principality.

'I had a healthful curiosity to visit other countries that I might return with more expanded ideas, with a larger benevolence, with a fuller view of humanity, so that I might better understand my true relations with the world.

'I became fully possessed with this desire. Meta, whose love was not bounded by narrow selfishness, and who entered into all my thoughts, encouraged me in my plan. The Baron, my father, approved of it, and my dear mother would not say nay, although she shook her head mournfully and her eyes would fill with tears whenever I mentioned the subject.

'*Twenty-one years six months and thirteen days* of life had I lived. *Eighteen years and five months* had lived Meta; when I sat out for the old castle of Richstein to bid her adieu before I hastened on my voyage.

'There were feastings at the castle, and there were mirth and wassail and rejoicings there among the neighboring lords and barons, and among the retainers and dependents of Richstein, for the Lady Meta had returned to her ancestral house, which was thenceforth to be her home. With her had come the lady of Rennewart, a proper companion and guide for a young maiden under these newly assumed honors.

'We met as lovers should meet. We — [Here the student stopped, his voice was choked by an intense agony; his face exhibited the deepest, darkest despair,] we parted as lovers should part,' he ejaculated after a strong effort: '*Twenty-one years and six months and thirteen days lived I. Eighteen years and five months lived Meta, and no more time lived we;* no more — no more!' continued the student, passionately. 'THERE stopped the hands upon the dial plate. Let Death and Hell rejoice, for they were victorious.

'It is of no consequence where I voyaged. But in brief let me say that I visited the Americas, and doubled the Cape where two oceans sweep together. I went among nations unenlightened and barbarous, and visited countries civilized and refined. I passed over to the gorgeous East, and trod the precincts of the Holy Land. My tour was not, as my rambles about home had been, desultory. I planned it with care. Two years was the time I allowed for my absence, and I allotted a certain period to each division of my journey. Upon the map, Meta and I had marked where I would probably be at such and such a time, so that we might keep up a close union of ideas.

'I passed first, young Englishman, to your country, and there I learned what liberty was; and therefore I liked your countrymen. From England I sailed upon my voyage.

'Meta and I had one great source of distress. This was the long lapse of time that must necessarily intervene in hearing from each other. In England I could receive frequent intelligence, but my voyage commenced, a long period would elapse before we should hear again. Meta, however, was to send letters in advance to the places I

was expected to touch at or visit, and I in return promised to write by every opportunity.

'During the first twelvemonth after leaving England I heard from Meta four times and from my home as often. For the next six months I could not expect to hear from Meta, owing to the infrequency of my route, but I comforted myself with the thought that after that time, I should be continually approaching home and should hear frequently of the welfare of those I loved.

'At Constantinople I came at last. My pilgrimage seemed drawing to a close. I could now at least communicate directly with my fatherland. I was confident of finding a large budget for me at the Prussian embassy.

'To the embassy I went and found nothing. I knew there was some mistake, and so I inquired again. Still nothing. I asked again with great particularity. Nothing — nothing at all.

'I never felt heart-sick before, but I tried to keep up courage. In the disturbed state of Europe what wonder if packages should miscarry; but how could so many have miscarried? After all I did not know how to despair; my heart was naturally buoyant, and I could not augur ill of the future, for the future had never deceived me. I staid nearly a month in the city of the Moslem, hoping each day that I should hear news from home, but none came. So after hurrying rapidly through Greece, I sailed for Leghorn, where I was sure of hearing something. And I did hear. There was one letter waiting my arrival at the commercial house to whose care all communications for me were to be addressed. *One* letter directed in a strange hand was by the confidential clerk, a withered old man with a bald head and dull gray eyes, given to me, and taking it, I retired in haste from the counting-room, and having gained the street I walked slowly toward my hotel. I had the letter in my hand all the time. I looked at it often on the way, but I did not open it.

'I reached my hotel; I went to my apartment; I bolted the door; I laid aside my cap and cloak and sat down. Still the letter remained unopened. In one instant I could know my fate. I took a long breath, broke away the seal and tore open the sheet. My father was dead, that was all. Meta, oh! Meta was safe. . .

'The letter was written by a friend of the family, announcing the sudden death of my father, and urging my immediate return. It was dated more than six months previous, and stated that duplicates would be sent to every place at which I might be supposed to touch. The letter was short, but it spoke of my mother as too overwhelmed by the event to write to me. My friends generally were well. A post-scriptum however added, that a courier had just arrived from Richstein, announcing the decease of the Lady of Rennewart.

'In thirty minutes I was *en route* for Germany. I paused neither night nor day. When horses gave out I changed them. I had no rest nor refreshment except what I took in my carriage. Night and day, day and night, I hurried on. At length, one morning, as the gray dawn began to streak over the east, I arrived at a little town about five leagues from Richstein. There I stopped and ordered

breakfast and fresh horses. So far, excitement had kept me up; but now I felt the need of something to sustain me.

'I ate breakfast; I can swear that I did. I remember it with distinctness; but my heart throbbed loudly all the time. Again I was on the road, and the way would soon bring me to the Castle of Richstein.

'My heart throbbed louder and louder. I was tempted to ask some questions of one of the postillions, but I refrained. The Rhine flowed along placidly, as of yore, and through the trees I could discern the old towers of Richstein standing out cheerfully in the morning sun.

'I drove up the main avenue, and getting out before I reached the castle, I bade the postillions wait for me. Hasting down a private path which led to a secret entrance to the castle, I gained the main hall, where I encountered one of the old servants, whom I at once recognised. 'Where,' said I, 'is your mistress?—where is the Lady Meta?'

'The old man's countenance fell; his voice faltered, but he made out to answer: 'In her own apartment, Sir; next to the library.'

'I bounded up the stair-way; I passed through the narrow hall; I reached Meta's room; I flung open the door. Meta was sitting unoccupied, looking out at the window. She seemed just as beautiful and as blooming as when I left her. Rapturously I called out her name and ran toward her. She turned upon me an unmeaning look, started from her seat, and ran to the other end of the room. Oh, God! what did it mean!

'I called to Meta again. I repeated my own name, and asked her if she did not know me. She screamed aloud at the sound of my voice, and falling down on her knees, began praying piteously for mercy. 'No! no!' she exclaimed, 'I will never speak of Wolfgang again!—I will only pray for him! I *must* pray for him—I WILL pray for him!—though you beat me, murder me, give me that hateful thing to drink, pray for him I will!—but nothing more! nothing more!' And then she burst into a flood of tears, and went on crying so piteously, that I knew not what to do. Oh, merciful CREATOR! the truth burst upon me at last—*my Meta was mad!* But I had still to know the worst—still to feel the iron enter deeper into my soul!

'The door opened, and Caspar entered. 'Soho, Mr. Knight-errant!' he exclaimed; 'you have returned, eh? I have no objections to greeting you at the proper time and in the proper place, but you must not come here into my wife's apartment!'

'I did not tremble, nor turn pale; I grew composed. My heart ceased to beat loudly, and fell back into its customary measured pulsation. I saw it all, and stood firm. 'Is Meta your wife?' said I, sternly.

''She is,' said the other; 'and the sooner you leave this room, the better. She is very nervous, as you perceive, and your presence is particularly disagreeable to her.'

'"Wretch!—devil!—hell-hound of Satan!" said I, fiercely, "your life is in danger, and from me!"

'The villain smiled contemptuously and placed his hand upon his dagger, which he half unsheathed.

'"Nay, draw it! I say to you that I will NOT leave this room!"

'"We shall see!" said Caspar; and going out for a moment, he returned with three or four men-servants.

'"Put that man out from here, and turn him from the castle."

'"The man who touches me at this moment, shall look for his soul in eternity the next!"

'The men stirred not.

'"And as for you," said I, turning to Caspar, "do as I bid you: draw your dagger—defend yourself the best way you can—for your time is short!"

'So saying, I rushed upon him, twisted the dagger from his hand, and seizing him in my arms, I swung him round and round as if he were a plaything, and hurled him through the lattice-work clear out of the window, on to the pavement below. By Heaven, I did it! I hurled him out upon the stone-work as I would toss a biscuit overboard into the sea.

'"Bah!" exclaimed I, "whose turn next?—who wants to follow?"

'The room was vacant in a trice.

'I turned to look for Meta. She had crept up into the corner of the room, and was crouching behind some drapery that lay there. I touched her. She looked up at me with her once beautiful but now wild eyes, and exclaimed piteously: "Oh! do not, do not come so near me! I have seen you in dreams, and in visions, and in the voice of many waters, and I have prayed for your soul's welfare, oh! my beloved!" And then she burst into tears again. I could endure this no longer. I took my betrothed in my arms. I went down the stair-case and out at the secret entrance, and traversed the private path until I came to the carriage. I placed Meta in it, and getting in myself, I took her in my arms, and ordered the postillions to drive swiftly to ——. They obeyed. The wheels flew round; the distance was rapidly run over. Meta slumbered upon my breast as sweetly as an infant.

'At length the walls of my paternal mansion came in sight. The wanderer had returned from his pilgrimage, and had brought home his bride. Presently we reached the castle. I was in my mother's arms, I know not how. The whole household were almost instantly around me, and received me as one restored from the dead. Meta was carried sleeping to a quiet chamber, and there I watched her. *I did not sleep.*

'Meta slumbered sweetly for several hours. I did not leave her an instant during the time. At last she awoke. With what eagerness I had waited for that moment; but, alas! I was to be disappointed; her reason had not returned. When I spoke to her, she commenced weeping as if her heart would break. The burden of all she said was that she had prayed for me, that she would pray for

me and for the welfare of my soul; then she implored my forgiveness, and again she begged piteously for mercy.

'I was distracted. How I bore my anguish I know not. My mother came in. At the sight of her, Meta was soothed. She nestled her face in my mother's bosom, and remained tranquil.

'On the first opportunity I sought an explanation. My mother could give none. She could only say that after my departure every thing went on happily and well until the death of the Baron, my father, who had died suddenly about seven months previous; that, strange to tell, the Lady of Rennewart died under a similar attack on the succeeding day; my mother was so overwhelmed by the dreadful affliction, that for some months she was unable to leave her room; when she did come out, she learned that Caspar had espoused the Lady Meta; that they were privately married, a dispensation having been procured for that purpose; that she had not seen Caspar since the death of the Baron, and upon going to Richstein to visit the Lady Meta, she was refused admittance upon some frivolous excuse. This was all my mother could tell me. Would you believe it, that in this enlightened age, and in this enlightened country, such an outrage could have been committed so secretly and so surely? But two devils planned it, and hell gloried in the plot!

'How my heart was crushed, day by day, I need not tell you. To see my betrothed, apparently in health, fair and beautiful as ever, and yet to behold in her a maniac or an imbecile! Oh! oh! oh! how can I sit so calmly and tell all this! Why will not my heart bleed!—why can I not feel!

'I watched over Meta almost every moment, and when I was not with her my mother took my place.

'I gave not a thought about the fate of Caspar, but news found its way somehow to the castle, that he had been taken up bleeding and insensible, and although he was severely hurt, his injuries were not considered fatal. I was not the destroyer of my brother. I am thankful now that it was so; then I cared not a jot.

'Weeks passed on. Sometimes I would take hope, from Meta's becoming more quiet than usual. She would look at me with an almost natural expression, and then she would commence weeping violently, insisting, as usual, that she *would* pray for me. At last she fell sick. It was a blessed relief, for now I could alleviate her suffering, although I could not minister to the troubles of her soul.

'A burning fever attacked her frame. Her strength was prostrated. A celebrated physician, my father's friend, was called in. He took great interest in the case, and watched it with the most minute attention. It was a pleasure to see him at the bedside of his patient: so careful, so discriminating, so scrutinizing. To this physician, this friend of my father, I had given not one word of explanation; but I saw that he knew all.

'One morning, after paying his usual visit, he called me into another room. 'I think it best,' said he, 'to advise you that a crisis will soon take place in the disease under which the Lady Meta is lan-

guishing; probably to-morrow, perhaps to-night. If she comes out of her present state with her reason restored, she will not again lose it, but—she will die! she cannot survive many days. If, on the contrary, she comes out of it with a dull and settled melancholy, she will recover; but she will always remain an imbecile!'

'Terror again seized me. I turned away, and went back to Meta's chamber. She was in a deep slumber. I knelt by her bed-side, and prayed to God that her reason might come back to her, and that she might die.

'The deep sleep continued through the night. During the whole time I sat by the bed-side and watched. The disease had done its office upon that lovely handiwork of God! There were the sunken eye, and the pale, thin cheek, and the pallid brow; yet these were not half so appalling as were all the marks of life and health and fresh, living beauty, which she had retained at the expense of a soul shattered and in ruins.

'The morning came, and Meta still slumbered. I gazed at her by the light of day, and thought I saw a change upon her countenance; calmness and quietude were there.

'No one was in the room save Meta and I. At length she breathed heavily and opened her eyes. I trembled so much that my knees shook together. She looked faintly around, as if the place were unfamiliar, and then fixed her eyes upon me. A thrill of pain seemed to dart through her, and then a ray of joy illumined her wan and pallid countenance. She raised her hands, and extended them toward me. 'Thank God!' she murmured, and swooned away. When she came to herself she was very weak, but she was tranquil. She could scarcely speak, but I saw that she was happy. I bent over her, and she whispered to me and called me 'Wolfgang.' She asked where she was, and when I had come back, and whether I had been all the time well.

'She had no recollection of any thing unhappy or unpleasant respecting herself, and I thanked Heaven for this drop of real mercy. She said she had been ill, dreadfully ill for months; and had been tormented with horrible dreams and visions, too horrible to think of or to mention, but that she felt better then. This was all she remembered.

'I feared as her sense became clearer that the truth would at last dawn upon her, but happily it was not so. She continued to speak of her long illness, dating its commencement from the sudden death of her aunt, the Lady of Rennewart, which was the last event she recollected.

'Meta continued much the same for several days. She was extremely weak, but gained a little strength daily; still she herself had no hope of recovering. She would hold my hand for hours, and when too feeble to converse, gaze fondly at me as if her soul was drinking in delight.

'Oh! happy unconsciousness! Oh! blessed memory that for once forgot its office!

'' This is not the promised consummation, Wolfgang dearest,' said

Meta to me one evening. 'But what matters it, our spirits are wedded? And if I precede you to the bright world beyond, your soul will find out mine there, and then we shall never part again. No voyaging then, Wolfgang, without me.'

'My heart was bursting. I leaned my head upon her pillow and groaned aloud.

''Nay, this is unkind. The strong should have confidence. But oh! I see, God in mercy when he takes away our strength bestows upon us faith.

''Do you remember, Wolfgang, those happy hours at Rhineck? In a little while we shall be spending happier seasons than those. I believe it. I know it,' she continued, while her countenance grew bright with the radiance of heaven.

''You will not be very happy, dear Wolfgang, when I am gone; but a little while and then we part no more — no more. Here now, upon the borders of the other world, I feel that there was no earth, no dross in my love for you; and this is why I know we shall be one hereafter.'

'For a few days Meta continued to gain strength slowly, and I began to hope; hope did I say? to fear rather; for how could I ever name to her the dreadful truth. I forced the subject from my mind, and gave myself up entirely to that suffering angel.

'Even the physician looked as if he thought his prediction might prove false. It was not to be. Two weeks had elapsed when one morning Meta complained of faintness. Upon examination it was found that internal hemorrhage had commenced, caused by the violence of the fever. All that skill could suggest was put in requisition to check the complaint, but it was of no avail; she died — she died sweetly, gently, lovingly, in the morning while the sun was beaming brightly, and the river was running placidly on its course, when birds were singing and the world appeared to be alive to cheerfulness and joy.

'It was a time for her to die. She held this hand clasped tenderly in hers when the spirit left her; and then I had only the hand but no Meta. Oh! God. No Meta!'

Hegewisch remained for some time silent, and then went on in a different tone and with the air of one relieved from some dreaded task.

'I had now another shock to sustain. My kind physician sought an early opportunity to speak to me in private.

''My young friend,' said he, 'from the bottom of my soul I pity you. What I am about to say you must hear and if you can, forget. I was your father's early friend and companion. We were together always. I attended him upon his death bed. I tell you, you his son, that the Baron died *by poison!*'

'And the Lady of Rennewart?' said I, convulsively.

''In the same way without doubt. I did not attend her.'

''And Caspar' —

''*Hush!* we have said enough. Adieu!'

'Here was room for a world of horrible surmises. So long as

Meta lived I thought only of her. Now, under the pressure of this horror, a new feeling took possession of me, it was a desire for vengeance.

'I dared not deliberately imbrue my hands in a brother's blood, so I turned all my hate upon his coadjutor and abettor, Father Hegel. I did not try farther to solve the mystery connected with the late terrible events. *I guessed enough.* And therefore did my revenge seek out the monk.

'I deliberated upon many plans, but in none could I please myself. I tried to invent some new and devilish torture to which to subject his vile body while I stood by gloating over the spectacle. I thought of seizing him secretly and slowly starving him to death. No idea which man or fiend could have suggested, did I not turn over in my mind. At length I determined to kill him in the house of GOD, before the very horns of the altar, while he was offering up, with his unholy breath, some holy prayer. Then I could send his soul to hell doubly damned by hypocritical offerings to the GOD whom he was mocking.

'The monk was accustomed on certain occasions to celebrate mass at a chapel near our castle I watched for the time and for the season; both had come; and I sat out one morning to perform the sacrifice. I was late in gaining the chapel, and as I came up I perceived a crowd around the entrance. I made my way hastily to it, and beheld Father Hegel lying in the agonies of death! He had fallen in a fit of apoplexy. There he lay, his sensual features swollen and full of blood, while the distortions upon his countenance showed what agony he was suffering. In a few minutes he was no more, and I was cheated of my revenge. I did not rave till then. I turned away, and before the temple and the altar I cursed GOD in my heart! I rejected all belief in a SAVIOUR, and I BLASPHEMED THE HOLY GHOST! Hell was not black enough to darken my heart. I had borne every thing till now, and now every thing was insupportable. I ran with incredible swiftness back to the castle. I gained *her* room. I locked myself in — I threw myself upon the bed. I grew wild and delirious; I began to be in pain; I flung the door open and shouted for help. My mother and several of the servants came up. That night the fever attacked me, and for weeks and weeks I lay prostrate under its burning rage. I could never have recovered without the attention of a tender parent and a devoted physician. Yet recover I did, but as you see me, with hollow cheeks and a cadaverous countenance and sallow look and sunken eyes — a walking spectre unto men.

'I determined to leave my home, for the fiend followed me wherever I went, whispering that Caspar still lived. So I took leave of my mother one bright moonlight night when she was fast asleep, by kissing her many, many times. You know she was the only one left who cared for me, but I went on my way. I have spent most of the time since at the Universities. I do not know why, but study and toil of mind are best for me. Once my mother discovered where I was and I had to go back with her, but I made my escape again and came to Leipsic.

'I have tried very hard to *feel*. I have wished that something might excite me; that my life might be in danger, so that instinctively I should put forth my hand to save it. I avoid no danger; I keep open house; here is my treasury, (the student pulled out a drawer without lock or key, nearly filled with gold pieces,) but nobody robs the strange fellow; ha — ha — ha. They are afraid of me. I sleep in yonder; and sometimes I lay all night and think of Meta and myself at the old chateau. And my heart seems less dead, and then I sleep — to wake always the same — always the same. Now leave me!'

I took my departure in silence.

Thus ends THE STORY OF WOLFGANG HEGEWISCH.

THE DEAD YEAR.

BY A NIGHT-WATCHER.

THE aged Year is dying! Even now
I feel his icy breath upon my cheek,
While mournfully and low his deep-drawn sighs
Are echoing through the dim and crooked aisles
Of the old 'Forest Temple.' See him as he lies,
Girt with plate-armor of hard ice; his spear
Is a long icicle; these he lately took
From out the armory of stern old Winter.
But they cannot serve him now; his days
Are numbered, and his *hour* is closing.

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Down-sweeping on the wind, now comes the toll
Of midnight from the old watch-tower. It is the knell
Of the departed Year; and hark! the sprites,
Borne on the Northern blast, are singing:

'SWING solemnly! swing solemnly!
Ye mourning trees, your leafless limbs
Over the bier
Of the dead Year!

'Sound mournfully! sound mournfully!
Organ-toned Winds! your requiem
Over the bier
Of the dead Year!

'Sweep tearfully! sweep tearfully!
Ye Clouds of Heaven, the storm-driven,
Over the bier
Of the dead Year!'

And the Trees swung solemnly,
And the Winds played mournfully,
And the Clouds swept tearfully,
Over the bier
Of the dead Year!

P.

Amherst, (Mass.)

BALLAD TO BRITANNIA.

WRITTEN IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Ho! lordly-feeling Britain,
That, crouching on the sea,
Keeps watch and ward to threaten
All that approach to thee;
I have a word of warning,
A word you need to hear,
Which, should you treat with scorning,
Your people well may fear.

Fear for the glorious name they 've won
In battling for the right,
When courage brought them high renown
And honor crowned the fight:
Fear for the power they wield o'er lands
In distant foreign climes,
Fear lest from Britain's crimson hands
They 're missed in coming times.

There was a time, in years gone by,
When we were *wards* to you;
We never had a mother's care —
You know that this is true;
But we were willing to abide
By laws that you had made,
Because we had a kind o' pride
In what you did and said.

We knew the great ones of your land
Were yours no more than ours;
We knew we had in our right hand
Some of your giant powers;
We fought your battles with success
Your arms had never met,
And though you slighted our distress,
We bore your colors yet.

We saw the rulers whom you made
Were men of tyrant will,
Who thought we were but fit to aid
Your enemies to kill.
You made our laws, whate'er we thought,
And many now we rue;
And foremost, that which slavery brought;
'T was put on us by *you!*

These are the recollections
That crowd upon us now,
Of the time of 'old affections;'
Do n't wonder that we vow
To yield our birth-right and our name,
And ask not for a share
In your long-worthy roll of fame,
And names that sparkle there.

You find not in our hearts a word
Of love for England's pride, [lords,
Your 'Church and State,' your queens and
We from our hearts deride;
We see not in your present state
The nobleness you boast,
But foolish pride, defying fate,
Sustained by foolish cost.

And when, of 'frank contrition'
You prate across the wave,
We think of your condition;
It is not what *we* 'd have.
We would not bear the load of sin
That marks your policies,
The means by which you steal or win
East Indian colonies.

We have not Ireland's curse
To make our nation blush;
To drain an empty purse,
A nation's rights to crush;
No serf trod down to earth
Our free republic frets,
Nor do we hold a crown is worth
Support from bayonets.

Ay! we will free our negroes,
And snap their cords in twain,
When you have loosed the bonds of those
Who stretch your iron chain;
When Chartism is a thing unknown,
And 'rebels' do not crowd
Your dungeons with their stifled moan,
And call on *us* aloud.

But till that hour, we work and 'drive'
To undermine your power;
And there shall come, if we but thrive,
A glorious settling hour;
We 're ready now in deadly strife
To meet you as you please;
We bide the time! — the spirit 's rife
Will drive you from the seas.

We own to no relation,
Deny your right to teach,
Reject your base petition,
Refuse to hear you preach;
We wait to hear a summons,
We pray the time be near!
Columbia for Ireland
Can raise her battle-cheer.

RED RAP.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A FABLE FOR THE CRITICS; OR A GLANCE AT A FEW OF THE LITERARY PROGENIES FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES. BY A WONDERFUL QUIZ. G. P. PUTNAM, Broadway.

We rarely rise from the perusal of poems where satire and humor are attempted, with any other feelings than those of disappointment: the performance under notice, however, has afforded us peculiar gratification. It would seem as if efforts in this department of literature were as likely to be successless as the débuts of modern tyros, ambitious of wearing the histrionic mantle: the fall of the curtain usually ends the brief career of the one, and the closing of the once-read pages that of the other. The volume before us, however, proves that success, if not probable, is at least possible. Beneath its unpretending drab cover lies hid a world of polished satire, keen, subtle humor, and manly, vigorous sentiment, interspersed with touches of genuine pathos. The machinery of the 'Fable' is simple, and serves happily its purpose of introducing a series of opinions of many well-known native authors, among whom may be cited IRVING, COOPER, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, EMERSON, and others. The analysis of character strikes us as being in the main discriminating and just; and though occasionally severe, it is free from bitterness or offensiveness.

Doubtless there are many who will dissent from some of these opinions, although expressed by APOLLO himself, upon the writers of the day; but we cannot help thinking that the impartial and unprejudiced judgment of posterity will regard them as correct. We proceed to make a few extracts to justify what we have said of the merits of the poem. It begins as follows:

'PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a laurel-tree's shade,
Was reminded of DAPHNE, of whom it was made;
For the god being one day too warm in his wooing,
She took to the tree to escape his pursuing;
Be the cause what it might, from his offers she shrunk,
And, GINEVRA-like, shut herself up in a trunk;
And though 't was a step into which he had driven her,
He somehow or other had never forgiven her;
Her memory he nursed as a kind of a tonic,
Something bitter to chew when he'd play the Byronic,
And I can't count the obstinate nymphs that he brought over
By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her.
'My case is like DIDO's,' he sometimes remark'd;
'When I last saw my love she was fairly embark'd;
Let hunters from me take this saw when they need it:
You're not always sure of your game when you've tree'd it.
Just conceive such a change taking place in one's mistress!
What romance would be left?— who can flatter or kiss trees?
And, for mercy's sake, how could one keep up a dialogue
With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die a log—
Not to say that the thought would forever intrude
That you've less chance to win her the more she is woo'd?

Ah! it went to my heart, and the memory still grieves,
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves;
Those charms beyond speech, so enchanting but now,
As they left me forever, each making its bough!
If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes more than was right,
Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite!'

The critic whom APOLLO despatches to seek a lily, and who returns with a thistle, is described at length, and with great felicity. A few segregated passages will serve to indicate the humor:

'Now there happened to be among PHŒBUS's followers
A gentleman, one of the omnivorous swallowers
Who bolt every book that comes out of the press,
Without the least question of larger or less,
Whose stomachs are strong at the expense of their head;
For reading new books is like eating new bread—
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.'

.

'AND here I must say he wrote excellent articles
On the Hebraic points, or the force of Greek particles;
They filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe erudition;
He could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased very old fools;
But give him a new book, fresh out of the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass or chart—
His blunders aspired to the rank of an art;
For his lore was engraft, something foreign that grew in him,
Exhausting the sap of the native and true in him;
So that when a man came with a soul that was new in him,
Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old granite,
New and old at their birth, like LE VERRIER's planet,
Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must create
In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,
Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,
To compute their own judge, and assign him his place,
Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,
And, reporting each circumstance just as he found it,
Without the least malice—his record would be
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
Which, supping on WORDSWORTH, should print, for our sakes,
Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes,
Or, borne by an Arab guide, venture to render a
General view of the ruins at Denderah.

'As I said, he was never precisely unkind,
The defect in his brain was mere absence of mind;
If he boasted, 't was simply that he was self-made,
A position which I, for one, never gainsaid.
My respect for my MAKER supposing a skill
In his works which our hero would answer but ill;
And I trust that the mould which he used may be cracked, or he,
Made bold by success, may make broad his phylactery,
And set up a kind of a man-manufactory;
An event which I shudder to think about, seeing
That man is a moral, accountable being.'

.

'A TERRIBLE fellow to meet in society,
Not the toast that he buttered was ever so dry at tea;
There he 'd sit at the table and stir in his sugar,
Crouching close for a spring, all the while, like a cougar;
Be sure of your facts, of your measures and weights,
Of your time—he 's as fond as an Arab of dates;
You 'll be telling, perhaps, in your comical way,
Of something you 've seen in the course of the day;
And just as you 're tapering out the conclusion,
You venture an ill-fated classic allusion—
The girls have all got their laughs ready, when, whack!
The cougar comes down on your thunder-struck back;
You had left out a comma—your Greek 's put in joint,
And pointed at cost of your story's whole point.
In the course of the evening you venture on certain

Soft speeches to ANNE, in shade of the curtain;
You tell her your heart can be likened to *one* flower,
'And that, oh! most charming of women, 's the sun-flower,
Which turns'—here a clear nasal voice, to your terror,
From outside the curtain, says, 'That 's all an error!'

The following characters are drawn with a truthfulness that really makes them painfully vivid to the mind's eye:

'WHEN PHŒBUS expressed his desire for a lily,
Our hero, whose homœopathic sagacity
With an ocean of zeal mixed his drop of capacity,
Set off for the garden as fast as the wind:

. . . .

He was gone a long time, and APOLLO meanwhile
Went over some sonnets of his with a file;
For of all compositions, he thought that the sonnet
Best repaid all the toil you expended upon it;
It should reach with one impulse the end of its course,
And for one final blow collect all of its force;
Not a verse should be salient, but each one should tend
With a wave-like up-gathering to burst at the end;
So, condensing the strength here, there smoothing a wry kink,
He was killing the time, when up walked Mr. ——;
At a few steps behind him, a small man, in glasses,
Went dodging about, muttering 'Murderers! asses!'
From out of his pocket a paper he 'd take,
With the proud look of martyrdom tied to its stake,
And, reading a squib at himself, he 'd say, 'Here I see
'Gainst American letters a bloody conspiracy—
They are all by my personal enemies written;
I must post an anonymous letter to Britain,
And show that this gall is the merest suggestion
Of spite at my zeal on the copy-right question;
For, on this side the water, 't is prudent to pull
O'er the eyes of the public their national wool,
By accusing of slavish respect to JOHN BULL
All American authors who have more or less
Of that anti-American humbug—success,
While in private we 're always embracing the knees
Of some twopenny editor over the seas,
And licking his critical shoes—for you know 't is
The whole aim of our lives to get one English 'notice;'
My American puffs I would willingly burn all,
(They 're all from one source, monthly, weekly, diurnal,)
To get but a kick from a transmarine journal!'

. . . .

APOLLO looked up, hearing footsteps approaching,
And slipped out of sight the new rhymes he was broaching:
'Good day, Mr. ——; I 'm happy to meet
With a scholar so ripe, and a critic so neat,
Who through Grub-street the soul of a gentleman carries:
What news from that suburb of London and Paris
Which latterly makes such shrill claims to monopolize
The credit of being the New World's metropolis?'

'Why, nothing of consequence, save this attack
On my friend there, behind, by some pitiful hack,
Who thinks every national author a poor one
That is n't a copy of something that 's foreign,
And assaults the American DICK ——'
'Nay, 't is clear
That your DAMON there 's fond of a flea in his ear,
And, if no one else furnished them gratis, on tick
He would buy some himself, just to hear the old click;
Why, I honestly think, if some fool in Japan
Should turn up his nose at the 'Poems on Man,'
Your friend there by some inward instinct would know it,
Would get it translated, re-printed, and show it;
As a man might take off a high stock to exhibit
The autograph round his own neck of the gibbet;
Nor would let it rest so, but fire column after column,
Signed 'CATO,' or 'BRUTUS,' or something as solemn,
By way of displaying his critical crosses,
And tweaking that poor trans-atlantic proboscis,

His broadsides resulting (and this there 's no doubt of,)
In successively sinking the craft they 're fired out of.
Now nobody knows when an author is hit
If he do n't have a public hysterical fit;
Let him only keep close in his snug garret's dim ether,
And nobody 'd think of his critics — or him either;
If an author have any least fibre of worth in him,
Abuse would but tickle the organ of mirth in him;
All the critics on earth cannot crush with their ban
One word that 's in tune with the nature of man!'

'Well, perhaps so; meanwhile I have brought you a book,
Into which if you 'll just have the goodness to look,
You may feel so delighted, when you have got through it,
As to think it not unworth your while to review it;
And I think I can promise your thoughts, if you do,
A place in the next 'Democratic Review.'

'The most thankless of gods you must surely have thought me,
For this is the forty-fourth copy you 've brought me;
I have given them away, or at least I have tried,
But I 've forty-two left, standing all side by side,
(The man who accepted that one copy died;)
From one end of a shelf to the other they reach,
'With the author's respects' neatly written in each.
The publisher, sure, will proclaim a Te Deum
When he hears of that order the British Museum
Has sent for one set of what books were first printed
In America, little or big — for 't is hinted
That this is the first truly tangible hope he
Has ever had raised for the sale of a copy.'

We were especially amused, and we think our readers will be, with the author's classification of bores:

'I DIVIDE bores myself, in the manner of rifles,
Into two great divisions, regardless of trifles;
There 's your smooth-bore and screw-bore, who do not much vary
In the weight of cold lead they respectively carry.
The smooth-bore is one in whose essence the mind
Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can find;
You feel as in nightmares sometimes, when you slip
Down a steep slated roof where there 's nothing to grip,
You slide and you slide, the blank horror increases,
You had rather by far be at once smashed to pieces,
You fancy a whirlpool below white and frothing,
And finally drop off and light upon — nothing.
The screw-bore has twists in him, faint predilections
For going just wrong in the tritest directions;
When he 's wrong he is flat, when he 's right he can't show it,
He 'll tell you what Snooks said about the new poet,
Or how FOGRUM was outraged by TENNYSON's Princess;
He has spent all his spare time and intellect since his
Birth in perusing, on each art and science
Just the books in which no one puts any reliance,
And though *nemo*, we 're told, *horis omnibus sapit*,
The rule will not fit him, however you shape it,
For he has a perennial poison of sappiness;
He has just enough force to spoil half your day's happiness,
And to make him a sort of mosquito to be with,
But just not enough to dispute or agree with.'

Our extracts must close with the following noble tribute to the 'Bay State:'

'HERE — 'Forgive me, APOLLO,' I cried, 'while I pour
My heart out to my birth-place: O, loved more and more
Dear Bay State, from whose rocky bosom thy sons
Should suck milk, strong-will-giving, brave, such as runs
In the veins of old Graylock — who is it that dares
Call thee pedlar, a soul wrapt in bank-books and shares?
It is false! She 's a Poet! I see, as I write,
Along the far rail-road the steam-snake glide white,
The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,
The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary my ear,
Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs the saw screams,
Blocks swing up to their place, beetles drive home the beams:
It is songs such as these that she croons to the din
Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and year in,

While from earth's farthest corner there comes not a breeze
But wafts her the buzz of her gold-gleaning bees:
What though those horn hands have as yet found small time
For painting and sculpture and music and rhyme?
These will come in due order, the need that pressed sorest
Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest,
To bridle and harness the rivers, the steam,
Making that whirl her mill-wheels, this tug in her team,
To vassalize old tyrant Winter, and make
Him delve surlily for her on river and lake;
When this New World was parted, she strove not to shirk
Her lot in the heirdom — the tough, silent Work,
The hero-share ever, from HERAKLES down
To ODIN, the Earth's iron sceptre and crown;
Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if ever men's praise
Could be claimed for creating heroical lays,
Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel divine
Crowned the Maker and Builder, that glory is thine!'

We reiterate our opinion of the merits of the 'Fable,' and are confident that the quotations which we have made from it (copious, for we like to let such books speak for themselves, as far as possible,) will induce our readers to desire the whole of it. It is no sooterkin, but impregnate with the true fire of wit and genius; and although published anonymously, no one at all familiar with the peculiar style, the lofty line of LOWELL, can for a moment doubt its authorship. It is neatly printed, and can be had at the publisher's, G. P. PUTNAM, and at the other metropolitan book-sellers'.

LAYS AND BALLADS. BY THOMAS B. READ. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

POEMS BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Cambridge: GEORGE NICHOLS.

CHILD OF THE SEA, AND OTHER POEMS. BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS. PUTNAM, Broadway.

CALANOS, A TRAGEDY. BY GEORGE H. BOKER. Philadelphia: E. H. BUTLER AND COMPANY.

WE are compelled, by the exigencies of the closing number of a volume, to 'lump' the above poems in a brief and necessarily cursory notice. Mr. READ exhibits his accustomed love and appreciation of nature, and the tender feeling natural to him, in the handsome volume before us. His command of language too is increasing with every additional production from his pen. His admiration of LONGFELLOW prevents his being as original in the form and manner of portions of his verse as we could wish, but this does not materially lessen his own claims to admiration. With Mr. BACON's muse our readers are acquainted, both from his productions communicated to these pages, and from a previous volume (of parts of which the present is a republication) noticed, with extracts, in the KNICKERBOCKER. We commend his beautifully-executed volume to the affections of our readers; and if they will turn at once to page 159, and survey 'The Indian Summer' with the author; hear with him the 'hill-fox bark in the faded woods,' and follow the husbandman through the smoky light, with his empty wagon, and listen to his resounding lash and gladsome song echoed from the hill-side, if the reader will do this, he will perceive that Mr. BACON can observe as well as feel. The two volumes last named in our list we have not found leisure to peruse with sufficient attention to justify the expression of a satisfactory judgment of their merits. Mrs. LEWIS's effusions have been much commended by capable critics, and, as a merely hasty glance at her book convinces us, not without justice. Mr. BOKER's 'Calanos' is heralded by a modest and well-written 'prologue;' and a casual glance at passages which arrested our pearl-folder as we opened the leaves, satisfies us that he is a man of decided talent, if not positive genius.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S OFFERING, FOR 1849. Edited by PASCHAL DONALDSON. Published by EDWARD WALKER, Number 114, Fulton-street.

THIS is a very elegant volume, embellished with twelve engravings, which reflect equal credit upon the taste and liberality of the public. The 'Offering' has now been published seven years, and each succeeding year has seen it increasing in worth and in popularity; until it is but simple justice to say, that in the interest and variety of its contents, and in the frequency and elegance of its embellishments, it is not exceeded by any of its class. 'We would remind the peruser of this volume,' says the editor, 'that its articles show the object of their writers to be a commendable one; that of the elevation of pure and holy principles, such as it is the business of Odd-Fellowship to promulgate among men. Their sentiments are those of friendship, love and truth; their teachings those of charity; their intent the dissemination of intelligence as to the best means to make men wiser and better — more fitted to enjoy life themselves and to make others happy around them.' The volume is admirably printed, and many of the illustrations are superb as compositions. The vignette title, 'The Odd-Fellows' Sick Chamber,' and especially the original and striking illustration of Mr. LISER's fine poem of 'APOLLYON,' are worthy of special commendation.

FRANK FORRESTER'S FIELD SPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES, and British Provinces of North America. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, Author of 'The Warwick Woodlands,' 'My Shooting-Box,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 727. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

WE were about inditing a notice which we intended should do justice to this excellent and authentic work, when we encountered, from an evidently capable pen, in the '*The Spirit of the Times*' weekly sporting and literary journal, the following review of the volumes, which we cordially endorse, and commend to the attention of our readers: 'Here we have all the learning touching the game of the country happily compressed, with the fruits of the observation of an enthusiastic sportsman. So far we have not gone quite through with our author's feathered game, but we have had reason to admire the extent of his lore in natural history, and his familiarity with the arts of woodcraft. Mr. HERBERT is a terse, sharp writer, goes right to his point, tells plain things in a plain way, and yet glows with all the feelings of a true sportsman in his recital of the pleasures of shooting, and page after page are poured forth in a strain of eloquence fascinating. Our readers are not to be told of the accomplishments of Mr. HERBERT as a scholar and author of versatile powers, with an extraordinary command of the English language. He brings his rare attainments and powers to bear upon field sports with a heartiness of manner which shows his heart to be with his subject. It is rare that the elegance and force of thorough mental culture are bestowed upon sports, but whenever such is the case, the result is truly charming to every man of taste, whether a practical sportsman or not. SCROPE's 'Deer Stalking' is a book in point, and we might cite several devoted to angling which are embalmed in literature. The present work is destined to take rank with this class of writings, and must attain as well a wide-spread circulation among practical men. For it must be borne in mind that the work is eminently practical, although from a bookish man. The author is as much at home in the matter of greasing boots, as in Greek hexameters.

In short, he is a thoroughly educated sportsman — theoretically and practically. He delights in his subject, is proud of his acquisitions in it, and yet prouder of his feats in the field. He will commend himself to all who use the gun as a sensible, practical man, with as much of poetry in him as is requisite for the enjoyment of field sports in their highest capabilities for pleasure. The illustrations of the work are extremely beautiful, being engravings from the author's own designs. Many of them are masterly, and we may say without hesitancy that the two volumes would be fitting ornaments on any drawing-room table.' We have remarked that praises kindred with the foregoing has been awarded to the 'Field Sports' by many journals in various quarters of the Union.

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS OF MANY NATIONS. Selected, newly told, and translated, by C. B. BURKHARDT. Illustrated by W. WALCUTT and J. H. CAFFERTY. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

IF the praises of little people are desiderated by Mr. BURKHARDT, he will be made happy by the reflection that he has made *them* so; at least if we may judge by our own small folk, who are loud in their commendations of 'Fiddling JACKY,' 'SEPPI, the Goatherd,' and other stories contained in the pretty book before us. Mr. BURKHARDT remarks with truth: 'It is an accepted maxim that the character of a nation may be learned from its popular songs and ballads; that the mind, the habits and the morals of a people may be guided and directed by its song-writers. Somebody, who is frequently quoted, has said: 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws.' Not wishing to dispute the wisdom of this idea, it yet strikes me that popular traditions, legends and fairy tales exert no secondary influence upon the mind of a people, but that their power is even greater, in the same respects, than that of ballads and songs. A song or a ballad is often only remembered on account of its melody, and the words, if they are remembered at all, undergo changes from time to time, in consequence of changes in the language, as well as political changes. The tradition however, which is connected with a peculiarly-shaped rock, remains the same as long as that rock stands; the legend connected with an old abbey or a castle will live in the memory of the inhabitants of its neighborhood for centuries after the abbey or castle has become a ruin; and the fairy tale told by grand-parents to grand-children will be still fresh in the grand-children's memory when those children shall in their turn have become grand-parents, to be told again by them to new generations. How useful and interesting, then, to the young, as well as to the more mature mind, must be the study of national character, custom and habit, through the charming medium of legends and fairy tales. There has never been any lack of fairy books, but all we have hitherto found in the market have been either republications of well known and old stories, or newly-invented ones, or written for the particular occasion or market for which they were intended. The beautiful and popular 'Arabian Nights' has generally been the staple article of the former class, and the 'Mother Goose' and 'Peter Parley' style, that of the latter. In the present volume are given specimens of legends and fairy tales of many nations, and of all ages, and such as have a distinct national character, in the subject as well as in the style and diction. They may be read with interest by old as well as young, while the language and moral are unexceptionable. The work is neatly printed and tastefully embellished.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PICKERING AND DUNBAR'S GREEK LEXICON. — The subjoined communication to the EDITOR, from our friend and correspondent, CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, Esq., is in reply to the note of Professor FELTON, upon the same subject, in our last number.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER: 32 *Bond-street, November 7th*, 1848.

DEAR SIR: In the matter of PICKERING and DUNBAR, *controversia est*, as PLAUTUS hath it; that is to say, Mr. FELTON and myself are at cross purposes. By DUNBAR'S first edition, I meant his edition of 1840, not having the remotest idea that any prior one existed, which mistake I was very naturally led into thus: The 1831 edition of DUNBAR was utterly forgotten in England, and almost utterly extinct. How near extinct, is evident from the fact, that by the ELIOT-Professor's own showing, he was looking for a copy nearly eighteen months before he could find one. In 1840, the Lexicon appeared as a new and original work, without any thing in the title-page or preface to indicate that its compiler had ever before published any similar book. It is so very uncommon for a new edition not to be designated as such on the title-page, that in the absence of such designation, it is generally safe to presume that the edition is a first one. Such *was* my presumption in the present instance; and bearing in mind the more than occasional inaccuracy of our eastern friends in citations and references, and their fixed idea that every body is trying to steal from them, I certainly did suspect, not a wilful deception, but some sort of hallucination, on the part of some one connected with PICKERING'S Lexicon. It appears, however, that I was mistaken in this, and that PICKERING was fully entitled to the credit, such as it is, of originating a large part of DUNBAR'S Lexicon.

Most assuredly this does not tend to elevate one's opinion of Professor DUNBAR. It is hard for the most charitable to come to any other conclusion than that he deliberately ignored the existence of his first edition, and with it his obligations to Mr. PICKERING. How successful his attempt to deceive the public has been, my own example furnishes a case in point, and I know many students, both English and American, in the same category.

Of the respective value of SCOT-AND-LIDDELL and PICKERING, my opinion remains unchanged, and I sincerely regret that the Scotch professor should have sold his birthright of honesty for so very moderate a mess of pottage.

Yours, very truly,

C. A. B.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We have the pleasure to announce that General Zachary Taylor, otherwise known as 'Old Zach.' and 'Rough and Ready,' has been elected President of these United States. We do not often trouble our readers with political matters; but we should like it to be understood that we *can* 'talk politics' as unintelligibly as the most rabid partizan among our fellow citizens; and on the eve of a new national era we feel impelled to offer a few words of advice to General Taylor, touching his future course in the administration of the government. In the first place, we want protection for various fabrics, and some important financial changes. Agriculture must be looked after particularly. A duty of fivepence ad valorem must be levied upon East Indian guano. The French *pomme de 'tater* must no longer come in competition with the American root; this must be evident to almost any capacity, no matter how small. Putty, in the manufacture of which so many interests and rights are bound up, should be made to go back to the basis of '98. A word, too, of the wool-growing interest; a matter which comes home to the backs of more than sixty millions of sheep in our republic. The transportation laws are now such, that when a foreign sheep first sets foot on our shores, it is immediately merged in the common mass, and is at once admitted to all the rights and immunities of an American sheep. Ought this so to be? Let us look a little at the effect of this. Every body knows that 'the clip' of '46 amounted to more than a clip and a half (ad valorem) on every sheep and a half throughout the entire national domain; while we venture to say that the clip of '48 will not average more than a quarter-clip over the highest minimum rates of the last six years; and this, too, while hatchets, pen-knives, osnaburgs, fustic, and other perishable materials, are admitted with a merely nominal duty, are entitled to debenture, and are in every bonded warehouse of the Union! Can any thing be more short-sighted than this? Look also at the matter in another light. The wool 'clip' of '48, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, comes to tide-water on the commencement of the financial year; the 'raw material,' which cannot be cooked, lies subject to drawback, and finally returns through the natural channels of trade to the place from whence it came. Can any sane man doubt the utter folly of a course such as this? We do not think it necessary to pursue this branch of the subject farther. We have spoken of our finances: these should be placed on the firmest basis. The sinking fund, pledged by the national debt of '36, '37, and secured by the state 'coupons' issued by the North American Trust and Banking Company, and bearing interest from date, should be gradually funded, and the compound-interest devoted to internal improvements in California and light-houses on the Rocky Mountains. In regard to our naturalization laws, one thing is imperatively demanded. The immense Dutchmen who come over in such great numbers to our shores, in foreign 'bottoms,' ought not to be admitted upon the same terms with the thin-bodied, lank-legged, gaunt Irishman. There is great difference in the impression which these two classes of foreigners make when they 'settle down' upon our soil; and we think a 'home-duty' of four groschen should be levied upon every broad-breeched Dutchman who sets foot upon the public lands of the republic—Texas and Mexico included. We look to see no interference with any foreign powers, unless it be with the movements of the Punjaub Principality and the Schleswig-Holstein; and even with these, great care should be taken that no surrender be made, on our part, of the great 'Principles of '98.' We had some-

thing to say of apples, pea-nuts, pies, b'iled eggs, beech-nuts, chestnuts, etc., and their protection against a ruinous competition with European nuts and other 'fresh'ents;' but our first political-œconomy article has so grown under our hands, that we reserve farther remarks until quite another occasion. It is not our wish, in the few observations which we *have* ventured to put forth, to embarrass the President-elect, nor to create conflicting views in his mind. Nor will General TAYLOR impute to us such a motive. We are confident that he will give to our impressions, hastily and imperfectly thrown together though they are, all the consideration which they deserve; and, we *rather* suspect, about as much as he will give to any body's, be he who he may, or not, who shall set them forth with equal force and clearness! . . . WE have received for perusal from an esteemed friend some clever and natural '*Lines by a young Shaker Sister, at Canterbury, New-Hampshire,*' upon the subject of the 'cold-water process,' as a cure for the 'crick in the back,' which was exemplified in its operation upon her own person. She describes the complaint with much faithfulness:

> 'IT completely unfits you for every thing
> That requires the attempt of a hitch or a spring,
> You can't lie or sit, you can't walk or stand,
> Can't move to your liking arm, leg, foot, or hand;
> You can't cough or sneeze—and all this, in fact,
> Is because you have drepp'd a sad 'stitch' in your back!'

The description which ensues of the 'treatment' in detail is equally explicit and amusing. For our own part, we rather go, with ANNIE, in the 'Evangeliad,' for Nature's passive hydropathy:

> 'THERE 's hydropathy in yonder rock
> Whereon the liquid snow-drifts flash and play;
> There 's 'head-bath,' 'half-bath,' 'douche,' and 'hip' and 'foot.'
> *I'll* join the aquatiles, when I can take
> My medicine insensate as that stone.'

By-the-by, speaking of the 'water cure,' a friend tells us a story, which is 'founded,' of a father who had been submitting his little boy to its rigorous use. One morning, after the little patient had shivered for a couple of hours through the successive 'stages,' he made use of so energetic a remonstrance, and manifested such determined opposition, that his father was compelled to insinuate to him that such conduct would seriously injure his ultimate prospect of going to heaven. 'I do n't *want* to go there!' exclaimed the poor little fellow; 'I want to go to t' other place; I want to get warm!' One can fancy from this reply, what the 'water-cure' is! . . . WE have read with much pleasure the graceful and grateful poetical epistles addressed to our friend 'R. W., JR.' They are as honorable to his own kindness of heart as they are to the hearts of the writers. . . . AH! cruel boys! never tie a tin-kettle to a dog's tail! For PITY'S sake see that poor puppy scudding across the Park, by the City-Hall. Was ever such terror depicted as gleams in his eye while he looks back at that awful turbulent phantom clattering in hot pursuit at his flying heels? We heard a friend feelingly describe a similar exhibition at Manhattanville. A poor dog came to him, as he sat on the porch of an inn there, who had just liberated his tail from a tin-pot. He was 'worritted' almost to death, and moaned 'as if his heart would break.' 'For my expression of sympathy,' said our friend, 'he manifested the warmest gratitude, and would scarcely leave my side. In the evening, however, he ventured out; and I shall never forget the disturbance it gave me, on awaking in the night, to hear the poor fellow coursing along the dusky road, howling with affright at some dreadful missile, more awful from the gloom in which it vibrated, rattling at his

heels, as he leaped away from the horrid tin-spectre.' Do you recollect, reader, TEUFELSDRÖCKH's description of a somewhat kindred scene? 'Well do I still remember,' he says, 'the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when trotting full of hope by the side of Father ANDREAS, I entered the main street of the village, and saw its steeple-clock, then striking eight, and the aproned or disaproned burghers moving in to breakfast: a little dog in mad terror was rushing past; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle to its tail; thus did the agonized creature, loud jingling, career through the whole length of the borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of many a one to whom Fate has malignantly appended a tin-kettle of ambition, to chase him on; which, the faster he runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly.' Is n't that 'first-rate?' . . . A PHILADELPHIA journal mentions the case of a young lady who has been brought up in the family of a benevolent friend, until she has reached the age of sixteen, without any knowledge as to who her parents were: 'She feels herself alone in the world, and daily, as years ripen and strengthen her mind, the one idea of knowing the author of her being takes deeper and deeper hold of her faculties, so that now her solicitude on the subject is at times painfully affecting to witness.' This brings again to mind CARLYLE's admirable description of the emotions of a foundling: 'Ever in my loneliness have I turned full of longing to that unknown father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a wo. Thou beloved father! dost thou still, shut out from me only by the penetrable curtains of earthly space, wend to and fro among the crowds of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the everlasting Night, or rather of the everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms need not strive to reach! Alas I know not, and in vain vex myself to know! More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken thee for this and the other noble-looking stranger, and approached him wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too repelled me — he too was not thou!' . . . THE virtues of the dog 'TIP' must go unrecorded in these pages; save only that

> 'A HANDSOME dog 'Old TIP' he was,
> And spright-ly for his years;
> And 'mid a throng of other dogs
> No 'ki-yi!' told his fears.'

'*The Preacher and the Gambler*,' by J. H. GREEN, 'R. G.,' will appear in our next. We have been glad to remark, that Mr. GREEN earnestly labors to prostrate the *system* of gaming without attacking *individuals;* a course which begets the revenge but not the reformation of the offender. 'It is not my design,' says the acute and tasteful ADDISON, in one of his papers in 'The Spectator,' in a notice to his correspondents, 'it is not my design to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-places into broad daylight. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body, and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others to make an example of any particular criminal. I have so much of a 'Drawcansir' in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge the whole army. I shall consider the vice as it appears in the species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual.' . . . WE doubt whether any people on earth are so happy at their work as the French. Even the most menial offices are performed with a cheerfulness as pleasant as it is remarkable. A friend mentions to us, that hearing one morning a good deal of laughing and rollicking in the hall of the Parisian inn where he lodged, he opened his door and looked out to ascertain the cause. The servants, male and female together, were washing the tesselated marble pavement of the hall, with brushes

strapped to their feet like skates. There they were, full of glee, dancing upon a surface of soap and water; setting-to, balancing, posturing and chasseé-ing; 'turning to mirth all things of earth,' as only Frenchmen can. . . . WHAT a charming equable climate we have here in blessed Gotham! Mild days and pleasant nights; no rain 'raining cold,' no frost nor snow; while from all around us come reports of storms, deep snows, obstructing public thoroughfares; of winds

'Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy deep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.'

But, as COLERIDGE says, they 'roar far off — they do not come anear.' Our fortunate denizens may well exclaim, 'Truly, our lines have fallen in pleasant places.' . . . 'I WISH you to make for the church,' said an Episcopal vestryman, one morning, to a carpenter in a neighboring village, 'two new commandment-boards. We want them of free sound timber, with no knots in it.' 'You'd better take some of the 'nots' out of the commandments, then,' replied the carpenter; 'I never saw a commandment-board yet that was n't full of 'em!' . . . THE ensuing lines, from the pen of an esteemed contributor, refer to the admirable portrait of a beautiful boy, (a young son of PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT, Esq.,) mentioned in our last number. The lines do no more than justice to the genius of the accomplished artist:

TO A PICTURE BY ELLIOTT.

I.

THESE curling, golden locks; the fair, soft cheek;
The full ripe mouth, and the clear hazel eyes —
So full of loving-trustfulness, so meek,
Beaming with deep and eloquent replies
Which the tongue could not utter — ah! how these
Bring back to the worn heart sweet childhood's days,
When nothing ruder than the summer breeze
Lifted the leaves from the green, sunlit trees,
Arching the bower of youth! My fancy strays,
As on this semblance of thy face I gaze,
Beautiful child! to those green lanes once more
Where now thou rovest; and sweet sounds and sights,
Vague recollections of past, dear delights,
Like fragments of a wreck come floating o'er
The dreary waves, the desolate waste of sea
That lies, young voyager, 'twixt thee and me.

II.

YET is there sadness in those large, calm eyes,
A patient sorrow, lovelier than joy;
A mellow, hazy light, as if the sighs
Breathed by the mother o'er her sleeping boy
Through the long watches of the silent night,
Still lingered round their lids. Alas! fair child,
That sorrow's shade should make thee seem more bright;
That thou should'st be more lovely from the blight
On thy young heart, so pure and undefiled!
ELLIOTT, thy magic pencil hath beguiled
My soul away from earth and earthly things;
And sure thy spirit, when it wrought this face
So full of all imaginable grace,
Was wafted backward on ethereal wings
To those far days, when a dear mother's kiss
Printed upon thy cheek its seal of bliss.

R. S. CHILTON.

November, 1848.

THERE is a good deal of character in an anecdote just related to us of 'an heathen man and a publican' in a down-eastern region. A party of young men were 'making merry in an upper room,' when the landlord came up and said: 'Gentlemen, I wish you would make a little less noise here, for there is a man below who is very sick.'

'Silence like a poultice came
To heal the wounded ear'

of the sick man for a while, but presently the rollicking was resumed. The landlord came up again, and said: 'Gentlemen, I wish you'd make a *leetle* less racket; the man down stairs is dying.' All was now still; when all at once the door was opened, and BONIFACE popped his head in to say: 'Go ahead now, gentlemen; make as much noise as you like. The man is dead!' . . . THINK on the following, querulous, envious, or passionate reader, and if you have children, see that the better 'motions of the spirit' impress the mould of the face while the lineaments are pliable and tender: 'Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. The air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it. The air is nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.' . . . THE author of 'Ship and Shore,' Rev. WALTER COLTON, mentions in his work a restless out-of-place sailor, of whom he remarks, that on the day of the final resurrection he will doubtless be seen coming out of somebody else's grave. We thought of this singular illustration just now, on hearing of the remark of a drunken fellow who had been placed by his companions in a coffin, conveyed to a neighboring church-yard, and there 'left alone with his watchers' until he should awake from his maudlin trance. When he awoke, after three or four hours, the wags who were peeping and listening behind a broad gravestone, saw him raise his head slowly up, look vaguely around him at the silent monuments, exclaiming as he did so: 'Well, I'm either very early, or else I'm d——dly belated!' . . . 'I DOUBT very much,' writes an esteemed correspondent, 'if the slang word '*Lofer*' or '*Loafer*' has the Spanish origin which one of your correspondents attributes to it. It originated in this city, where there is no example of a Spanish word having been naturalized, while several Dutch words have been: '*stoop*' is a familiar example. 'Loafer' is probably connected with 'interloper,' the German *laufer* and the Dutch word corresponding to *laufer*, whatever that is. Your contributor's derivation of 'pamphlet' is the generally received one; but another has found favor with some philologists: *palme-feuillet*—'a leaf that can be held in the palm of the hand.' . . . 'WHO do you vote for?' asked an electioneerer, at the late election, of a roystering Irishman. '*That's* my man,' said he, pointing to a candidate who was speaking to the electors; 'him with the dark-brown egg running down his buzzom!' A fair exemplification, we thought, of what men seeking political life may reasonably enough expect. . . . THE new and enlarged edition of the *Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, of which we made brief mention in our last number, has reached us in the shape of a very handsome volume, from the press of Messrs. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston. 'I notice,' says an observant friend, a frequent visitor at the sanctum, 'I notice that when you get a new volume from THACKERAY or from HOLMES, that it lies about on the tables of your sanctum, face down, and always open at different places, and almost always with nail or folder marks along the margin.' That remark was made about three minutes ago; and it is a sufficient illustration of our estimate of HOLMES's poetry. He has humor, pathos, wit; in his verse are alternately included, with the above features, passion, sublimity, love for, and acute observation of nature; satire, keen and trenchant; and a melody of language unrivalled by any writer of a kindred scope of genius. We can make but few extracts in addition to the admirable poem given in our last. We take the following from '*The Pilgrim's Vision*'—a sort of waking reverie, in which he looks out, through

the cold winter twilight, from his rude hut, and thinks of the 'bloudy salvages' that are lurking around:

'His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat;
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

'Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him,
A dream of long ago;
He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured 'Even so!'

''Come hither, GOD-BE-GLORIFIED,
And sit upon my knee;
Behold the dream unfolding
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea;
True is the dream's beginning—
So may its ending be!

''I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo! the vision passed!

''Again mine eyes were opened;
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

''They slept, the village fathers,
By river, lake and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter shore
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

''Their leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a nation's champions,
Her dread appeal to try;
'GOD for the right!' I faltered,
And lo! the train passed by.

''Once more—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The LORD of Hosts, HIS mighty arm
Has helped our ISRAEL'S side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where her martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

''A crash—as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint GEORGE'S blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas—
But what is she whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

''Ah! well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!''

Somewhat spirited verse this, we 'cal'late.' The reader however must turn to the entire poem, and trace with the writer the generations of the 'tribe that sought this western Palestine,' rolling on, a living tide, to overspread a continent. We cannot forbear to quote, little space albeit we have, the following characteristic passage from '*A Modest Request complied with after the Dinner at President Everett's Inauguration.*' The poet, 'looking very red because so very green,' gets upon his legs:

'I RISE—I rise—with unaffected fear,
(Louder!—speak louder!—who the deuce can hear?)
I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—
Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!
Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,
Already gorged with eloquence and song;
Around my view are ranged on either hand
The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;
'Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed'
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;
Would you like HOMER learn to write and speak,
That bench is groaning with its weight of Greek:
Behold the naturalist that in his teens
Found six new species in a dish of greens;
And lo! the master in a statelier walk,
Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of chalk;
And there the linguist that by common roots
Through all their nurseries tracks old NOAH'S shoots,
How SHEM'S proud children reared the Assyrian piles,
While HAM'S were scattered through the Sandwich Isles!'

Again, felicitous poet, 'Thanks, and acceptance bounteous' for an intellectual repast as various as rare. . . . THE sea-serpent has been discovered again by an English captain, officers and crew; and the illustrated London journals contain portraits, 'half-size' and 'full-length,' of his snakeship, accompanied by minute and authenticated descriptions of his 'person' and movements. We have been led to believe, from our own experience, that one may be very easily deceived in these water-reptiles. Toward the twilight of a still day, near the end of July, 1847, HORACE GREELEY, our old friend 'HORACE,' (now Honorable HORACE GREELEY, of the North-American Congress) and 'Old KNICK.' hereof, were seated on the broad piazza of the dark-yellow 'Mission-House' at Michilimackinac, looking out upon the deep, *deep* blue waters of the Huron, when an object, apparently near the shore, suddenly attracted our attention. We both examined it through a good glass, and came to the mutual conclusion that it was an enormous sea-serpent, elevating its head, undulating its humps, and 'floating many a rood' upon the translucent Strait. Such also was the opinion of the proprietor of the 'Mission House,' who in a ten years' residence at Mackinac had never seen the like before. 'Away went HORACE, and away' went 'Old KNICK.' after him, down to the shore; and but for most tremendous kangaroo bounds 'on behalf of the party of the first part,' and a slight sticking in the mud of an intervening marsh, 'on the part of the party of the second part,' 'this deponent affirms and verily believes' that this deponent would have reached the beach aforesaid as soon as he, the said HORACE did. When we had arrived, lo! the object which had so excited our curiosity was nothing more than the dark side of a long undulating, unbroken wave, brought into clear relief by the level western light which the sun had left in his track as he dropped away over Lake Michigan. We felt rather 'cheap' as we came along back together; and 'allowed' that if they 'd seen at Nahant what we had at Mackinac, they 'd have *sworn* that it was the sea-serpent. Catch *us* doing any thing o' *that* kind!' etc. . . . MUCH obliged to our Waterford friend for his Welsh verse. The *original*, which he gives us, is pleasant reading — very. Is there not however a little similarity between the author's thoughts and the following observations of a distinguished Mohawk chief? We merely ask for information:

'ETHONE eghsareghde ne rotssterist yehhadikwekonh ne rodighsennawenghde-nyon, on dahkonwadiyadinekenne yaghden nokthsondahhon wennennonghdonse; waghshakoditshanike n'Onkwehhokon; wahhonneghre onwa neken en-yonkhinen-yuyake. Neopi ne o-nenh eghwahhonwadiyathewe, ohhendonh waghshakodideron ne jikajenhhayen: neoni ne rajihhenghstowanenh waghshakorighwanendonghse.

To our mind the position here taken is impregnable; and we doubt not our correspondent will agree with us. . . . 'M.'s '*Incident at Sea*' reminds us, in one particular, of the naval captain who gave a seaman a round dozen with a 'cat,' who afterward proved that he was not guilty of the offence for which he had been punished. 'Very well,' said the captain, 'you *will* deserve the flogging, most likely, and when you do, consider it paid. It shall stand to your credit!' . . . WE are performing an acceptable service to our friends and the public, by calling attention to a new and very beautiful Parisian manufacture, the '*Patent Velut Covers*,' (in every size and variety of forms and colors) for pianos, tables, lamp, plate, and cup-stands, etc. In colors of blue, crimson, bronze, purple, maroon and gold, wrought with intermingled tints into figures graceful and harmonious, they present a most pleasing appearance to the eye; while they are remarkable for their cheapness, for the ease with which they may be kept in order, and for the facility with which they may be cleaned when soiled. They

are a most tasteful fabric, and we do not wonder at their 'popularity' in Paris. The agent, Mr. DARDONVILLE — a gentleman, let us add, whose brave conduct while bearing the American arms in Mexico won the high encomiums of our officers — will be happy to show the Velut Covers to our citizens at the HERZ-piano ware-rooms, Number 447, Broadway, between Grand and Howard-streets. . . . WHAT an exquisite month, for the most part, has November been to us of the metropolis! Clear mild days and lovely nights have alternated, with two or three slight exceptions, during the last thirty days. 'It 's quite different in Lon-don, ye-kno.' *Here 's* the sort of month they have there:

'No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon;
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no 'tother side the way —
No end to any row —
No indications where the crescents go,
No top to any steeple;
No recognitions of familiar people —
No courtesies for showing 'em —
No knowing 'em;
No travelling at all — no locomotion —
No inkling of the way — no notion:
'No go' — by land or ocean —
No mail — no post —
No news from any foreign coast;
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —
November!'

Yet your true London cockney greatly affects just such weather as this. Do you remember the Wapping sailor in the Mediterranean, who called out to his ship-mates one morning, when there happened, after six months' clear weather, to be a slight fog, 'Turn out, boys! turn out! Here 's weather as *is* weather; none o' your d — d blue sky!' . . . THERE is a good deal of clever satire in the paper on '*Quackery and its Encouragers*,' but it is too interminably long. We are quite of opinion with the writer, that 'multitudes of imaginary sick persons break their constitutions by the nostrums of quacks, and throw themselves into the arms of death by endeavoring to escape it.' A morbid *fear* of ill health; a disposition to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; a determination to regulate the body by an unchanging 'system,' has sent and is sending many a man and woman to an untimely grave. ADDISON admirably satirizes this class of persons in his description of the man who lived in a pair of scales. When in full health, he computed himself, by a 'scale-chair' in which he sat, at two hundred pounds' weight, falling short of it after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after every meal; so that it was his continued and anxious employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in his constitution. In his ordinary meals he brought himself up to two hundred pounds and a half; and if, after having dined, he found himself falling short of it, he ate and drank enough to make up his weight. In his greatest excesses he did not trangress more than the other half pound. As soon as he found himself duly poised after dinner, he was wont to walk till he had perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when he discovered, by his chair, that he was so far reduced, he would fall to his books and study away three ounces more, but keeping no account of the remaining parts of the pound. He did not dine and sup by the clock but by his chair; for when that informed him

that his pound of food was exhausted, he concluded himself to be hungry, and 'lay in another with all diligence.' In his days of abstinence he lost a pound and a half, and on 'solemn fasts' he was two pounds lighter than on other days of the year. So also of his rest. He allowed himself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep within a few grains more or less; and if, upon rising, he found that he had not consumed his whole quantity, he would take the rest in his chair. Yet with all this anxious care to ballast himself equally every day, and to keep his body in its proper poise, he still found himself with a sallow complexion, a low pulse, and a hydropical body; in short, in a sick and languishing condition. . . . We think our Binghamton correspondent will understand us perfectly, and we trust will neither do himself nor us the injustice to take offence, when we say, in relation to his communication, that his species of verse, to adopt the language of Holmes,

> —— 'demands a briefer line —
> A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;
> Long metre answers for a common song,
> But common metre does not answer long.'

—

'If you wish to hear a little specimen of Yankee 'cuteness, just listen to this colloquy, which we heard the other day in the counting-house of a mercantile friend: 'A man kind o' picks up a good many idees abeout. I larnt a few in Wall-street.' 'In Wall-street?' 'Yes; 'see, I studied it eout while I was stage-drivin'. I got a little change together; did 'nt know where to place it; could n't hire it eout hum, 'cause I was pleadin' poverty all the time; that, 'see, would n't deu: so I goes deown and claps it in the Dry Dock Bank; got five per cent, tew. Had a brother thair who was teller. One day I 'gin a check for fifty dollars: all right. At last the bank got in trouble: I had some four or five thousand dollars: I goes to my brother and draws eout my money: he pays me in Bank of ——— notes. Well, I took 'em hum, but they forgot to take eout my check for fifty dollars: So I goes, and sez I, 'I owe you fifty that you haint charged me; will you take your own notes?' 'Sartin,' sez they; so I pays 'em in notes that I bought at twenty-five off. 'That 's a good spec,' sez I; so I goes areound and buys up abeout tew hunderd Dry Dock notes. When I got to the city I could n't pass 'em off. I tried a good many banks — no go. At last they creowded me off the pavement in Wall-street, the creowd was so big, and I stood in the middle of the street, and *cal'lated*. 'I 've got the idea,' sez I; 'I 'll come country over 'em.' So I walked into the Bank of ———, took off my hat, and looked areound as if did 'nt know what I was abeout. I knowd the cashier; so he comes up: 'Sam!' sez he, 'what neow? — how 's the family?' 'All well,' sez I; 'but what 's the matter with your banks? I do n't know who to depend on. Here 's your neighbor, the Dry-Dock 's gone, and may-be *you 'll* go next; and I 've got abeout five thousand dollars of your money; and I guess I 'll come deown and draw the specie.' I expect I must a-looked as if I was frightened to death; for he said to-once, 'Deont do that, Sam!' sez he; 'you 'll frighten the hull country, and they 'll come and run us.' 'Can't help it,' sez I: 'Here 's abeout tew hundred dollars of the Dry-Dock, and if I do n't get the money *somewhere* before I go hum, I 'll draw on you seoon.' 'Heow much?' sez he. 'Abeout tew hundred.' 'We 'll take it, Sam,' sez he, 'and you keep our paper.' 'Well,' sez I, 'on that condition I 'll keep still.' I guess I made my twenty-five per cent eout of Wall-street *that* time, 'if I *am* Dutch,' as the sayin' is!' There is not a great deal of *honest* financiering done in Wall-street that is more shrewdly performed than was this 'fair business transaction.' . . . We are

perfectly 'satisfied' with the arguments contained in '*William Lanson's Book of Satisfaction.*' But 'Who is WILLIAM LANSON?' the curious reader may inquire. He is a 'color' gemman,' familiarly known in New-Haven as 'King LANSON,' who has kept for some years sundry places where 'clothing and other small notions,' including drams, were sold. Mr. KNEVALS, of the police department, seems often to have visited his house, and *sometimes* he would appear to have found stolen articles there — but Mr. LANSON did n't steal 'em, '*he* did n't. He kept orderly places. 'There has not been a fight in any of my house-keeping,' he says with evident pride, 'in the last five years.' He did n't keep 'any of the young gay company,' like the dance-houses; but there *was* something a *little* suspicious about a certain conjunction in an upper chamber, and also about that 'old white man with sore eyes.' On the ninth of October last, however, a man named PARKISSON was killed at his house by a person named YEMMANS; and this sad event is thus 'composed by WILLIAM LANSON.' His style combines the terseness of a PANCKO with the free rhythm of a 'PLATOESS.' We give the poem entire:

1 ON the twentieth day of April
C. PARKISSON was slain
By SAMUEL C. YEMMANS,
From the northward did hail.

2 He put up at WILLIAM LANSON's,
Who never saw him before;
He behaved very properly
Until the four days were o'er.

3 C. PARKISSON was an inmate
Of LANSON's that time,
Who lived in New-Haven,
In WILLIAM POTTER's saloon.

4 C. PARKISSON rose early
And went out to walk,
And when he returned
It was about eight o'clock.

5 This morning being pleasant,
Which was on the LORD's day,
Something past eight o'clock,
And as pleasant as May.

6 He had just then got ready
His shirt to exchange,
And in less than one minute
Struck senseless and dumb.

7 The people that were near
Supposed he had a fit;
He bled very freely,
And all from his head.

8 C. YEMMANS was standing
On the top of the stairs,
And with a big bed-post
All clasped in his hands.

9 And when Mr. PARKISSON
Came within his reach,
He was seen for to strike him
With the bed-post, when he fell.

10 This blow was so fatal
That nothing could be done;
Mr. PARKISSON was senseless,
And his life almost gone.

11 The Doctors did probe him,
And searched for his wounds;
And they did find in them
Twenty-three pieces of bones.

12 O SAMUEL C. YEMMANS,
O how he did stare!
About four thousand people
Had soon gathered there.

13 This man was surrounded
And fully bound down;
Do n't you hear the chains rattle
Which he wears on his hands?

14 When the jury were ready,
Mayor PECK just came in,
He said, 'WILLIAM LANSON,
Who saw what was done?'

15 On this Sunday morning,
So brilliant and still,
There was no liquors stirring,
Nor spoken of by him.

16 The four days I saw YEMMANS
He was sober and kind,
Not disturbed by liquor
To fracture his mind.

17 The Doctors they found
That his life very short,
Just eighty-four minutes
From that pleasant walk.

18 Observations may be made,
But we know not for why;
There is no one to decide
But the All-seeing Eye.

19 PARKISSON was a white man,
About fifty years of age;
Had a kind disposition,
Neither fractious nor bad.

20 YEMMANS is a white man,
About forty years of age,
The four days he was about me
I saw nothing bad.

There will be noted a slight hexametrical absence of jingle in some of the stanzas,

but this defect does not, in our judgment, affect the 'entirety' or 'oneness' of the performance; which our readers will agree with us 'is a performance as *is* a performance.' . . . We have heard of a revengeful trick played upon a theatrical 'star' by a subordinate brother-actor whom he had offended by his overbearing manner at rehearsal, which strikes us as well worth recording. The 'star' was shining brightly in 'Hamlet,' and the other was 'reflecting' him in Guildenstern. In the scene which introduces the players, Hamlet, it will be remembered, says: 'Will you play upon this pipe?' 'My lord, I cannot,' replies Guildenstern. 'I pray you,' urges Hamlet. 'Believe me, I cannot,' again protests Guildenstern. 'I do *beseech* you,' implores Hamlet. At this point, to the horror of Hamlet, and the utter amazement of the audience, Guildenstern, instead of responding to Hamlet's continuous entreaty, 'I know no touch of it, my lord,' took the flute and said: 'Well, since you're so pressing, I 'll try to play you a leetle tune; but you 'll be disapp'inted — I *know* you will;' and so saying, he put the 'pipe' to his mouth, and gave the audience, who by this time 'smoked' him, a slight touch of 'Yankee-Doodle!' As Yellowplush would say, 'Phansy Hamlick's feelinks!' . . . 'What 's in a name?' asks the poet. 'What 's in a *n-a-m-e*? — a great deal. Have n't we the 'Eureka Shirt' and 'Mazeppa Ginger-Pop,' and other the like high-sounding appellations for subcelestial comforts? . . . The following letter to the 'Spectator' is not without application in our own metropolis and country: 'Having heard that this nation is a great encourager of artists, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the *élite*, and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send out for a brother of his, that is a very good tumbler, and also for another of the same family, an excellent mimic, and one of the greatest drolls in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in readiness by winter, and doubt not but it will please more than the opera.' . . . The author of the paper on '*Shakspere and his Commentators*,' in previous pages, has given some amusing specimens of free translations into the French. Our friend Brougham, that clever actor and 'cleverer fellow' — that 'poisson extraordinaire' — once *re*-translated from the French of Count Alfred De Vigny, Othello's address to the senate. The following will suffice as a 'sample:'

> 'Her father loved me, and time and again
> Invited me; would hear my life, and then
> From year to day, the battles, and the seas,
> Disastrous tempests, the vast obsequies
> That I had found I travelled o'er, the time
> Of my great perils in each varied clime,
> Where passing death but just escaped my head.
> I told him how before my troops I led
> Unto the conquest of a savage foe;
> How I was sold, a slave, redeemed, did go
> Unto a dismal land, a living grave;
> Spoke of the freaks and fury of the wave,
> The subterranean windings of the cave,
> The desert's weariness, the mountain's pride,
> Its high and snowy top to heaven allied —
> Cannibals, Indians, dangers, science, glory,
> He would have all. 'T was thus I told my story.'

Is n't that 'Shakspeare all over?' . . . '*The Illustrated Sketch-Book*' of Geoffrey Crayon is truly an admirable volume. Darley, a man of great versatility of genius, had evidently before him a 'labor of love,' which he has performed, if we may say so, with affectionate skill. His illustrations are capital, both in drawing and

execution. PUTNAM, Broadway, is the publisher. . . . 'I NEVER *did* like Mr. POLK much,' said our 'Mrs. PARTINGTON,' the other night, 'but I expect he *had-to* send them soldiers down to Mexico; and 't was 'for the country,' too, they said, and maybe 't was; but he ha'n't *no* right to send them *Mobile Guards* over into Pa-aris to fight French furriners; and I wonder what he did it for — a paässel of discontented savages, make the best on 'em!' . . . THERE is nothing new in the facts or the inferences of 'P. P.' The name of CHRIST appears in the Chinese dictionary as 'a great sage, who lived in the West.' Does n't 'P. P.' remember when four missionaries were edicted out of China, for inculcating the 'doctrines of their chief, one J. CHRIST?' It is 'on record,' as High-Commissioner LIN would say. . . . OWING entirely to inadvertence, we have omitted until now to state that the lines

> 'THERE, when life's brief voyage is over,
> When this narrow sea is crossed,' etc.,

quoted in a recent number of the KNICKERBOCKER, are from a poem '*To My Soul*,' by Captain G. W. CUTTER, of Covington, Kentucky, and were originally published in the '*Cincinnati Dispatch*,' a lively and spirited daily sheet. Captain CUTTER is the warrior-poet in whose arms young HENRY CLAY died on the field of Buena-Vista. His '*Song of Steam*,' a most spirited effusion, (with other and kindred efforts of his muse,) has made his name widely known in America and England, especially in the latter country, where it was widely copied and warmly commended. The lines 'To My Soul,' from which we quoted, reached us in an exchange-paper, with no indication of their source. . . . WE have been reading over again, and with new delight, '*Lockhart's Biography of Sir Walter Scott*.' How plainly one can trace, even from childhood, the influences which wrought in him the poet and the novelist:

> BY solemn vision and bright silver dream
> His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
> And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
> Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.'

The result is before us in those immortal works, which, thanks to the liberal ROBERT CADELL, are now presented to the public so superbly and profusely illustrated that one can be 'on the spot,' and see the very scenes described, and the personages depicted in each. We never take up one of them, without thinking of CADELL, and 'blessing him unawares.' . . . NOTHING could more thoroughly impress us with the fact that 'it is pretty impossible to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed of,' than the following funeral discourse, which was recently delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed, and even insisted on, by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the House, his utter incompetency being notorious:

'MR. SPEAKER: Sir! Our fellow citizen, Mr. SILAS HIGGINS, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown-creaters, (bronchitis was meant,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good, up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious *creetur*, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our state militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, TIMOTHY HIGGINS, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieut-nant by General WASHINGTON, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bust in firing salutes.

'Sir! Mr. SPEAKER: General WASHINGTON, presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man.

He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favor of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846 if he had been alive, and had n't he' died some time beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by an ordinary cold.

'Now, Mr. SPEAKER, such being the character of General WASHINGTON, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn until to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. HIGGINS, who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon.'

Some of our readers will have seen the above before; but we wish to embalm it in these pages as a fine specimen of the composite order of forensic eloquence. . . . WE announced in our last, the coming of JOHN WILSON, the celebrated vocalist. He arrived before our number was out of the press; and has since been delighting crowded audiences, night after night, in this city and in Boston, with his charming and varied '*Entertainments on the Songs of Scotland.*' He is well accompanied upon the piano by his daughter, a skilful executionist; and his selection, now very large, combines every variety of Scottish song; patriotic, humorous, descriptive, pathetic, satirical, etc.; not forgetting, as a separate entertainment, his truly beautiful rendering of the gems of '*The Lady of the Lake.*' MR. WILSON during eight years' absence, has encountered only increasing success. All the London press, daily, weekly, and monthly, from 'The Times' downward, have praised his performances without stint; as well they might, for there is nothing else like them. The public here have welcomed Mr. WILSON as cordially as his personal friends, who, as we can answer, have been even more happy than heretofore to see his braw honest face 'lighten up their mahogany.' . . . OUR friend S—— was dreadfully taken aback the other day while sailing with an agreeable party along the pleasant coast of Huntington Harbor. He saw something on the beach, half-covered in the sand, which gleaming in the sun, looked like unto an ostrich-egg. To this he called especial attention. The boat drew nigh to the shore, at his suggestion, and the party eagerly repaired to the object which had excited their curiosity. It was 'backed like an' ostrich-egg, but was somewhat larger; the color was perfect; it was also hollow and round; but it *was not an ostrich-egg.* The party uttered no word, but did forthwith return to their boat, and as poor POWER used to say in TOM MOORE, at once 'proceeded on their voyage of diskivery.' . . . 'WENT to see MACREADY last night as King LEAR,' writes pleasant RICHARD HAYWARDE, 'and was delighted. The cast was excellent. VANDERHOFF, RYDER, CRISP, CLARK, CHARLES, Miss WEMYSS—all *bueno!* And MRS. MAEDER, that exquisite fool to LEAR; that frail egg of unhatched philosophy, whose golden yolk of wit floats in the transparent albumen of folly; was equal to—to—the CLARA FISHER of old times. For the rest, found some difference between the twa MAC's. MACDONALD was not only GLOSTER; he was *Double*-GLOSTER; and MACREADY was as chaste 'as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple,' and quite as cold. *Apropos:* read the following, which I found the other day in an old magazine:

'ONCE, when a stage JOVE
In a fury of vapor
Was snowing on LEAR
A storm of white paper,
On a sudden he stopped;
When the manager cries,
'Snow on, honest friend—
More snow from the skies.'
'The white paper 's out,'
Cries JOVE, with a frown.
'What, all the white out?
Then, d——n it! snow brown!'

THERE are few things more indispensable to a gentleman than *Good Stationery.*

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we signify to dealers out of the city, that at the old establishment (now in new hands) of the Messrs. COHEN, Number 134 William-street, may be obtained, always tastefully selected and freshly imported, the rarest kinds and richest varieties of papers, wax, table and desk furniture, of every description, to be found in the city. Prices corresponding with the times, and gentlemanly courtesy on the part of the proprietors, are additional recommendations of the establishment in question. . . . THE '*Puzzling Parody*,' by 'R. B.,' we rather suspect was correctly answered in our October number. 'The quantity contained in the question,' the author wrote, in the note enclosing it, which we have accidentally just discovered, 'amounts to the almost incredible number of two millions one hundred and eighty-four thousand, one hundred and ninety-two, as I could and will demonstrate to you in five minutes.' . . . WE regret that unavoidable circumstances prevented our visiting the exhibition of paintings by the pupils of the accomplished Mrs. PERLEY. They have been highly commended by all who saw them. A friend, a capable judge, says of them: 'They surprised and delighted every body. I expected to see juvenile performances only; efforts worthy of little Misses; but many of the pieces were worthy of places beside those which ornament the walls of the Art-Union. Mrs. PERLEY's own paintings are beautiful. Here and there in the collection were some half dozen of these. One little girl, of only ten years of age, has produced in a single quarter, taking only one lesson in a week, two paintings which would do honor to any one of double her years, as a first effort, and taking twice the time to finish them in.'

—

'BROWN-haired Autumn,
Silent maid, that in her hood of haze
Sat pensive on the far blue hills, and watched
With dreamy eyes the fading year,'

has departed, and winter is upon us. The woods have shed on all the winds the honors of the aged year; of flower and leaf, nothing now remains; and for bland airs and calm blue skies we must look instead for wintry storm and tempest. Now is the time for the exercise of friendship, and all the social virtues. Let us be true to our friends when the elements become our enemies. . . . IT is generally known, we believe, that a deaf person, by watching the motions of a speaker's lips, can understand what one is saying. We have heard of a Quaker woman, who was deaf, who used regularly to go to meeting, and without hearing a single word, could nevertheless report every thing which was said. One 'First-day' she came home without being able to give any account of the discourse. Her vision was impaired; and when asked in relation to the 'exercise,' she replied: 'I can't tell any thing about it; I went to meeting and forgot my spectacles!' . . . WE shall hope to find occasion, at an early day, to set forth the advantages of a new cemeterial enterprise on Long-Island. It was impossible to do so for the present number. . . . As one of the prominent attractions of the new '*Irving-House*,' now so popular with the public, may be mentioned the *Hot and Cold Baths* of Mr. HENRY RASINEAU, who has made them commensurate with the other superb 'belongings' of the establishment. The proprietor has had long experience, and will make his department an important 'feature' of the hotel. . . . THE *International Art-Union* is the title of a new institution about to be established in this city. The price of subscription is five dollars annually, and the fund thus raised is to be appropriated, *First*, to the production of an annual engraving, in the highest style of art, of which every member receives a copy; and which is equal in value to the subscription; *Second*, to the purchase of paintings, etc., which will be annually dis-

tributed by lot to the subscribers; *Thirdly*, to sending every year one American student of art to study for two years in the best schools of Europe, at the expense of the institution; *Fourthly*, to the establishment of a permanent free gallery of choice paintings, open every day to the public, except Sundays and Mondays; the latter being exclusively for the study of artists. Such are the leading features of the new institution, which promises to do great service to the cause of art, and deserves the hearty support of the public. The more good pictures we have in this country, and the more our artists are enabled to visit and interchange ideas with Europe, the better for all the interests of art. The free gallery of the new institution opens on the eleventh of the present month, at number 289 Broadway, corner of Reade-street, where and when the subscription-books will also be opened. Messrs. GOUPIL, VIBERT AND COMPANY are the managers of the International Art-Union; a sufficient guarantee that the plan will be carried out with energy and fidelity. . . . READ this, O daughter of Wealth! and ponder it well. Let it sink into your heart of hearts, and be the means of awakening there some sympathy for a toiling, suffering sister, who by no fault of hers is the serf she is:

'HARK, that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness;
Here comes one whose cheeks would flush
But to have her garments brush,
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary broidery in;
And in midnight's chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work;
Bending backward from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there!'

These lines, which would do honor to any poet in christendom, are from the pen of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. . . . 'WHAT 's the matter with your veal?' said a nasal-voiced Yankee to a street-butcher in the Bowery, the other morning; 'what makes it look so *bleue?* Did n't *die*, did it?' 'No,' said the other, ''t did n't *die*, 'zactly; it kind o' *'gin eout!*' . . . A FRIEND whose heart is overflowing with all kindly impulses, and who would not permit any thing unpleasant to exist in the world if *his* arm could prevent it, writes thus in relation to a metropolitan custom, which we hope to see abolished by municipal statute:

'IN walking around and about this goodly City of the Two Rivers, we have been led to complain much and loudly of those awful signs of mortality obtruded so glaringly upon one's eyes at undertakers' and cabinet-makers' windows, and ofttimes upon the pavement, so that it not unfrequently happens that we brush by the upright coffin and feel a shudder, a TAM O'SHANTER thrill, at the contact. Why should these grim preachers be allowed to block up the side-walks and darken the sunlight of the city? Would it not be enough if the worthy dealer in such wooden ware should say that he has such things in his back shop for sale? In our daily walks we see these things; and it really seems to be carrying the joke a 'leetle to far' to have these coffins so arranged as to make a fancy show at a shopman's window. Some of them, we are bound to admit, so far as taste is concerned — good taste, mark ye — merry taste, joyful happy taste — that some of these 'ugly customers' are quite pretty — yes, quite pretty. They are shiny and sleek, like the poor corses they will sooner or later shut forever within their hollow caverns.

'Were we in the municipal councils, or even an officer of a military company, we certainly would offer some resolution that should ring loud and long upon these our especial objects of dislike. The law of the land should forbid their appearing above the surface. Down in the mouldy earth, among the worms, is their home; or they should be packed away in ghastly

ware-rooms, to bide their time and their occupants in eternity. Let us hope our worthy fathers of the city will peruse this 'favorable notice,' and do something to abate the nuisance.'

—

'A worthy but poor minister,' writes a friend from the country, 'requested a few days since the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would 'pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham.' The cashier returned word that by the rules of the bank, the endorser of a note must reside in the state!' 'A. W.,' continues the same correspondent, 'is an inveterate joker, and always ready for fun. Happening one day to be in town when a Methodist camp-meeting was being held, he entered one of the tents and took a seat directly under the preacher, where he sat, looking very devotional and attentive. The minister, whose mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear, was very earnest in his exhortations for awhile, and then descended from the pulpit to see what effect his discourse had had upon his hearers. Noticing W——'s devout air, he first approached him. 'My friend,' said he, 'are you a Christian?' 'N-n-no, Sir,' said he, for he had an impediment in his speech. 'Would you not like to be?' continued the minister. 'Y-y-yes, if i-i-it were p-p-possible.' 'But all things are possible with God, my dear friend.' 'No-no, they aint.' 'Why, my *dear* friend, what cannot God do?' 'Why,' said W——, 'he can't m-m-make your m-mouth any w-wider, without s-s-setting your ears b-back!' . . . It shall be done, good Sir, even as you desire. As to the book, it was mislaid, and thus overlooked:

'At Knickerbocker's friendly gate
Behold a pilgrim-minstrel wait;
He begs no food, he seeks no 'tin;'
Arise, and let the stranger in:
And when he's snugly housed, and warm,
If you admire his Saxon form,
Send me his likeness printed well,
And I your noble deed shall tell.'

—

Isn't this a striking passage from 'Sartor Resartus?' 'Towns and cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have, as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the present, and set before your eyes! There in that old city was a live ember of culinary fire put down, say only two thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of vital fire was then also put down there, and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof in these judgment-halls and church-yards, and its bellows-engines in these churches, thou still seest; and its flame looking out from every kind countenance and every hateful one, still warms or scorches thee.' . . . Not long since, a modest, unassuming young man essayed to escort a young lady, equally modest and retiring, from an evening meeting to her paternal domicil. He approached her as she came out of the church, and offered his services, which she silently accepted. How to commence a conversation was a difficulty which he could not overcome. They walked side by side for some time, without saying a word: at length the young lady ventured the remark, 'Pleasant evening, this evening; quite a moon.' 'Yes,' said her attendant, catching his breath, 'yes, *very* quite!' And again all was silence! . . . The Christys and the Campbells have made the whole town 'Sable Melodists.' There

is a bright-eyed, silken-curled little girl, whom we 'ken o', who enlivens our sanctum with

'I'm going to Alabanjo,
With my 'bama on my knee;'

and a request to be taken back to the 'shore' of the Old Dominion, is very frequently preferred hereabout. We have here a very scholarly translation into the Latin, of '*Dearest Mae*,' which we should like very much to hear the Christys sing, as written:

'O DULCIS MAE.

I.

'Nunc aures Mauri regete,
Et ego recinam
Quod accidit in valle,
In Car-lina dum eram.

II.

'Hero danti diem festam,
Ut! saepe det mi-hi,
Grate persolvi gratiam,
Tunc scapham impuli.

'O dulcis Mae! es pulchrior die
Oculi splendent, nocte fulgent,
Cum lumen flet lunae.

III.

'Ubi arbores pendent
In ripis demissae,
Minxes celare se gaudent,
Sed ludit 'Coon' alte.

IV.

'Eramus saepe gaudio
Sub robur obumbrans,
Beati nos quam buteo
Florem circumvolans.
O dulcis Mae! est pulchrior die, etc.

V.

'Et foenum hic in pascuo
Secare solebam,
Laboro magis strenuo
Recordans Mae pulchram.

VI.

'Percurro cito fluvium
Corlaetus misere.
Ad pulchrae Mae tugurium
Optâram visere.
O dulcis Mae! es pulchrior die, etc.

VII.

'En locum, et quam gracilis
Apparet domina,
Betae est color labiis
Scintillant lumina.

VIII.

'O Mae effudit lachrymam
Ut illâ abii
Quum ego valedixeram
Ad herum redii.

'O dulcis Mae! es pulchrior die
Oculi splendent, nocte fulgent,
Cum lumen flet lunae.'

We passed in October through the *Fair of the American Institute, at Castle Garden*, and in so doing, had our attention attracted to one invention to be seen there, of which we cannot forbear to speak. We allude to an article furnished by Messrs. C. C. and J. Briggs, fashionable upholsterers and furniture-makers, at number five hundred and seven Washington-street, Boston. It is called a '*Sofa Table*,' and was recently patented. By an ingenious process, a handsome sofa, in no apparent way differing from any beautiful sofa of a drawing-room, can at once be made into a table, in all respects as perfect. It is the most admirable and convenient piece of furniture that we ever remember to have seen. Another kind, for hotels and boarding-houses, is equally remarkable, since it not only makes a table, but the seat of the sofa separates, and can be drawn out on either side, making seats for the table! We are not surprised to hear that to these sofa-tables were awarded the highest prizes of the Massachusetts and New-York Fairs. . . . We hear high encomiums passed, by the most capable judges, upon the portraits painted by Mrs. Lily M. Spencer, portrait-painter, at Number 614, Broadway. She brings to us the highest testimonials from Cincinnati, as a lady of education and unquestionable genius. . . . Mr. Hueston, at the office of this Magazine, has published an admirable little book entitled '*The Pearl of Days*,' *or The Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes; written by a Laborer's Daughter*.' The circumstances which produced this volume are highly important

and interesting. A wealthy gentleman of Glasgow offered three prizes for the three best essays on the privileges conferred by the Sabbath, to be written by laboring men. Three months produced more than nine hundred and fifty compositions on the subject. Among the essays was one by a female, which the adjudicators thought so deserving of publication, that they wrote for the author's permission to do so, and also requested a sketch of her life to accompany it. With both these requests she complied, and the volume was by permission dedicated to the QUEEN, and has already had a very large sale in England. It is in the eighteen-mo. form, of about one hundred and thirty pages, and contains the original illustrations, and an introduction by an American clergyman, and is sold in neat paper covers at twenty-five cents; in cloth, thirty-seven and a half cents; and cloth, gilt edges, fifty cents, with the usual discount to the trade. . . . A FRIEND of ours remarked one evening, at a dinner-party in Scotland, that a certain picture in the dining-room had great breadth. 'I'll lay you ten pounds it is n't so broad as the one in my hall, by full a foot!' exclaimed a matter-of-fact guest; 'and ye may measure it as sune as ye like!' The wager was not taken, however. . . . WE shall mark what 'D.' hints about the favoritism exercised by the directors of a certain metropolitan institution of art, and the 'shameful abusions by them practised,' if indeed 'these things be so.' . . . '*The Sacred Poets of England and America*,' for three centuries, edited by R. W. GRISWOLD, is the title of a superbly-illustrated work, published by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. . . . ARE not the '*Lines to my Wife*' which ensue, from the pen of our esteemed friend, Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD, very beautiful? They so impress us:

'WHEN that chaste blush suffused thy cheek and brow,
Whitened anon with a pale maiden fear,
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to hear;
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.
Years and their snows have come and gone, and graves,
Of thine and mine, have opened; and the sod
Is thick above the wealth we gave to GOD:
Over my brightest hopes the night-shade waves:
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched world,
Gray hairs and saddened hours and thoughts of gloom,
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been my doom,
And to the earth each hope reared turret hurled!
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and brow,
'T was dear—how dear!—then, but 't is dearer now!'

—

IT was amusing, as we were walking home with a friend, on a recent moon-lit evening, to see him stop and address a group of pigs: 'Now, my young friends, go home—*go home;* it 's too late for ye to be out; ye 'll take cold.' They listened with raised noses for a moment, gave a unanimous grunt of acquiescence in his advice, and then marched off with a short squeak, and in almost military order. . . . WE laugh sometimes in these pages at 'colored poetry,' but we never hesitate to praise what is truly deserving of commendation, come it from men with or without white skins. We have just seen a '*Certificate of Odd Fellows' Membership*,' designed, arranged, and engraved by a colored artist, PATRICK H. REASON, which would do honor to any artist in town. The scroll-work, the vignette-illustrations, the lettering, all are artistical and all excellent; and we take sincere pleasure in calling public attention to the artist's merits. . . . '*Foot-Prints*' is the modest title of a collection of true poetry, by R. H. STODDARD, Esq., of which we shall have more to say in our next number. . . . SEVERAL notices of new publications await the January issue.

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'We regard it as the very best work of its kind in the Union.' — *St. Albans (Vt.) Journal.*

'The KNICKERBOCKER was received with unfailing punctuality on the first of the month, which however is the least merit of this agreeable miscellany; for its contents are as invariably good as its appearance is punctual.'— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, *in the New-York Evening Post.*

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